

Cerebus

Volume 15



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from Dave Sim at fax no.

to the attention of: Anyone reading this Digital Edition of a CEREBUS trade

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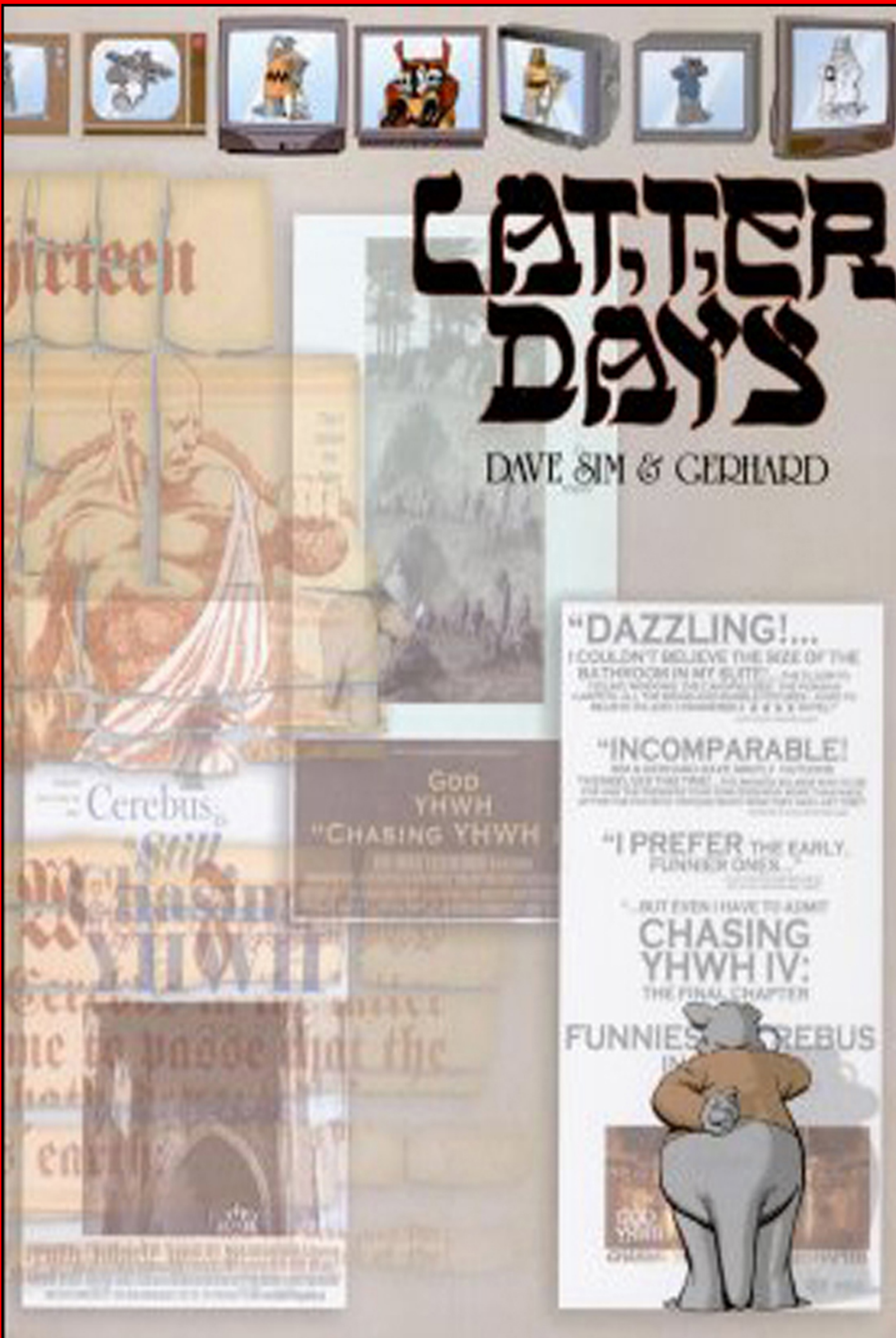
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Sincere thanks to everyone who has devoted that most valuable of human commodities -- their time -- to reading my and Gerhard's work.

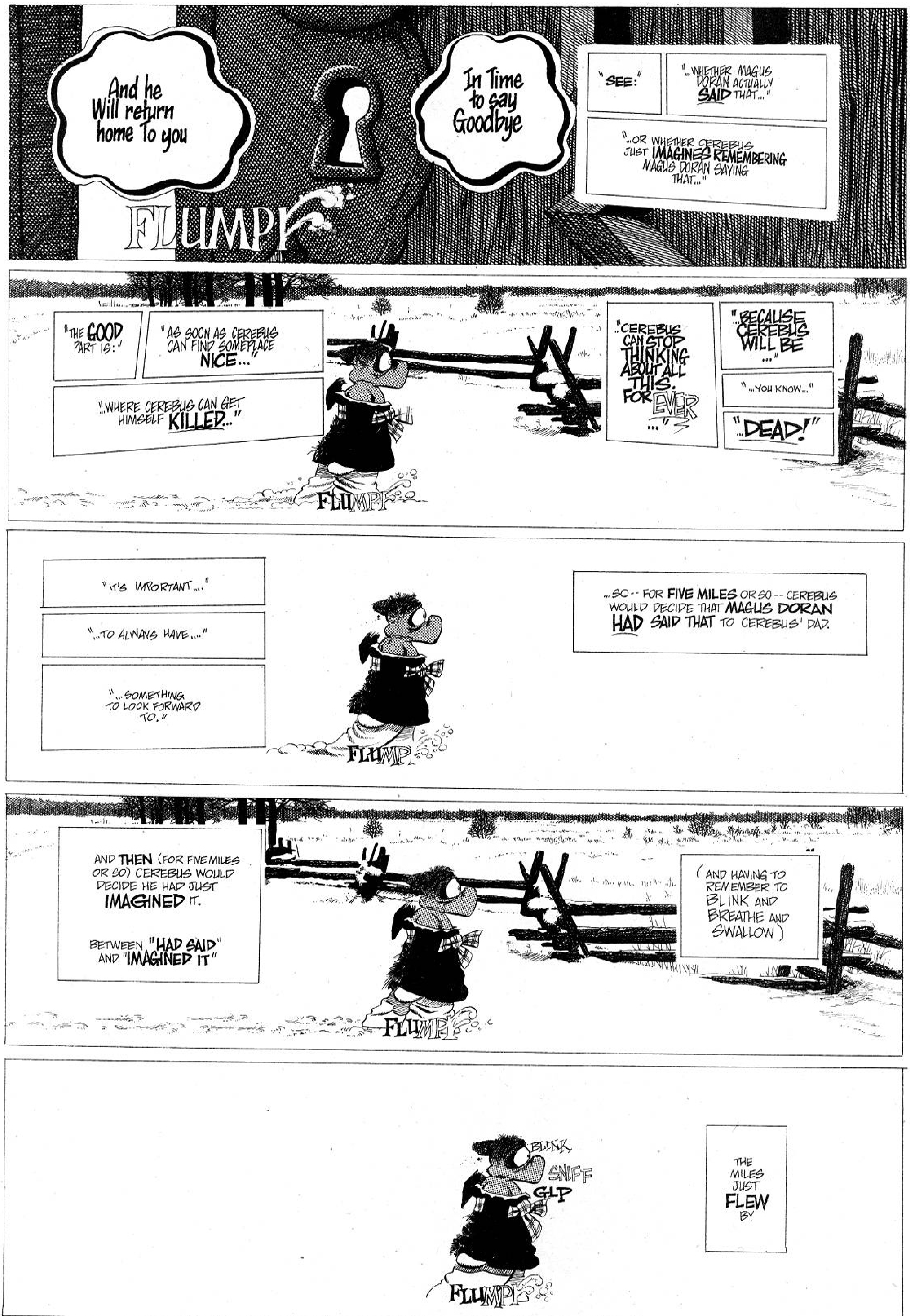
Dave Sim, creator, writer, co-artist

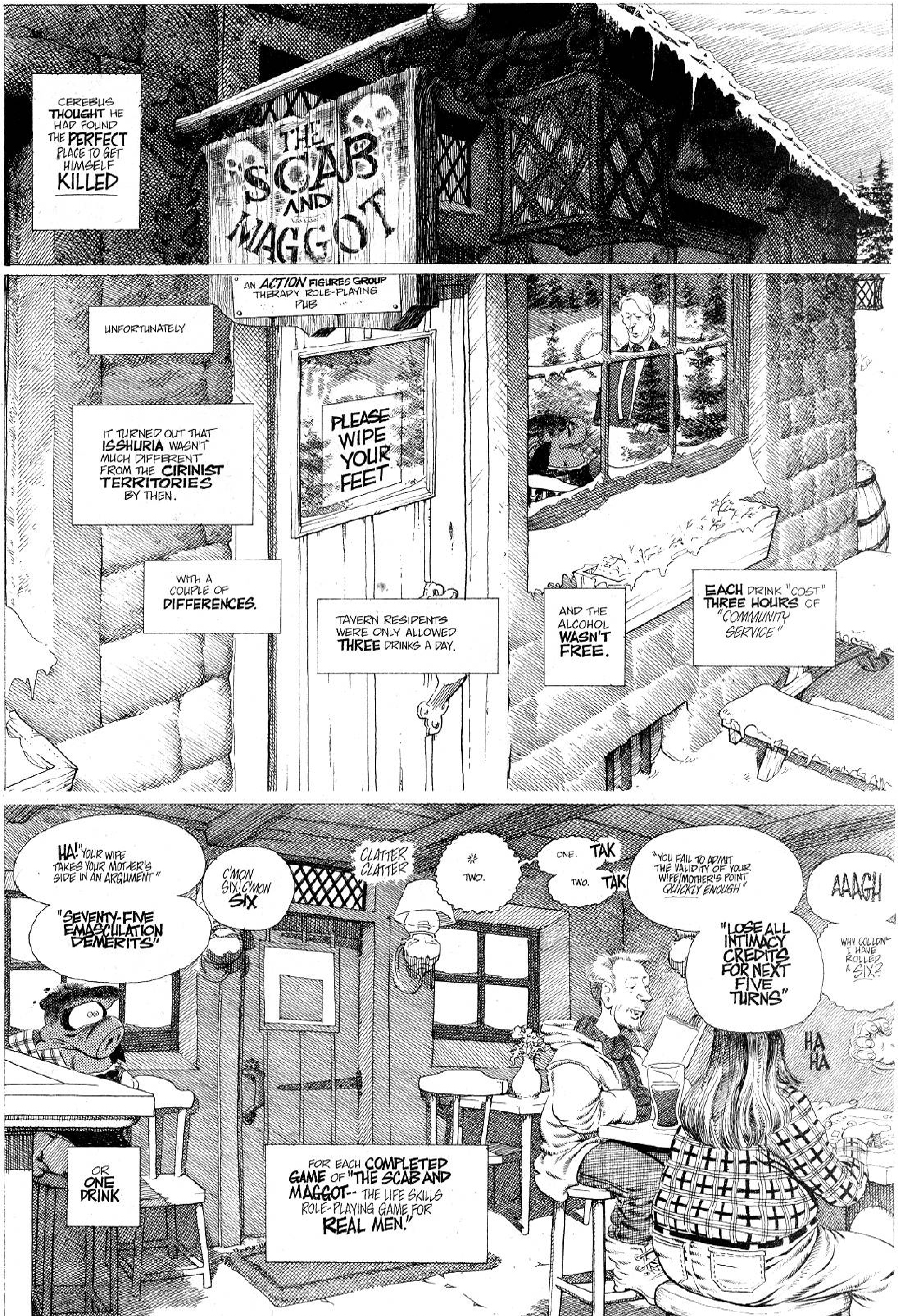
Gerhard does prints and commissions and can be contacted at gerhardart.com

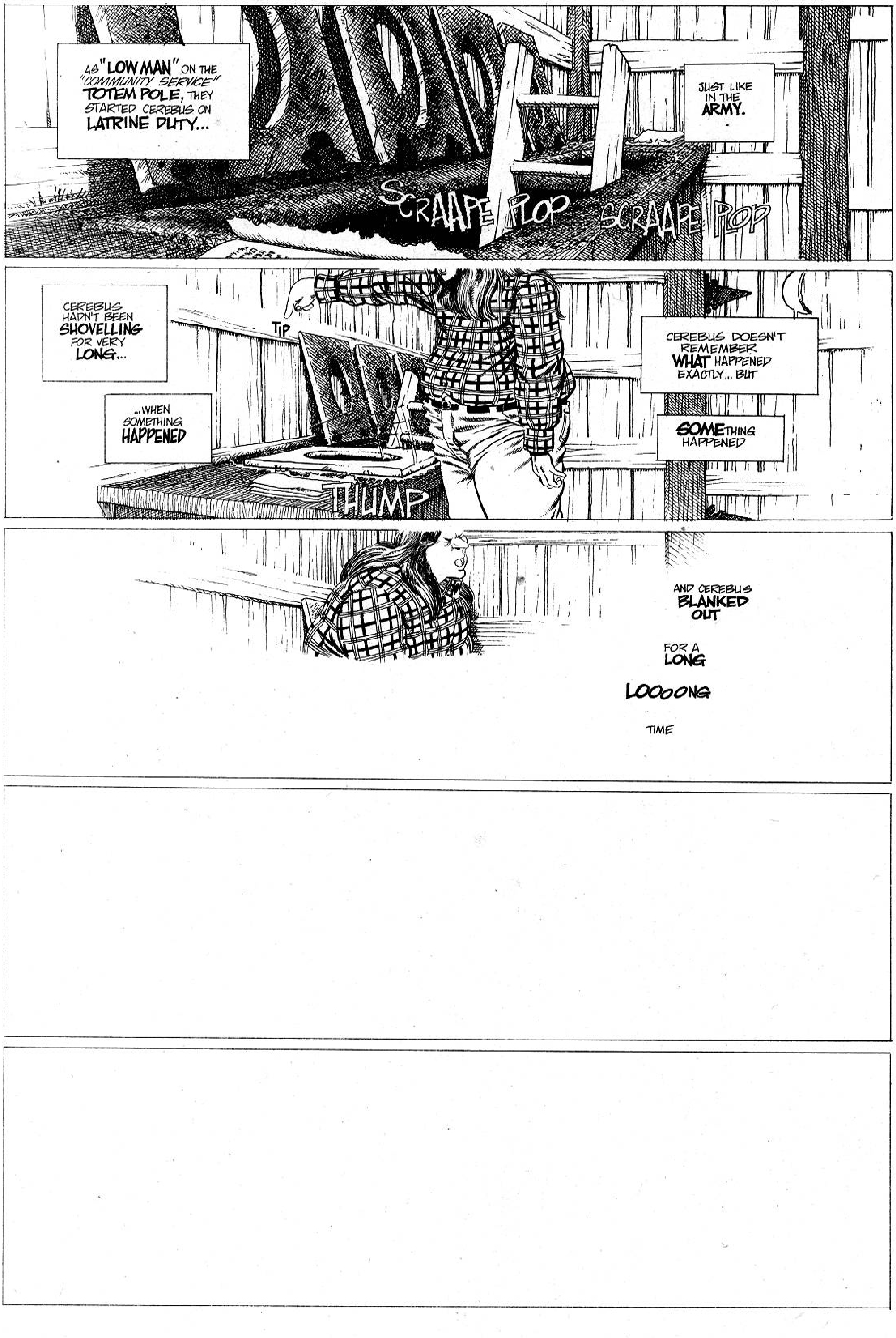

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LATTER DAYS
DAVE SIM & GERHARD
"DAZZLING!...
I COULDN'T BELIEVE THE SIZE OF THE BATHROOM IN MY SUITE!
"INCOMPARABLE!
"I PREFER THE EARLY, FUNNIER ONES...
"...BUT EVEN I HAVE TO ADMIT
CHASING YHWH IV:
THE FINAL CHAPTER
GOD
YHWH
"CHASING YHWH
Cerebus

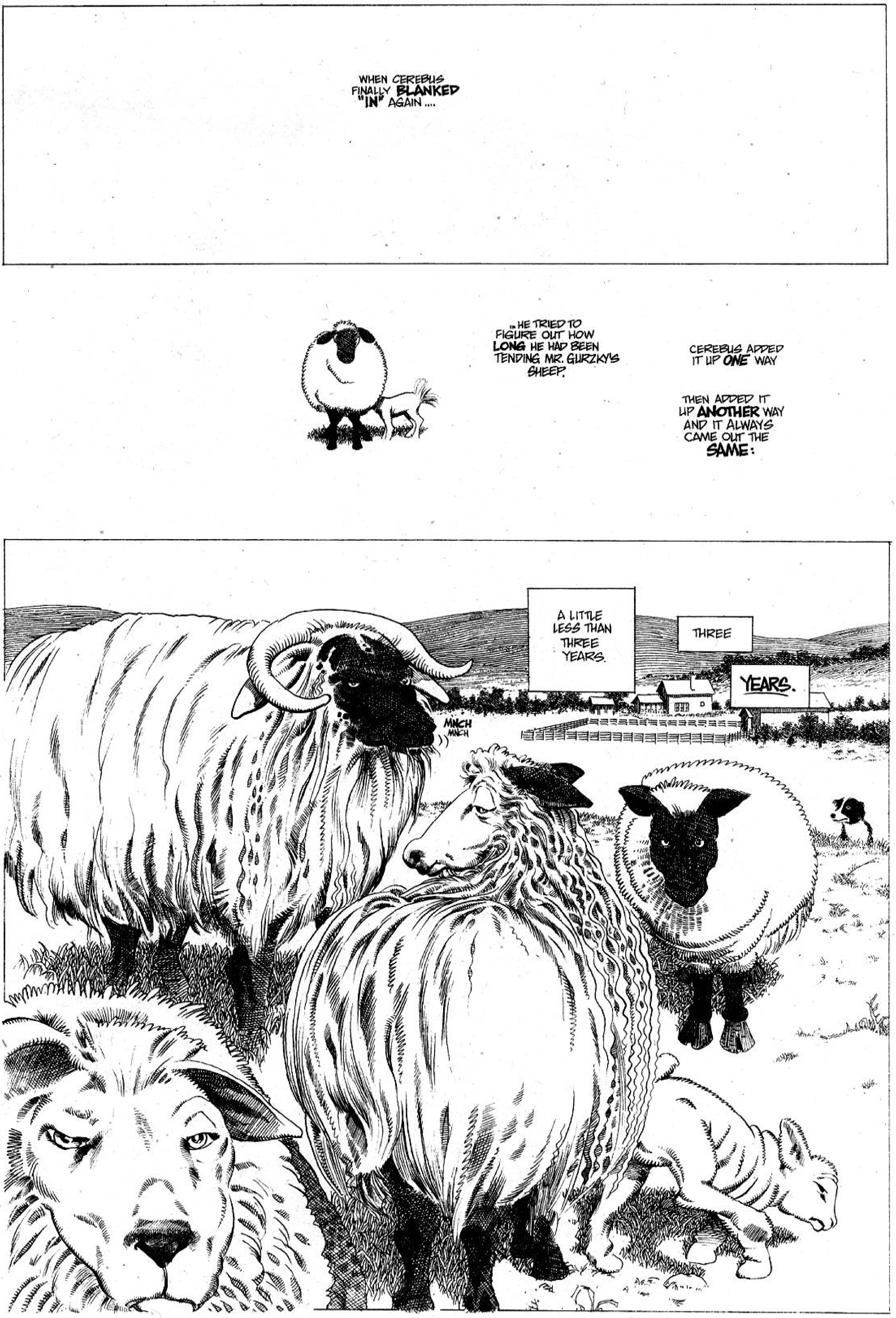

NORTH.
INTO ISSHURIA.
AWAY FROM CEREBUS' SHAME.
AWAY.
FROM SAND HILLS CREEK.
NORTH.
FLUMPF
(THAT'S ALL CEREBUS WAS THINKING)
FLUMPF
"GO NORTH."
"INTO ISSHURIA."
"FIND SOMEPLACE NICE ..."
"...WHERE CEREBUS CAN GET HIMSELF KILLED."
FLUMPF
Yes, carpenter. I give you My Assurances ...
When the end of your life is at hand, Wherever your son is
He will Know
FLUMPF


And he Will return home To you
In Time to say Goodbye
"SEE:"
"...WHETHER MAGUS DORAN ACTUALLY SAID THAT..."
"...OR WHETHER CEREBUS JUST IMAGINES REMEMBERING MAGUS DORAN SAYING THAT..."
FLUMP!
"THE GOOD PART IS:"
"AS SOON AS CEREBUS CAN FIND SOMEPLACE NICE..."
"...WHERE CEREBUS CAN GET HIMSELF KILLED..."
"...CEREBUS CAN STOP THINKING ABOUT ALL THIS. FOR EVER ..."
"...BECAUSE CEREBUS WILL BE ..."
"...YOU KNOW..."
"...DEAD!"
FLUMP!
"IT'S IMPORTANT...."
"...TO ALWAYS HAVE...."
"...SOMETHING TO LOOK FORWARD TO."
...SO -- FOR FIVE MILES OR SO -- CEREBUS WOULD DECIDE THAT MAGUS DORAN HAD SAID THAT TO CEREBUS' DAD.
FLUMP!
AND THEN (FOR FIVE MILES OR SO) CEREBUS WOULD DECIDE HE HAD JUST IMAGINED IT.
BETWEEN "HAD SAID" AND "IMAGINED IT"
(AND HAVING TO REMEMBER TO BLINK AND BREATHE AND SWALLOW)
FLUMP!
BLINK
SNIFF
GLP
FLUMP!
THE MILES JUST FLEW BY

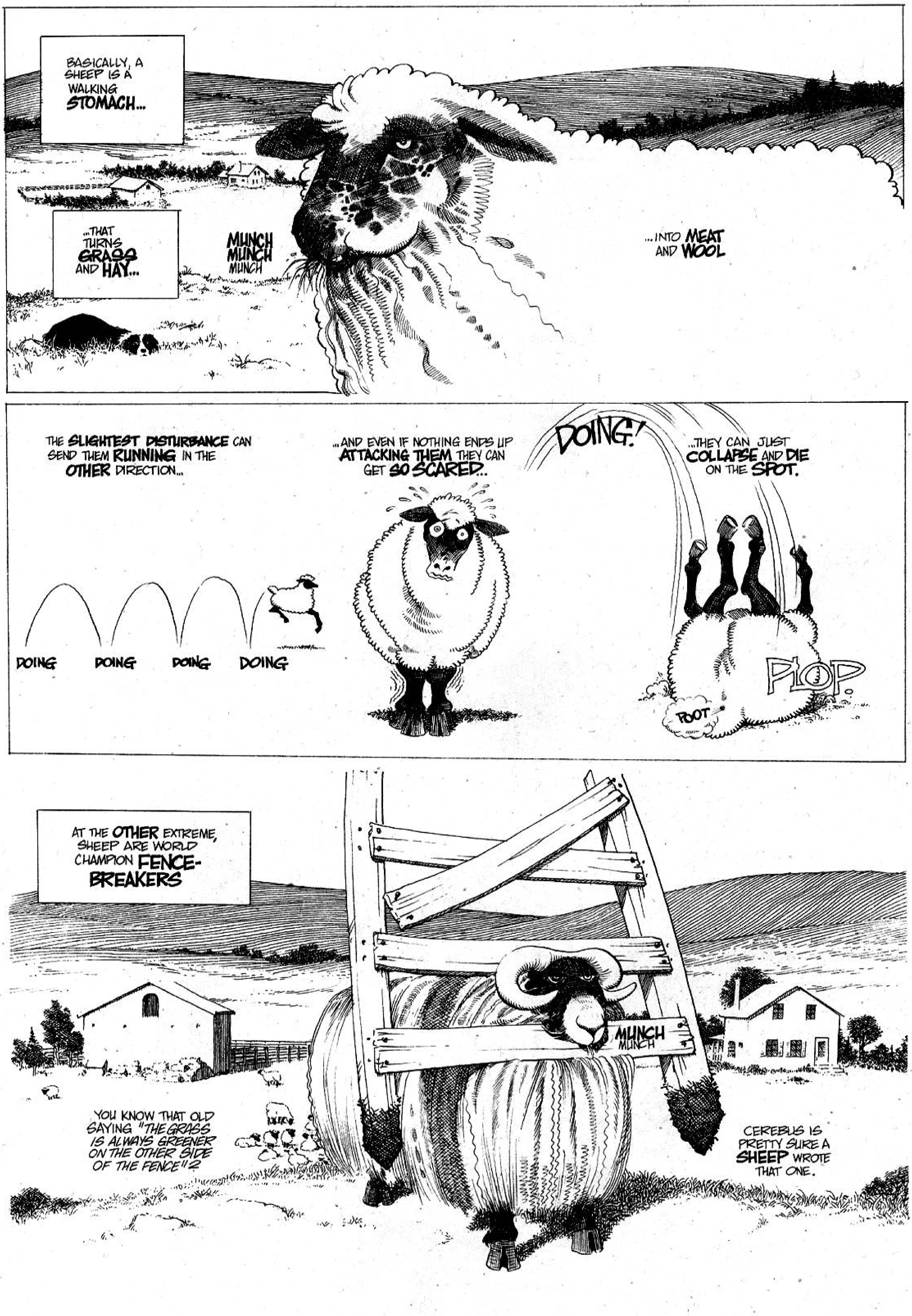

CEREBUS THOUGHT HE HAD FOUND THE PERFECT PLACE TO GET HIMSELF KILLED
THE SCAB AND MAGGOT
AN ACTION FIGURES GROUP THERAPY ROLE-PLAYING PUB
UNFORTUNATELY
IT TURNED OUT THAT ISSHURIA WASN'T MUCH DIFFERENT FROM THE CIRINIST TERRITORIES BY THEN.
PLEASE WIPE YOUR FEET
WITH A COUPLE OF DIFFERENCES.
TAVERN RESIDENTS WERE ONLY ALLOWED THREE DRINKS A DAY.
AND THE ALCOHOL WASN'T FREE.
EACH DRINK "COST" THREE HOURS OF "COMMUNITY SERVICE"
HA! "YOUR WIFE TAKES YOUR MOTHER'S SIDE IN AN ARGUMENT"
"SEVENTY-FIVE EMASCULATION DEMERITS"
C'MON SIX! C'MON SIX
CLATTER CLATTER
TWO.
ONE. TAK
TWO. TAK
"YOU FAIL TO ADMIT THE VALIDITY OF YOUR WIFE/MOTHER'S POINT QUICKLY ENOUGH"
"LOSE ALL INTIMACY CREDITS FOR NEXT FIVE TURNS"
AAAGH
WHY COULDN'T I HAVE ROLLED A SIX?
HA HA
OR ONE DRINK
FOR EACH COMPLETED GAME OF "THE SCAB AND MAGGOT-- THE LIFE SKILLS ROLE-PLAYING GAME FOR REAL MEN."



AS "LOW MAN" ON THE "COMMUNITY SERVICE" TOTEM POLE, THEY STARTED CEREBUS ON LATRINE DUTY...
JUST LIKE IN THE ARMY.
SCRAAPE PLOP
SCRAAPE PLOP
CEREBUS HADN'T BEEN SHOVELLING FOR VERY LONG...
...WHEN SOMETHING HAPPENED
TIP
THUMP
CEREBUS DOESN'T REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED EXACTLY... BUT
SOMETHING HAPPENED
AND CEREBUS BLANKED OUT
FOR A LONG
LOOooONG
TIME



WHEN CEREBUS FINALLY **BLANKED** **"IN"** AGAIN....
...HE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT HOW **LONG** HE HAD BEEN TENDING MR. GURZKY'S SHEEP.
CEREBUS ADDED IT UP **ONE** WAY
THEN ADDED IT UP **ANOTHER** WAY AND IT ALWAYS CAME OUT THE **SAME**:
A LITTLE LESS THAN THREE YEARS.
THREE
YEARS.
MNCH MNCH



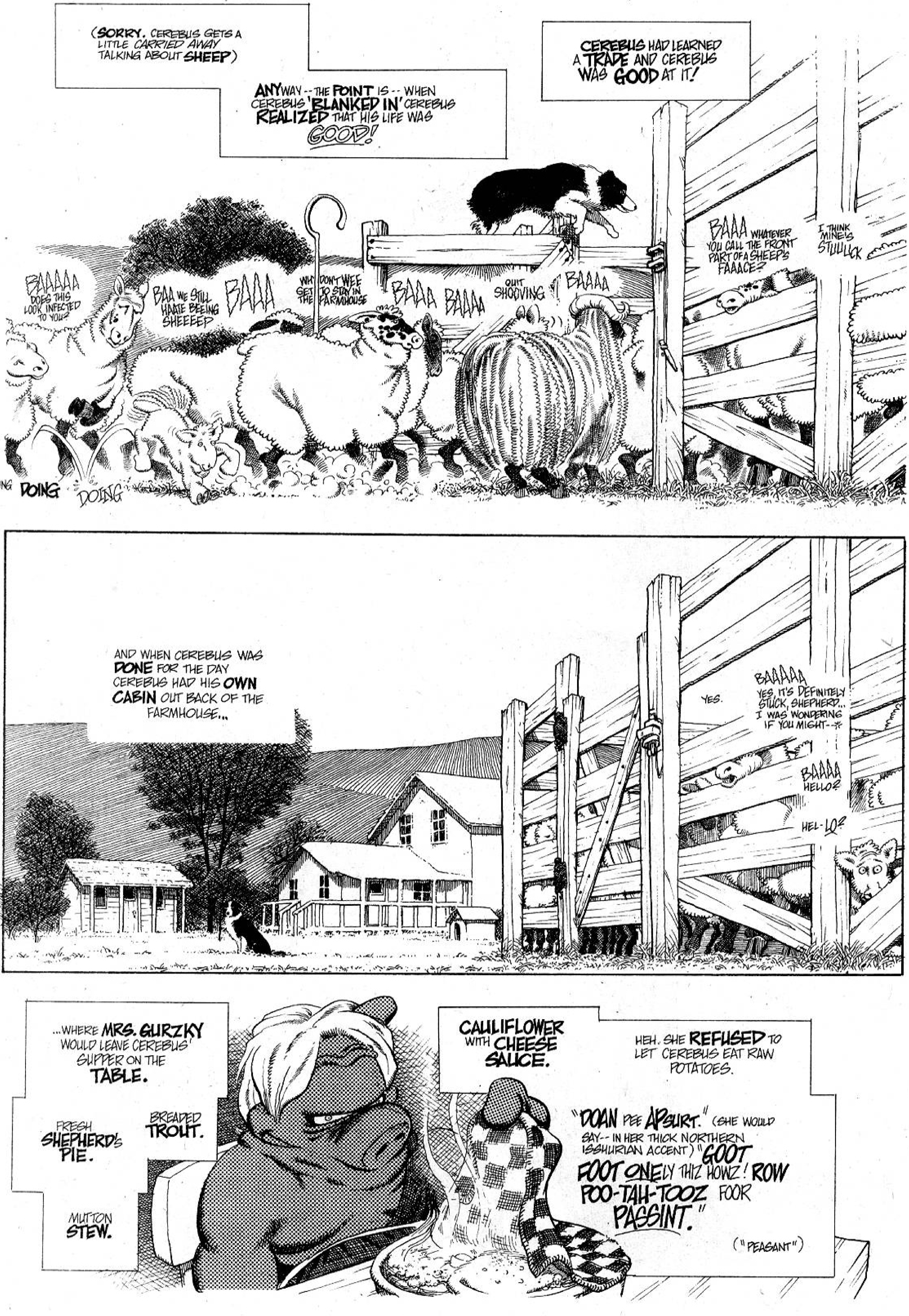
BASICALLY, A SHEEP IS A WALKING STOMACH...
...THAT TURNS GRASS AND HAY...
MUNCH MUNCH MUNCH
...INTO MEAT AND WOOL
THE SLIGHTEST DISTURBANCE CAN SEND THEM RUNNING IN THE OTHER DIRECTION...
DOING DOING DOING DOING
...AND EVEN IF NOTHING ENDS UP ATTACKING THEM THEY CAN GET SO SCARED...
DOING!
...THEY CAN JUST COLLAPSE AND DIE ON THE SPOT.
PLOP.
POOT
AT THE OTHER EXTREME, SHEEP ARE WORLD CHAMPION FENCE-BREAKERS
MUNCH MUNCH
YOU KNOW THAT OLD SAYING "THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE FENCE"?
CEREBUS IS PRETTY SURE A SHEEP WROTE THAT ONE.



MR. GURZKY USED TO SAY "A SHEEP'S WORST ENEMY IS ANOTHER SHEEP."
TRUER WORDS WERE NEVER SPOKEN.
IF ONE OF 'EM HAS WORMS, FOOT-AND-MOUTH, LIVER FLUKE, SWAYBACK OR SCRAPIE...
THEY ALL HAVE WORMS, FOOT-AND-MOUTH, LIVER FLUKE, SWAYBACK OR SCRAPIE.
SEE-- SHEEP LACK THE WILL TO LIVE.
(YOU JUST HAVE TO LISTEN TO THE NOISE THEY MAKE TO KNOW THAT.)
BAAAA WE DON'T WANT TO LIIIVE
BAAAA WE HAATE BEING SHEEP
BAAAAA LET'S ALL RUB OURSELVES CONSTANTLY FOR NO REEEASON UNTIL WE ALL GET "SCRAAAPIE" AND DIIIIE
BAAAA OKAAAAY!
?
YOU HAVE TO "DIP" THEM-- ONCE IN THE SUMMER, AND THEN ONCE IN THE WINTER
TO KEEP THE WORMS AND THE PARASITES AWAY
HOLDING EACH SHEEP "UNDER" FOR A FULL MINUTE.
DON'T WEAR YOUR GOOD CLOTHES
TSH
TSH
SPL


AT THE SLIGHTEST HINT OF LAMENESS, CATCH THE SHEEP....
...INSPECT THE FEET...
...USE THE KNIFE (WHERE NECESSARY)...
...AND PUT SOME FOOT-ROT MEDICINE ON EACH BAAAA? HOOF.
CHIP
CHIP
DON'T NEGLECT THE RAMS, EITHER. RAMS HAVE AN INFURIATING HABIT OF WALKING SOUNDLY TEN MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR -- AND THEN COMING UP LAME....
... JUST WHEN IT'S TIME FOR THEM TO "EARN THEIR KEEP."
THUH-BANG THUH-BANG THUH-BANG THUH-BANG
DURING "TUPPING" SEASON, EACH EWE WILL COME INTO HEAT EVERY SIXTEEN OR SEVENTEEN DAYS.
A MATURE RAM CAN MATE WITH FIFTY TO SEVENTY EWES.
SOMETIMES A RAM DEVELOPS A PASSION FOR A PARTICULAR EWE, WON'T LEAVE HER SIDE AND CONTINUALLY REMATES HER.

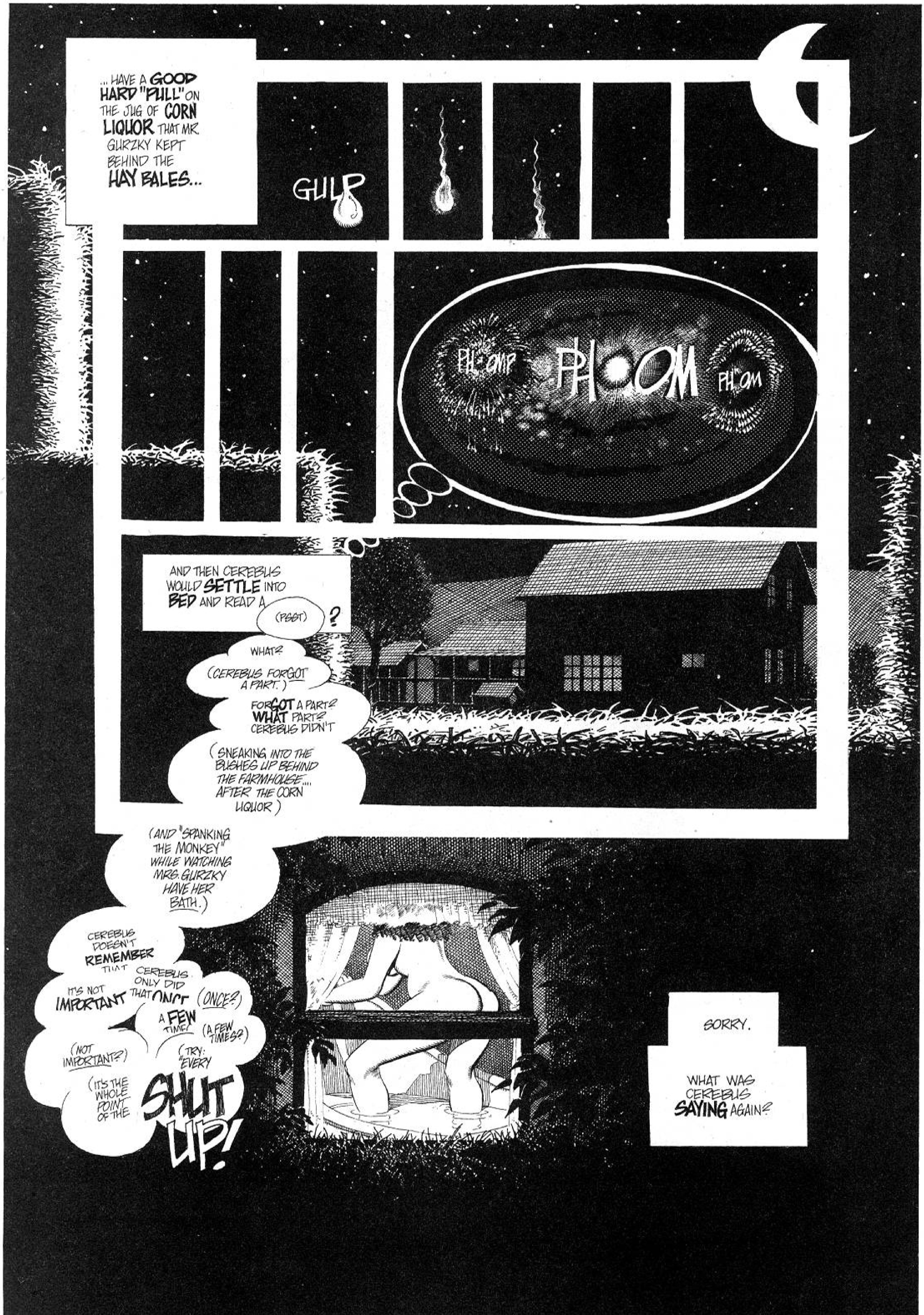

IF THAT...
SKRTCH SKRTCH
IF THAT HAPPENS -- LOCK UP LITTLE MISS 'FAIREST-OF-THEM-ALL' UNTIL SHE GOES OFF HEAT...
... AND YOUR RAM WILL GET BACK TO HIS REGULAR 'BUSINESS' IN NO TIME.
THUH-BANG THUH-BANG THUH-BANG THUH-BANG
SKTCH SKRTCH



(SORRY. CEREBUS GETS A LITTLE CARRIED AWAY TALKING ABOUT SHEEP)
ANYWAY -- THE POINT IS -- WHEN CEREBUS 'BLANKED IN' CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HIS LIFE WAS GOOD!
CEREBUS HAD LEARNED A TRADE AND CEREBUS WAS GOOD AT IT!
BAAAAA DOES THIS LOOK INFECTED TO YOU?
BAA WE STILL HAATE BEEING SHEEEEP
BAAA
WHY DON'T WEE GET TO STAY IN THE FARMHOUSE
BAAA BAAAA
QUIT SHOOVING
BAAAA
BAAA WHATEVER YOU CALL THE FRONT PART OF A SHEEP'S FAAACE?
I THINK MINE'S STUUUCK
DOING DOING DOING
AND WHEN CEREBUS WAS DONE FOR THE DAY CEREBUS HAD HIS OWN CABIN OUT BACK OF THE FARMHOUSE...
YES.
BAAAAA YES, IT'S DEFINITELY STUCK, SHEPHERD... I WAS WONDERING IF YOU MIGHT--
BAAAA HELLO?
HEL-LO?
...WHERE MRS. GURZKY WOULD LEAVE CEREBUS' SUPPER ON THE TABLE.
FRESH SHEPHERD'S PIE.
BREADED TROUT.
MUTTON STEW.
CAULIFLOWER WITH CHEESE SAUCE.
HEH. SHE REFUSED TO LET CEREBUS EAT RAW POTATOES.
"DOAN BEE APSURT." (SHE WOULD SAY-- IN HER THICK NORTHERN ISSHURIAN ACCENT) "GOOT FOOT ONELY THIZ HOWZ! ROW POO-TAH-TOOZ FOOR PASSINT."
("PEASANT")

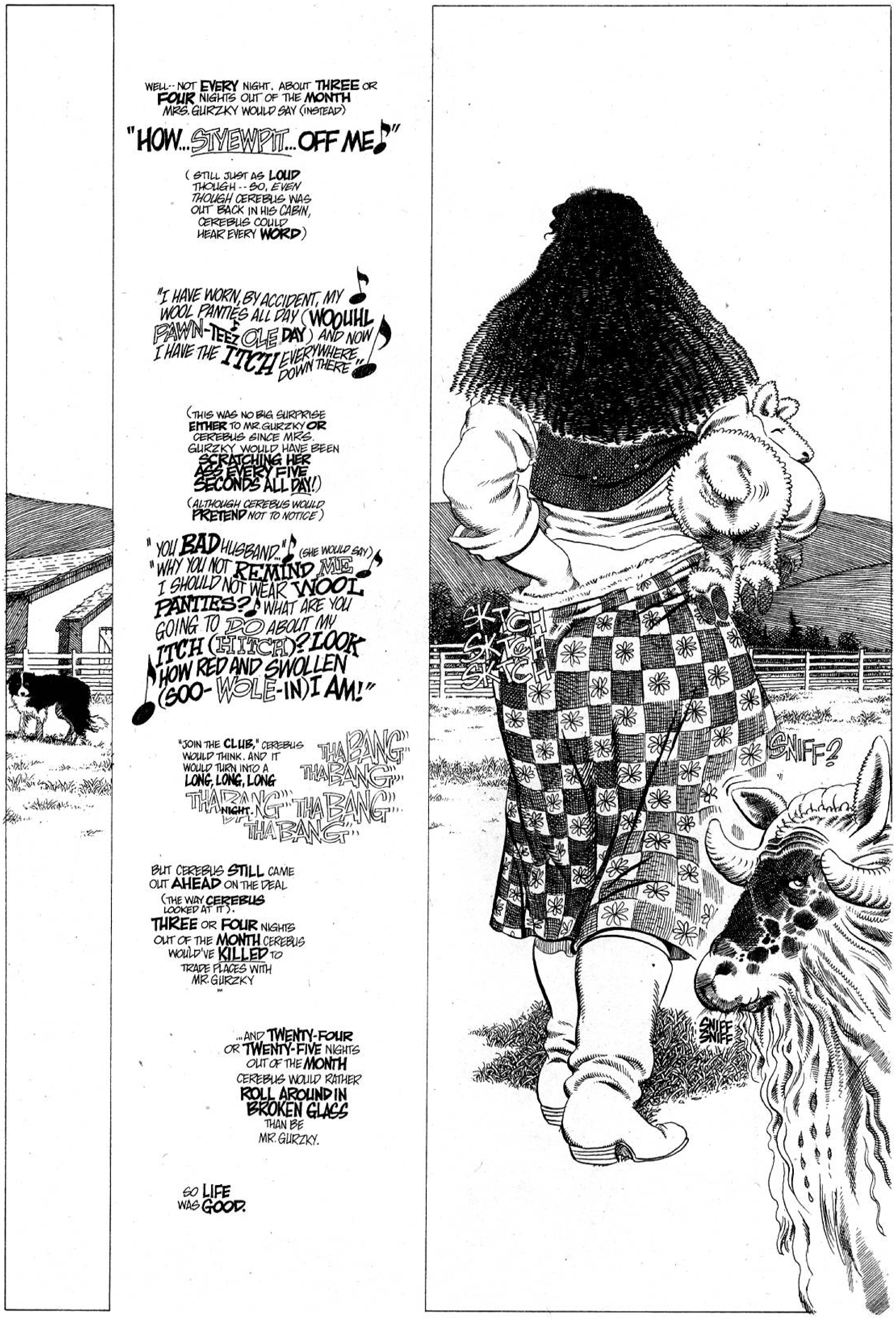


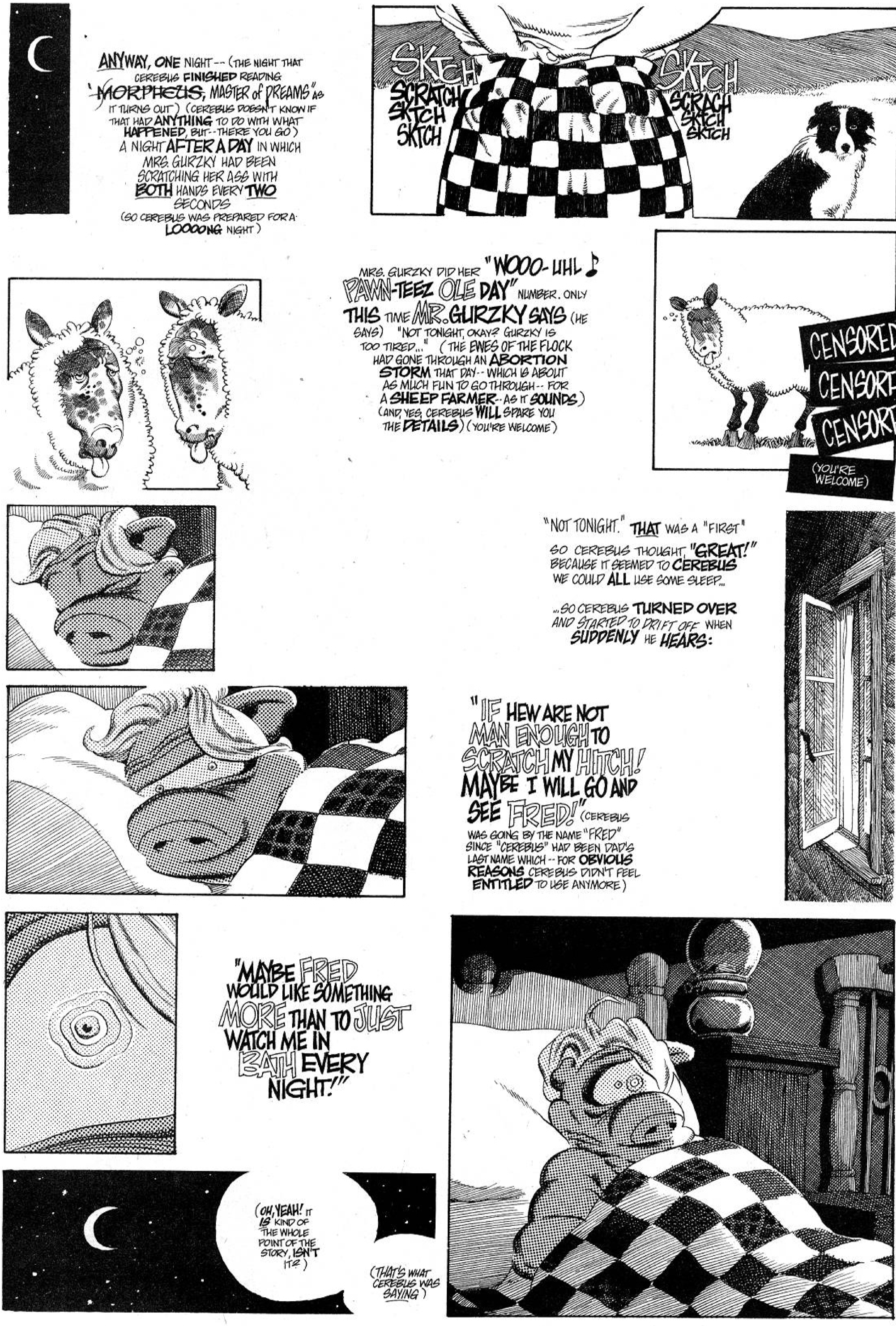
MR. GURZKY WAS A READS COLLECTOR, SO HE WOULD LET CEREBUS BORROW ANYTHING CEREBUS WANTED TO READ. (LIKE--ALL SEVENTY-FIVE "ISSUES" OF MORPHEUS) (WHICH WAS WHAT CEREBUS WAS READING WHEN HE 'BLANKED IN' AGAIN) (SO CEREBUS HAD TO RE-READ A FEW OF 'EM TO REMIND HIMSELF WHAT WAS GOING ON) (IT WAS REALLY GOOD!) (EVEN THOUGH NOT ENOUGH GUYS DIED AND THERE WAS TOO MUCH TALKING)
MUNCH CRUNCH MUNCH
SO CEREBUS WOULD READ AN "ISSUE" WITH HIS SUPPER.
AND THEN AFTER SUPPER CEREBUS WOULD
OH, RIGHT! AND MR. GURZKY HAD SAWED THE LEGS OFF OF THEIR OLD TABLES AND CHAIRS -- SO CEREBUS HAD "CEREBUS-SIZE" FURNITURE FOR ONCE IN HIS LIFE! THAT WAS REALLY GOOD! (WHERE WAS CEREBUS? OH, RIGHT) AFTER SUPPER, CEREBUS WOULD...
KA KLANK KA KLANK KA KLANK KA KLANK KAA-- KLANK
SPLASH
...WASH THE DISHES...
...LEAVE THE CLEAN DISHES ON THE BACK PORCH FOR MRS. GURZKY...
...CHECK ON THE SHEEP...
BAAAA
ELROD. YOU. DUMB. FUCK.
HOW MANY TIMES DOES CEREBUS HAVE TO TELL YOU? "KEEP. YOUR. STUPID. HEAD. OUT. FROM BETWEEN. THESE. TWO.
THPOK!
BOARDS."
BAAAA
YOU'RE WELCOME.

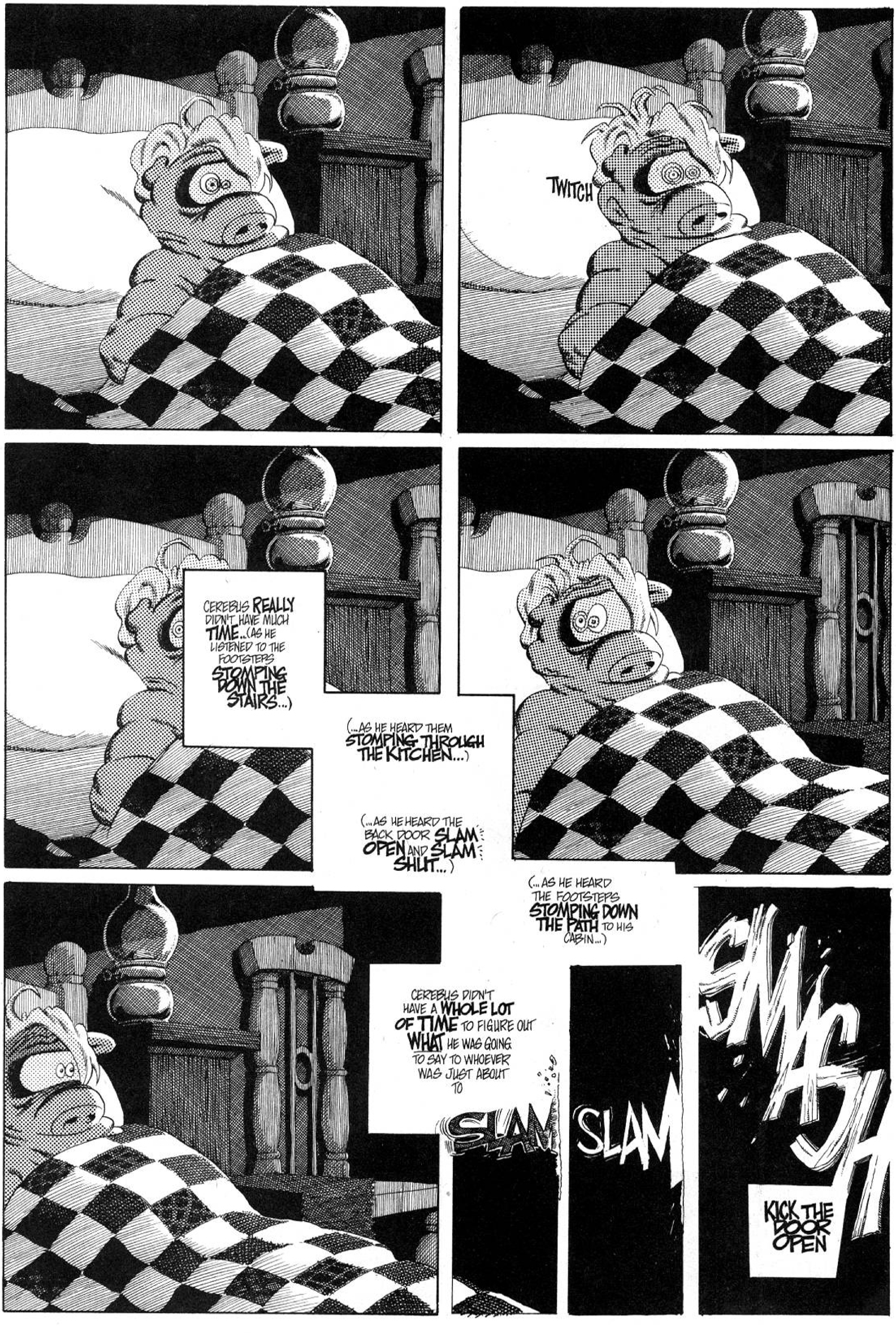


...HAVE A GOOD HARD "PULL" ON THE JUG OF CORN LIQUOR THAT MR. GURZKY KEPT BEHIND THE HAY BALES...
GULP
PH OMP
PHOOM
PH OM
AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD SETTLE INTO BED AND READ A
(PSST)
?
WHAT?
(CEREBUS FORGOT A PART.)
FORGOT A PART? WHAT PART? CEREBUS DIDN'T
(SNEAKING INTO THE BUSHES UP BEHIND THE FARMHOUSE.... AFTER THE CORN LIQUOR)
(AND "SPANKING THE MONKEY" WHILE WATCHING MRS. GURZKY HAVE HER BATH.)
CEREBUS DOESN'T REMEMBER
CEREBUS ONLY DID THAT
(ONCE?)
IT'S NOT IMPORTANT
A FEW
(A FEW TIMES?)
(NOT IMPORTANT?)
(TRY: "EVERY
(IT'S THE WHOLE POINT OF THE
SHUT UP!
SORRY.
WHAT WAS CEREBUS SAYING AGAIN?


OH AYE... AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD SETTLE INTO BED AND READ ANOTHER 'ISSUE' OF "THE DREAM MASTER"... AND THEN TURN OFF THE LIGHT... AND CEREBUS WOULD LIE THERE IN THE DARK... LISTENING TO MR. AND MRS. GURZKY IN THEIR BEDROOM QUARRELING..... (HM. ......"QUARRELING" ISN'T REALLY THE RIGHT WORD. WHAT CEREBUS WOULD LISTEN TO WAS MRS. GURZKY LANDING ON MR. GURZKY LIKE A TON OF BRICKS THE MOMENT HE WALKED IN THE BEDROOM.)
"EFF... I HADT..... KNOAN!"
(HEH-HEH. CEREBUS WON'T TRY TO "DO" MRS. GURZKY'S ACCENT.... WITH THE PAUSES BETWEEN THE WORDS AND EVERYTHING..OR IT'LL TAKE FOREVER TO TELL YOU THE STORY.)
"IF I HAD KNOWN WHAT THIS PLACE WOULD BE LIKE I WOULD NEVER (NEFFER!) HAVE COME SOUTH WITH YOU! PEASANT! EVERYONE HERE IS PEASANT! ALL THEY DO IS TALK ABOUT EACH OTHER BEHIND BACK--THEY ALL CROUCH LIKE ANIMALS (AH-NEE-MAL) WATCHING TO SEE WHO IS SLEEP WITH WHOM; WHO IS NOT DO WHAT EVERYONE THINKS EVERYONE SHOULD DO; WHO IS DO WHATEVER EVERYONE THINKS EVERY-ONE SHOULD NOT DO. WHEN I, MRS. GURZKY, SIT AT TABLE IN MARKET WITH SWEATERS (SOO-WAY-TARE)...
(MRS. GURZKY KNITTED THESE GREAT SWEATERS FROM THE SHEEPS' WOOL --THAT'S WHERE THE GURZKY'S MADE MOST OF THEIR MONEY. EVEN THOUGH MRS. GURZKY CALLED EVERYONE "PEASANT" LOUD ENOUGH SO THEY COULD HEAR, SHE COULDN'T KNIT FAST ENOUGH TO KEEP UP WITH THE DEMAND. THAT'S HOW GREAT HER SWEATERS WERE)
...I HAVE TO FIGHT URGE TO RIP OFF ALL MY CLOTHES AND DANCE NAKED JUST TO SEE STUPID, HORRIFIED (HORE-E-FIGHT) PEASANT FACES."
SEE, GOD (CEREBUS PROBABLY THOUGHT OF HIM AS TARIM AT THAT POINT) GOD WAS SHOWING CEREBUS WHAT CEREBUS' LIFE WOULD'VE BEEN LIKE--WITH JAKA--IN SAND HILLS CREEK. MR. GURZKY NEVER WENT TO TOWN--OR HARDLY EVER. AND WHEN HE DID, HE COULDN'T LOOK ANYONE IN THE EYE--AND NO ONE WOULD LOOK HIM IN THE EYE (AND HIS FAMILY HAD HAD THE SAME FARM FOR HUNDREDS OF YEARS). ALL HE HAD IN THE WORLD WAS MRS. GURZKY AND THE FARM. AND THAT'S ALL CEREBUS WOULD HAVE HAD. JUST JAKA. AND CEREBUS WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO LOOK ANYONE IN THE EYE AGAIN. OKAY, JAKA WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN RUDE, BUT SHE WOULD'VE BEEN JUST AS "HOITY-TOITY"--JUST AS "MY SHIT DON'T STINK," MOUTHING OFF AND PULLING HER "PALNU FACE." AND JUST LIKE MR. GURZKY ONLY HAD MRS. GURZKY AND SO ALL'S HE COULD DO WAS JUST LISTEN TO HER MOUTHING OFF AND MOUTHING OFF AND MOUTHING OFF, THAT'S ALL CEREBUS COULD'VE DONE. WITH JAKA.
SO, THE WEIRD THING WAS, EVEN THOUGH MR. GURZKY HAD MRS. GURZKY, CEREBUS DIDN'T ENVY HIM ONE BIT. IN FACT IT WAS ONE OF CEREBUS' FAVOURITE THINGS--TO JUST DRIFT OFF TO SLEEP, LISTENING TO MRS. GURZKY MOUTHING OFF TO MR. GURZKY KNOWING THAT THERE WASN'T ANYONE IN THE WORLD THAT CEREBUS HAD TO LISTEN TO
MOUTHING OFF..... TO
CEREBUS.....


WELL-- NOT EVERY NIGHT. ABOUT THREE OR FOUR NIGHTS OUT OF THE MONTH MRS. GURZKY WOULD SAY (INSTEAD)
"HOW... STYEWPIT... OFF ME"
(STILL JUST AS LOUD THOUGH -- SO, EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS WAS OUT BACK IN HIS CABIN, CEREBUS COULD HEAR EVERY WORD)
"I HAVE WORN, BY ACCIDENT, MY WOOL PANTIES ALL DAY (WOOUHL PAWN-TEEZ OLE DAY) AND NOW I HAVE THE ITCH EVERYWHERE DOWN THERE"
(THIS WAS NO BIG SURPRISE EITHER TO MR. GURZKY OR CEREBUS SINCE MRS. GURZKY WOULD HAVE BEEN SCRATCHING HER ASS EVERY FIVE SECONDS ALL DAY!)
(ALTHOUGH CEREBUS WOULD PRETEND NOT TO NOTICE)
"YOU BAD HUSBAND..." (SHE WOULD SAY) "WHY YOU NOT REMIND ME I SHOULD NOT WEAR WOOL PANTIES? WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT MY ITCH (HITCH)? LOOK HOW RED AND SWOLLEN (SOO-WOLE-IN) I AM!"
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH
SNIFF?
"JOIN THE CLUB," CEREBUS WOULD THINK. AND IT WOULD TURN INTO A LONG, LONG, LONG NIGHT.
THABANG" THABANG" THABANG" THABANG" THABANG"
BUT CEREBUS STILL CAME OUT AHEAD ON THE DEAL (THE WAY CEREBUS LOOKED AT IT).
THREE OR FOUR NIGHTS OUT OF THE MONTH CEREBUS WOULD'VE KILLED TO TRADE PLACES WITH MR. GURZKY
SNIFF SNIFF
...AND TWENTY-FOUR OR TWENTY-FIVE NIGHTS OUT OF THE MONTH CEREBUS WOULD RATHER ROLL AROUND IN BROKEN GLASS THAN BE MR. GURZKY.
SO LIFE WAS GOOD.


ANYWAY, ONE NIGHT -- (THE NIGHT THAT CEREBUS FINISHED READING "MORPHEUS, MASTER of DREAMS" AS IT TURNS OUT) (CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW IF THAT HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH WHAT HAPPENED, BUT -- THERE YOU GO) A NIGHT AFTER A DAY IN WHICH MRS. GURZKY HAD BEEN SCRATCHING HER ASS WITH BOTH HANDS EVERY TWO SECONDS (SO CEREBUS WAS PREPARED FOR A LOOOOONG NIGHT)
SKTCH SCRATCH SKTCH SKTCH
SKTCH SCRACH SKTCH SKTCH
MRS. GURZKY DID HER "WOOO-UHL PAWN-TEEZ OLE DAY" NUMBER. ONLY THIS TIME MR. GURZKY SAYS (HE SAYS) "NOT TONIGHT, OKAY? GURZKY IS TOO TIRED..." (THE EWES OF THE FLOCK HAD GONE THROUGH AN ABORTION STORM THAT DAY -- WHICH IS ABOUT AS MUCH FUN TO GO THROUGH -- FOR A SHEEP FARMER -- AS IT SOUNDS) (AND, YES, CEREBUS WILL SPARE YOU THE DETAILS) (YOU'RE WELCOME)
CENSORED
CENSORED
CENSORED
(YOU'RE WELCOME)
"NOT TONIGHT." THAT WAS A "FIRST"
SO CEREBUS THOUGHT, "GREAT!" BECAUSE IT SEEMED TO CEREBUS WE COULD ALL USE SOME SLEEP...
...SO CEREBUS TURNED OVER AND STARTED TO DRIFT OFF WHEN SUDDENLY HE HEARS:
"IF HEW ARE NOT MAN ENOUGH TO SCRATCH MY HITCH! MAYBE I WILL GO AND SEE FRED!" (CEREBUS WAS GOING BY THE NAME "FRED" SINCE "CEREBUS" HAD BEEN DAD'S LAST NAME WHICH -- FOR OBVIOUS REASONS CEREBUS DIDN'T FEEL ENTITLED TO USE ANYMORE)
"MAYBE FRED WOULD LIKE SOMETHING MORE THAN TO JUST WATCH ME IN BATH EVERY NIGHT!"
(OH, YEAH! IT IS KIND OF THE WHOLE POINT OF THE STORY, ISN'T IT?)
(THAT'S WHAT CEREBUS WAS SAYING)



TWITCH
CEREBUS REALLY DIDN'T HAVE MUCH TIME...(AS HE LISTENED TO THE FOOTSTEPS STOMPING DOWN THE STAIRS...)
(...AS HE HEARD THEM STOMPING THROUGH THE KITCHEN...)
(...AS HE HEARD THE BACK DOOR SLAM OPEN AND SLAM SHUT...)
(...AS HE HEARD THE FOOTSTEPS STOMPING DOWN THE PATH TO HIS CABIN...)
CEREBUS DIDN'T HAVE A WHOLE LOT OF TIME TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE WAS GOING TO SAY TO WHOEVER WAS JUST ABOUT TO
SLAM
SLAM
SMASH
KICK THE DOOR OPEN

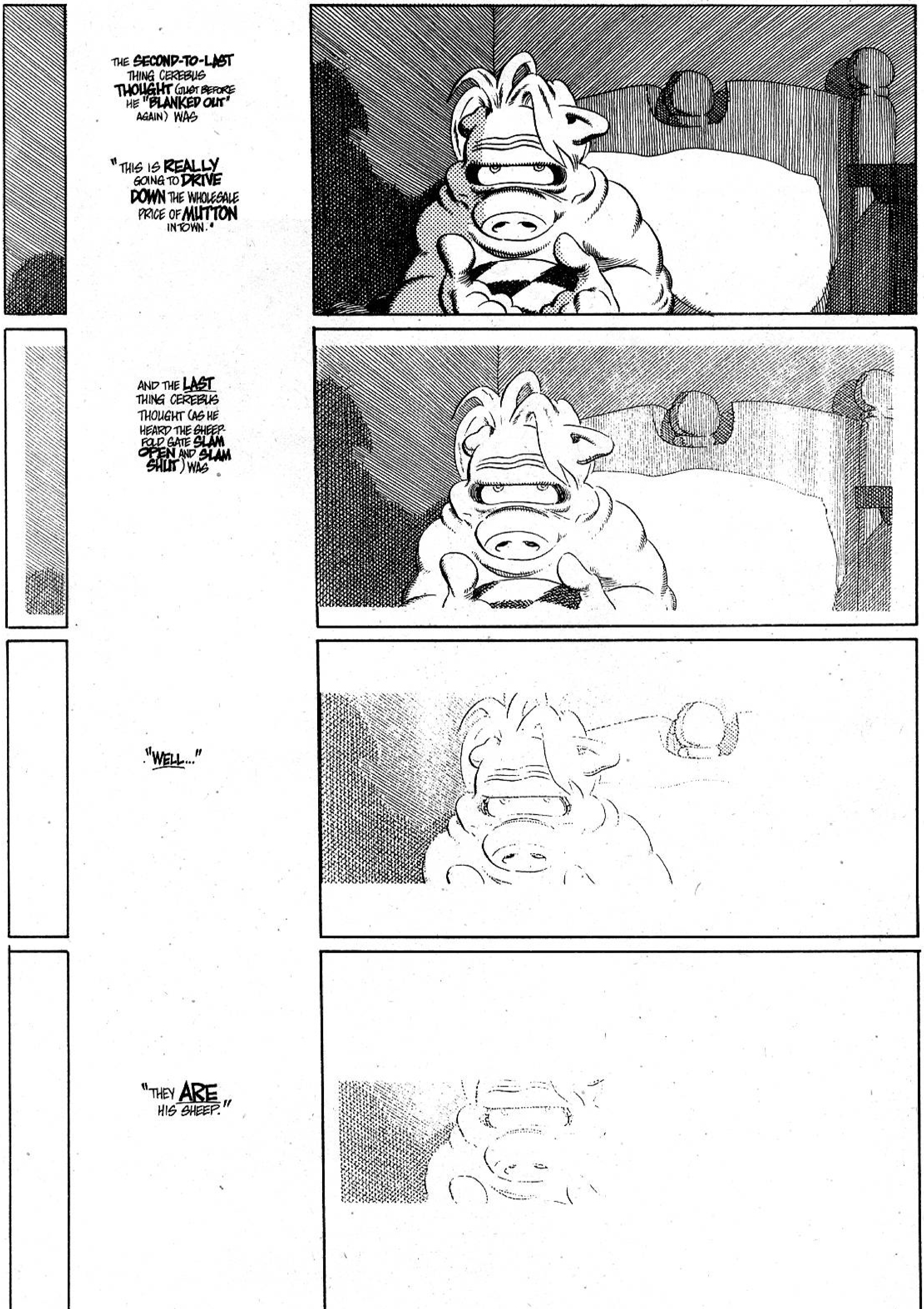

(FORTUNATELY, IT TURNED OUT TO BE MR. GURZKY)
HE JUST STOOD THERE WITH THE AXE FROM THE WOODPILE HUFFING AND PUFFING AND TWITCHING AND MAKING INSANE WOLF NOISES DEEP IN HIS THROAT
CEREBUS DIDN'T SAY ANYTHING -- HE JUST WAITED TO SEE WHAT MR. GURZKY WOULD SAY (OR DO)
(CEREBUS HAD ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT MR. GURZKY HAD HIRED CEREBUS BECAUSE CEREBUS WAS THE ONLY PERSON MR. GURZKY HAD EVER MET WHO WAS SHORTER THAN MR. GURZKY)
(CEREBUS HAD ALSO ALWAYS SUSPECTED THAT MR. GURZKY DIDN'T BELIEVE CEREBUS WHEN CEREBUS TOLD HIM ABOUT ALL OF CEREBUS' WAR EXPERIENCES)
CEREBUS COULD SEE THAT MR. GURZKY WAS BUSY TRYING TO MAINTAIN A LEVEL OF MURDEROUS RAGE WHILE TRYING (ALSO) TO FIGURE OUT IF IT WAS A REALLY REALLY GOOD IDEA -- OR A REALLY REALLY BAD IDEA TO SWING THE AXE.
(CEREBUS WAS MORE THAN WILLING -- UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES -- TO LET HIM THINK ABOUT IT ALL NIGHT) (IF NEED BE)
(SO THAT WAS WHY THE FOOTSTEPS WENT STOMP-STOMP STOMP-STOMP STOMP-STOMP)
(FUNNY THE THINGS YOU NOTICE AT A TIME LIKE THAT)
ANYWAY, MR. GURZKY FINALLY SAYS: "FIRST YOU STEAL GURZKY'S SHEEP!"
(CEREBUS WASN'T ABOUT TO INTERRUPT HIM, BUT THE LOOK ON CEREBUS' FACE MUST'VE SAID: "STEAL YOUR SHEEP? FRED DIDN'T STEAL YOUR SHEEP. YOUR SHEEP ARE IN THE SHEEPFOLD WHERE THEY BELONG."
BECAUSE MR. GURZKY THEN SAID:)
"YOU THINK GURZKY IS DEAF? YOU THINK GURZKY DOESN'T HEAR THE SHEEP?"



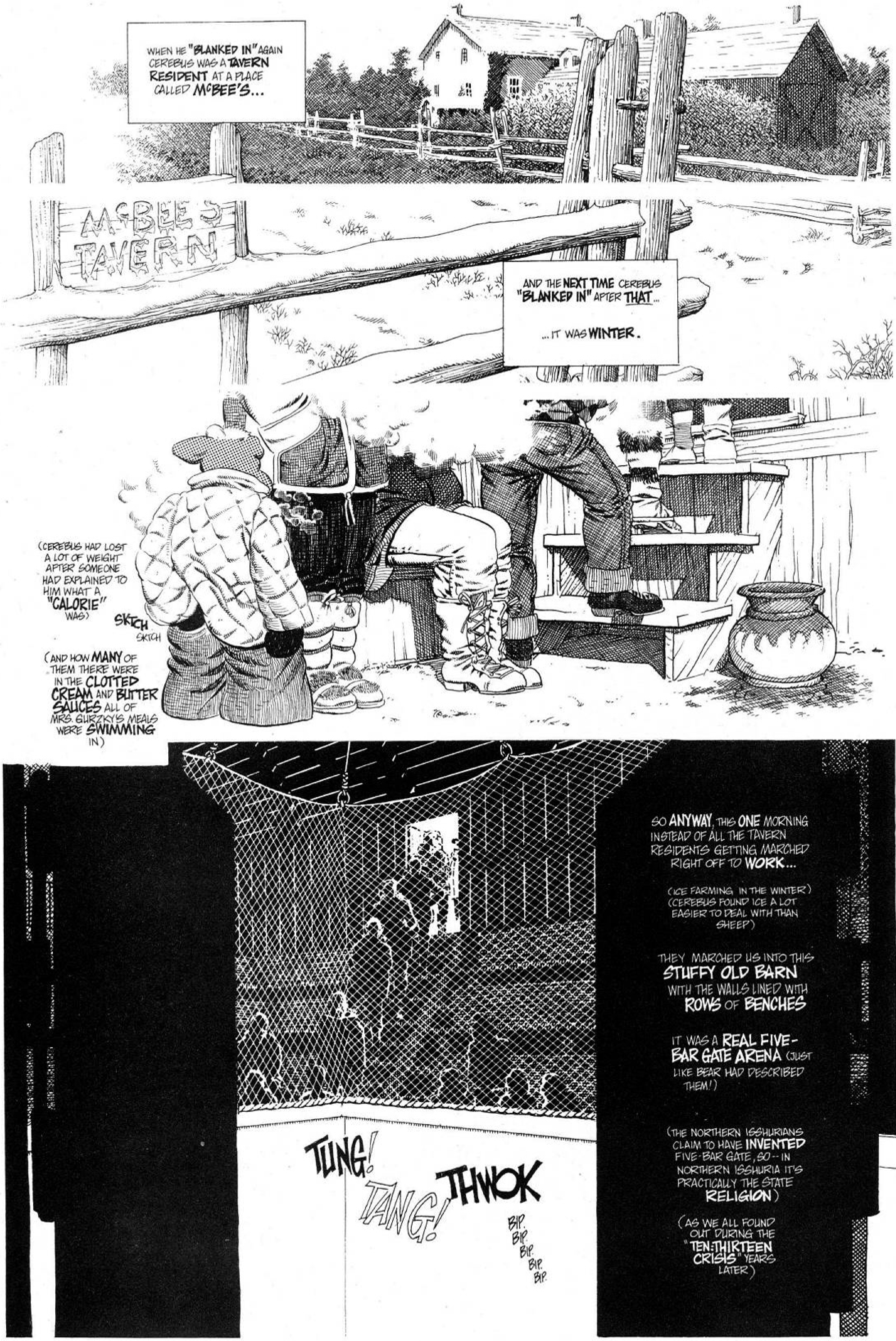
"ALL DAY THE SHEEP SAY: 'BAAAAA IGNORE GURZKY!' 'BAAAA FRED IS OUR SHEPHERD!'"
'BAAAA WE DO ONLY WHAT FRED TELLS US TO DO!'
(WELL--AS CEREBUS ALREADY TOLD YOU ALL THE SHEEP EVER SAID WAS "BAAAA WE HATE BEING SHEEP!" (AND) "BAAA--WE WISH WE WERE DEAD!" (AND) "BAAA LET'S ALL GET SCRAPIE AND DIIIE!")
(SO REALLY...
TWITCH
...THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS FIRST REALIZED THAT MR. GURZKY WAS CRAZY.)
SO...
CEREBUS DIDN'T MOVE A MUSCLE OR SAY A WORD--HE JUST WATCHED MR. GURZKY. WAITING TO SEE WHAT (IF ANYTHING) HE WAS GOING TO DO WITH THE AXE.
(FINALLY--AFTER A FEW MINUTES, MR. GURZKY REMEMBERED THAT HE HADN'T FINISHED HIS SENTENCE.)
?
"AND NOW" (HE CONTINUED) "NOW GURZKY FINDS YOU HAVE BEEN SPYING ON HIS WIFE?!"



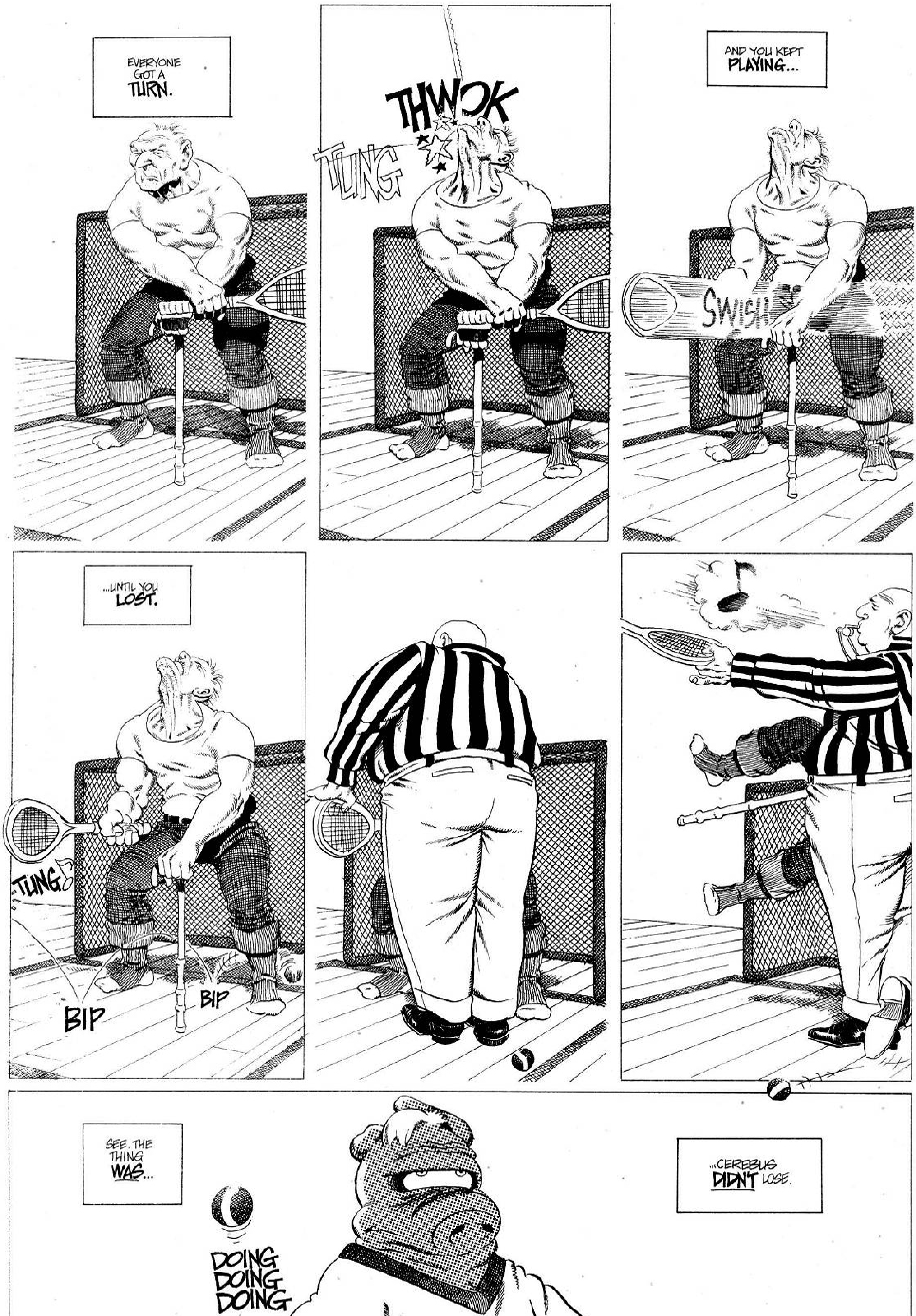
WATCHING HER IN HER BATH AND.... AND
(THERE ARE A LOT OF DIFFERENT "CUTE TERMS" FOR IT.... "CHOKING THE CHICKEN".... "MILKING THE TROUSER SNAKE"..... BUT CEREBUS WASN'T ABOUT TO PROVIDE ONE WITH MR. GURZKY STANDING THERE TRYING TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO WITH HIS AXE.)
CEREBUS SUDDENLY HAD THIS WEIRD IDEA THAT MAYBE REASON WOULD WORK. SO (AS REASONABLY AS POSSIBLE) CEREBUS SAID, "FRED JUST WANTS TO DO HIS JOB, MR. GURZKY...."
(WHAT A MISTAKE THAT WAS)
"JOB?" (ASKED MR GURZKY--) "JOB?"
(IF HE ASKED THE QUESTION ONCE, HE MUST'VE ASKED IT A DOZEN TIMES) "JOB?"
(SINCE CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO ANSWER THE QUESTION, CEREBUS DECIDED TO JUST WAIT FOR MR GURZKY TO STOP ASKING IT) (WHEN SUDDENLY...)
MR. GURZKY GAVE OUT WITH THIS EVIL HIGH-PITCHED SCREAMING LAUGH AND STOMP-STOMP STOMP-STOMP'ED OFF IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SHEEPFOLD

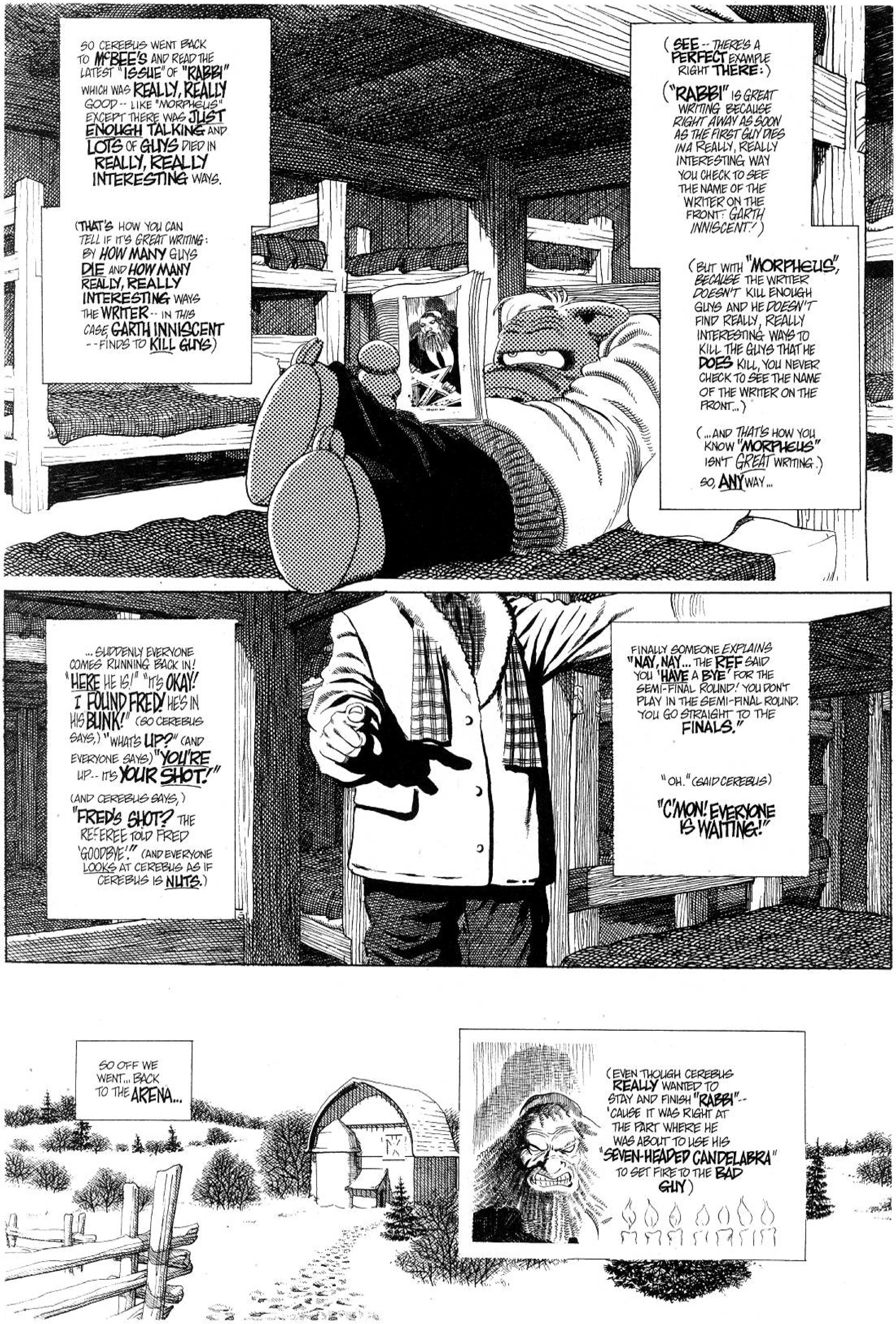

THE SECOND-TO-LAST THING CEREBUS THOUGHT (JUST BEFORE HE "BLANKED OUT" AGAIN) WAS
"THIS IS REALLY GOING TO DRIVE DOWN THE WHOLESALE PRICE OF MUTTON IN TOWN."
AND THE LAST THING CEREBUS THOUGHT (AS HE HEARD THE SHEEP-FOLD GATE SLAM OPEN AND SLAM SHUT) WAS
"WELL..."
"THEY ARE HIS SHEEP."


NORTH.
(AGAIN)
SCUFF
NORTH INTO NORTHERN ISSHURIA (MRS. GURZKY'S HOMELAND) AWAY FROM CEREBUS' SHAME (AGAIN)
SCUFF
"MAYBE THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. MAYBE YOU HAD TO GO FURTHER NORTH TO FIND A NICE PLACE TO GET YOURSELF KILLED," CEREBUS THOUGHT
CEREBUS WAS STILL LOOKING FOR A PLACE...
...WHEN CEREBUS RAN OUT OF NORTH
EAST, THEN.
"IT SHOULD BE THE EASIEST THING IN THE WORLD TO GET YOURSELF KILLED," (THOUGHT CEREBUS)
"WANDERING AROUND IN THIS FAGGY SHEPHERD OUTFIT."

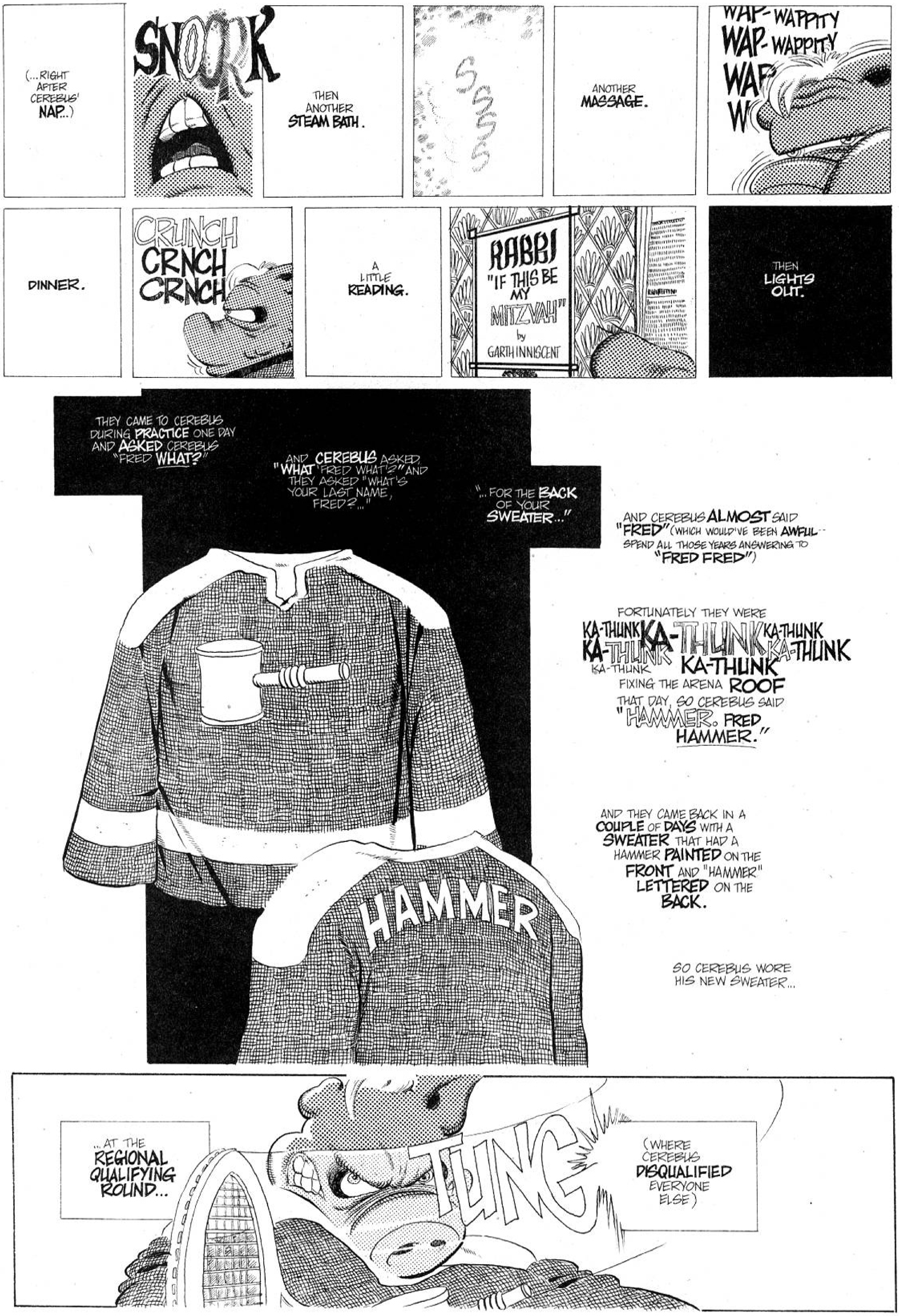


WHEN HE "BLANKED IN" AGAIN CEREBUS WAS A TAVERN RESIDENT AT A PLACE CALLED McBEE'S...
McBEE'S TAVERN
AND THE NEXT TIME CEREBUS "BLANKED IN" AFTER THAT...
...IT WAS WINTER.
(CEREBUS HAD LOST A LOT OF WEIGHT AFTER SOMEONE HAD EXPLAINED TO HIM WHAT A "CALORIE" WAS)
SKTCH SKTCH
(AND HOW MANY OF THEM THERE WERE IN THE CLOTTED CREAM AND BUTTER SAUCES ALL OF MRS. GURZKY'S MEALS WERE SWIMMING IN)
SO ANYWAY, THIS ONE MORNING INSTEAD OF ALL THE TAVERN RESIDENTS GETTING MARCHED RIGHT OFF TO WORK...
(ICE FARMING IN THE WINTER) (CEREBUS FOUND ICE A LOT EASIER TO DEAL WITH THAN SHEEP)
THEY MARCHED US INTO THIS STUFFY OLD BARN WITH THE WALLS LINED WITH ROWS OF BENCHES
IT WAS A REAL FIVE-BAR GATE ARENA (JUST LIKE BEAR HAD DESCRIBED THEM!)
(THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS CLAIM TO HAVE INVENTED FIVE-BAR GATE, SO -- IN NORTHERN ISSHURIA IT'S PRACTICALLY THE STATE RELIGION)
(AS WE ALL FOUND OUT DURING THE "TEN:THIRTEEN CRISIS" YEARS LATER)
TUNG!
TANG!
THWOK
BIP. BIP. BIP. BIP. BIP.

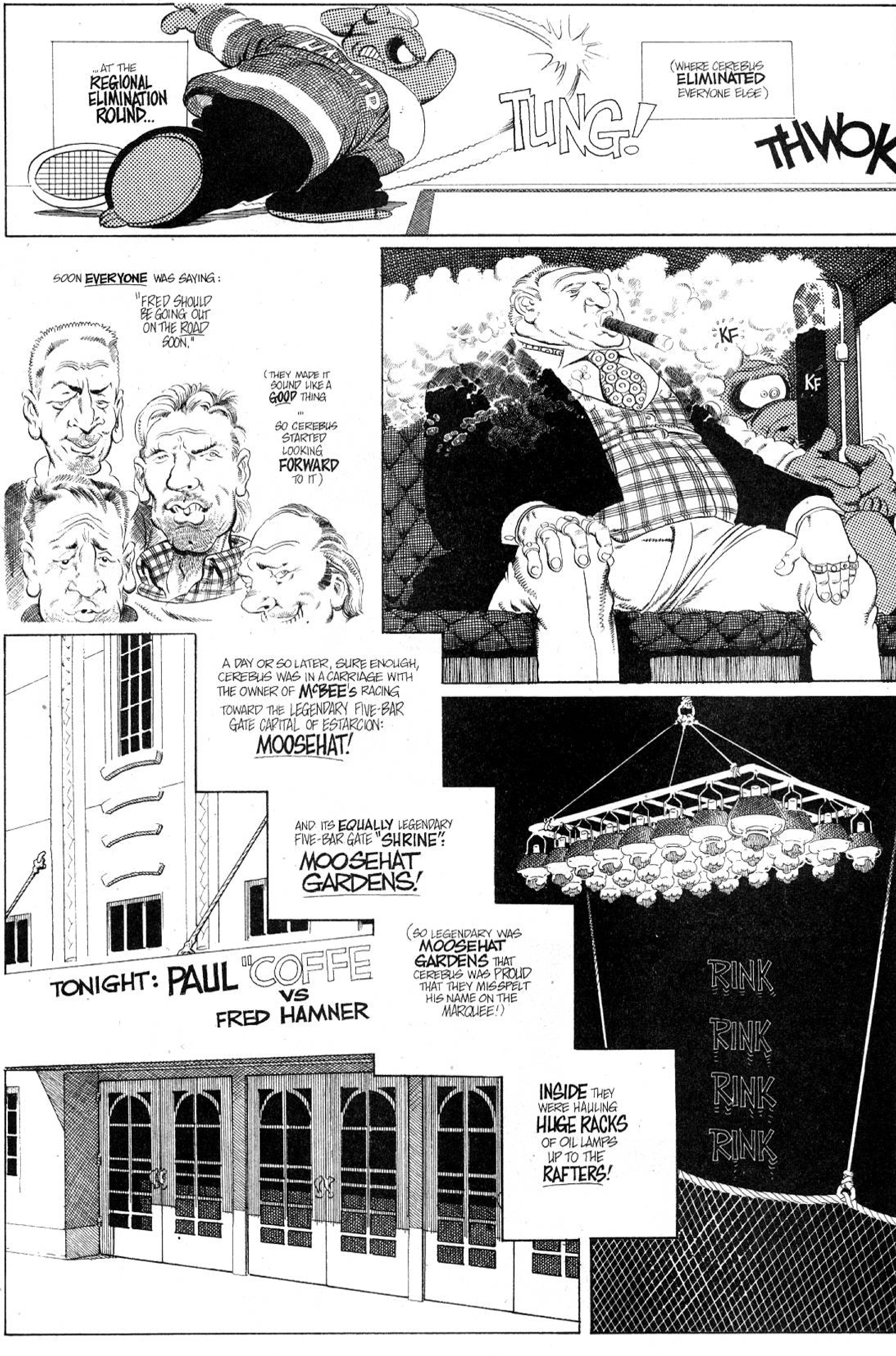

EVERYONE GOT A TURN.
THWOK
TUNG
AND YOU KEPT PLAYING...
SWISH
...UNTIL YOU LOST.
TUNG
BIP
BIP
SEE, THE THING WAS...
DOING DOING DOING
...CEREBUS DIDN'T LOSE.


SO CEREBUS WENT BACK TO McBEE'S AND READ THE LATEST "ISSUE" OF "RABBI" WHICH WAS REALLY, REALLY GOOD -- LIKE "MORPHEUS" EXCEPT THERE WAS JUST ENOUGH TALKING AND LOTS OF GUYS DIED IN REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAYS.
(THAT'S HOW YOU CAN TELL IF IT'S GREAT WRITING: BY HOW MANY GUYS DIE AND HOW MANY REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAYS THE WRITER -- IN THIS CASE GARTH INNISCENT -- FINDS TO KILL GUYS)
(SEE -- THERE'S A PERFECT EXAMPLE RIGHT THERE:)
("RABBI" IS GREAT WRITING BECAUSE RIGHT AWAY AS SOON AS THE FIRST GUY DIES IN A REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAY YOU CHECK TO SEE THE NAME OF THE WRITER ON THE FRONT: GARTH INNISCENT.)
(BUT WITH "MORPHEUS", BECAUSE THE WRITER DOESN'T KILL ENOUGH GUYS AND HE DOESN'T FIND REALLY, REALLY INTERESTING WAYS TO KILL THE GUYS THAT HE DOES KILL, YOU NEVER CHECK TO SEE THE NAME OF THE WRITER ON THE FRONT...)
(...AND THAT'S HOW YOU KNOW "MORPHEUS" ISN'T GREAT WRITING.)
SO, ANYWAY...
... SUDDENLY EVERYONE COMES RUNNING BACK IN! "HERE HE IS!" "IT'S OKAY! I FOUND FRED! HE'S IN HIS BUNK!" (SO CEREBUS SAYS,) "WHAT'S UP?" (AND EVERYONE SAYS) "YOU'RE UP-- IT'S YOUR SHOT!"
(AND CEREBUS SAYS,) "FRED'S SHOT? THE REFEREE TOLD FRED 'GOODBYE'!" (AND EVERYONE LOOKS AT CEREBUS AS IF CEREBUS IS NUTS.)
FINALLY SOMEONE EXPLAINS "NAY, NAY... THE REF SAID YOU 'HAVE A BYE' FOR THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND! YOU DON'T PLAY IN THE SEMI-FINAL ROUND. YOU GO STRAIGHT TO THE FINALS."
"OH." (SAID CEREBUS)
"C'MON! EVERYONE IS WAITING!"
SO OFF WE WENT... BACK TO THE ARENA...
(EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS REALLY WANTED TO STAY AND FINISH "RABBI" -- 'CAUSE IT WAS RIGHT AT THE PART WHERE HE WAS ABOUT TO USE HIS "SEVEN-HEADED CANDELABRA" TO SET FIRE TO THE BAD GUY)

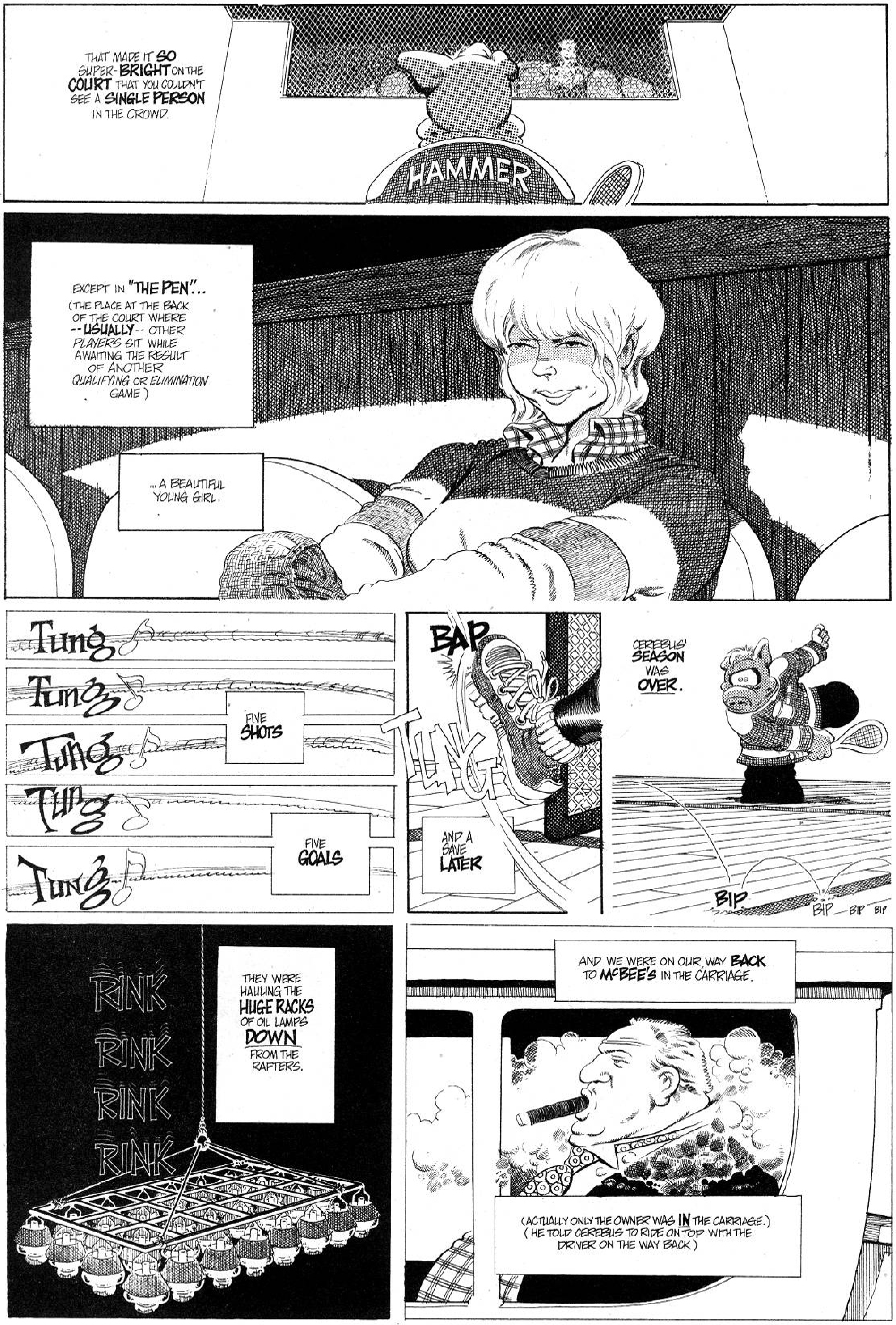

...WHERE CEREBUS HAD TO BEAT A GUY THAT CEREBUS HAD ALREADY BEATEN THAT MORNING...
TUNG
TUNG
TUNG
TWOK
...THEN WATCH A GUY BEAT ANOTHER GUY (BOTH OF WHOM CEREBUS HAD ALREADY BEATEN)...
...AND THEN (AGAIN) BEAT THE GUY WHO BEAT THE OTHER GUY IN THE GAME CEREBUS JUST WATCHED.
TUNG TUNG THWOCK TUNG
AND THEN EVERYONE APPLAUDED CEREBUS!
(CEREBUS HADN'T BEEN APPLAUDED SINCE HE WAS CAMPAIGNING TO BE PRIME MINISTER)
(BUT THIS WAS DIFFERENT BECAUSE THEY WERE APPLAUDING CEREBUS FOR ACTUALLY DOING SOMETHING)
(WHEN YOU'RE RUNNING FOR PRIME MINISTER PEOPLE ONLY APPLAUD BECAUSE THEY HOPE IF THEY APPLAUD LOUD ENOUGH, YOU'LL TAX EVERYONE ELSE AND GIVE THE MONEY TO THEM)
THEN THEY TOLD CEREBUS THE GOOD NEWS THAT CEREBUS DIDN'T NEED TO GO TO WORK ANYMORE AND THAT CEREBUS WOULD BE REPRESENTING McBEE'S IN THE "REGIONALS"
TUNG
IT WAS A GOOD DEAL.
CEREBUS JUST PRACTICED FOR AN HOUR OR TWO EVERY MORNING.
TOOK A STEAM-BATH.
HAD A MASSAGE.
WAPPITY-WAP WAPPITY-WAP WAPPITY-WAP
LUNCH.
CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH
ANOTHER HOUR OR TWO OF PRACTICE IN THE AFTERNOON...
TUNG

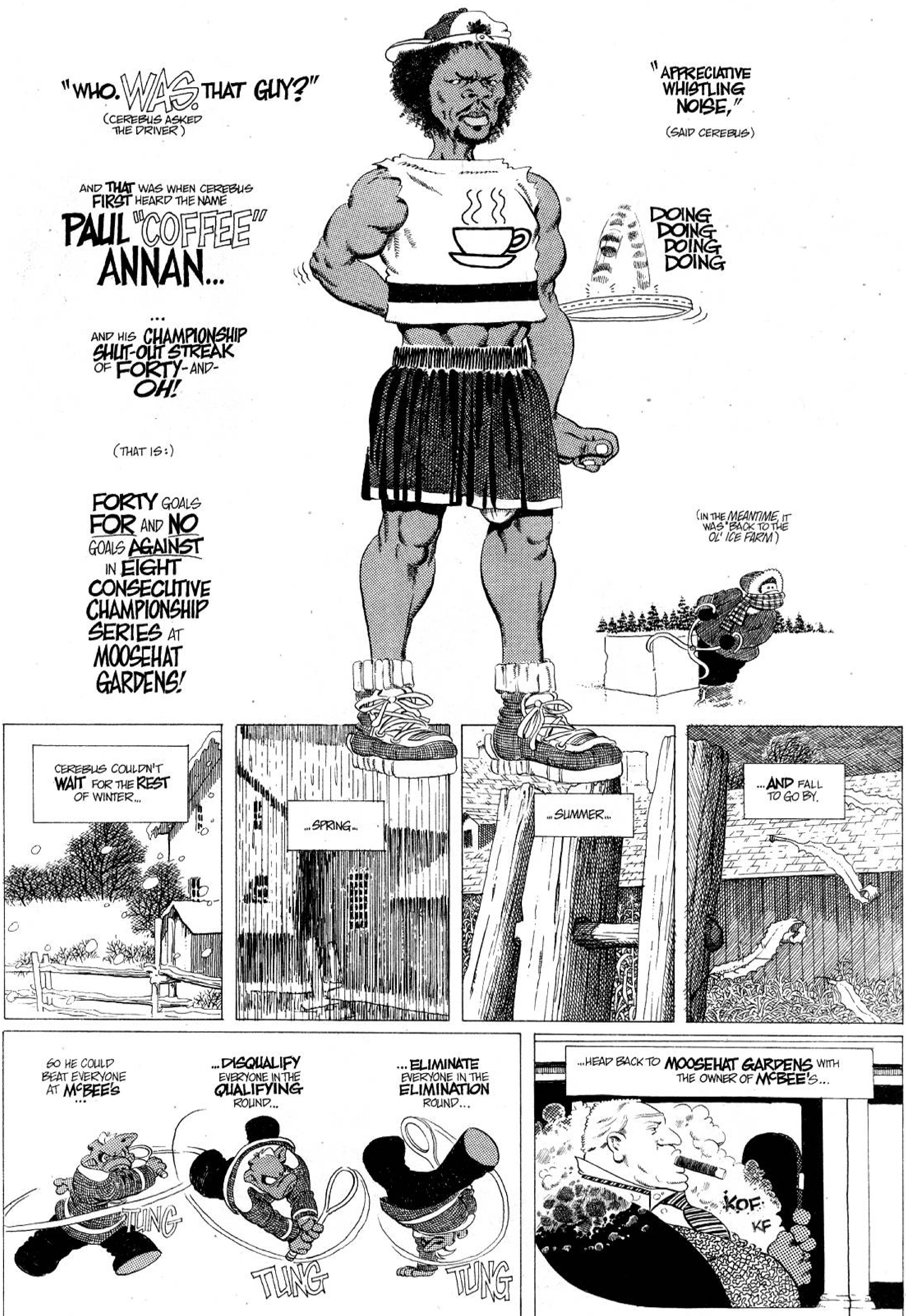


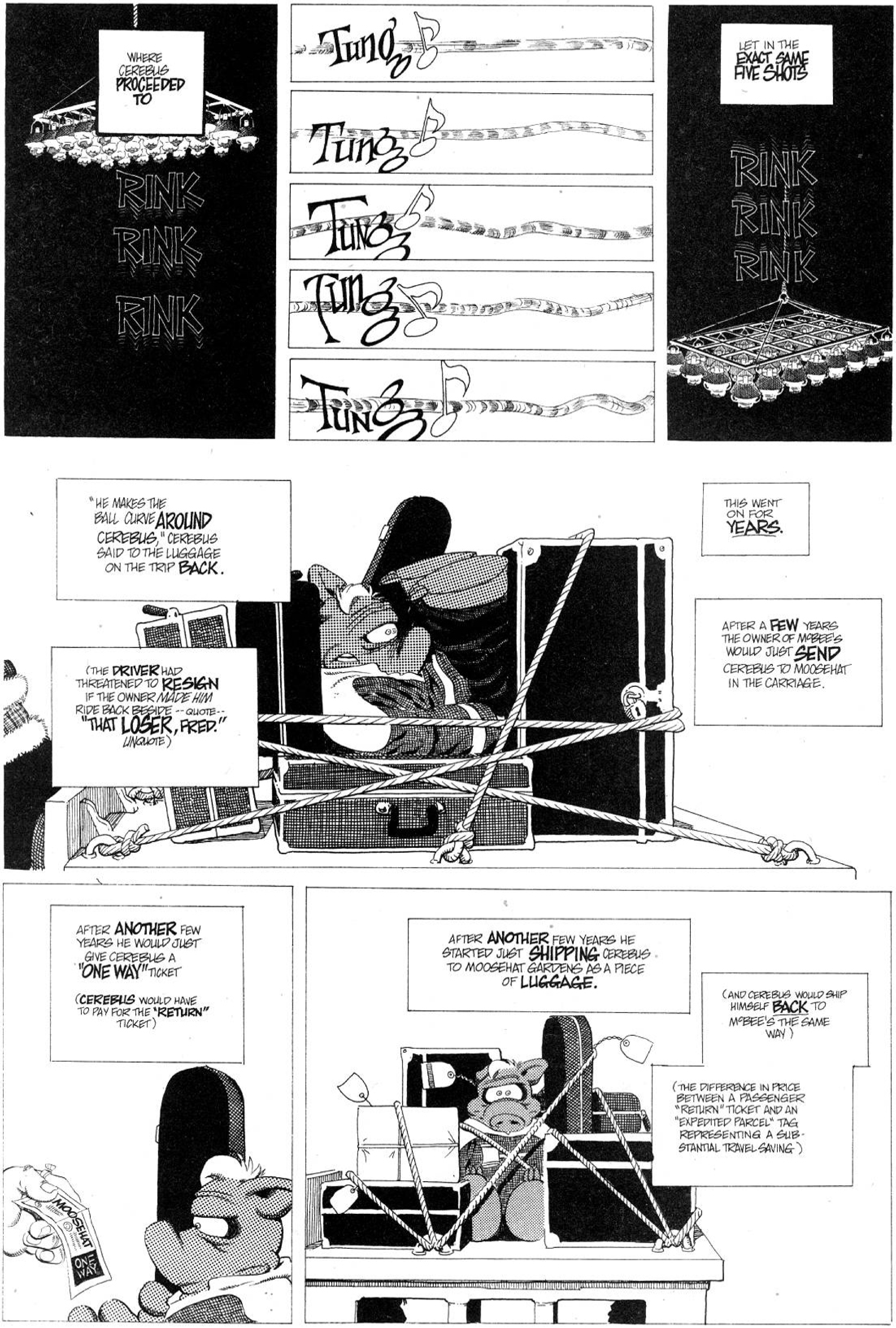
(...RIGHT AFTER CEREBUS' NAP...)
SNOORK
THEN ANOTHER STEAM BATH.
SSSSS
ANOTHER MASSAGE.
WAP-WAPPITY WAP-WAPPITY WAP- W
DINNER.
CRUNCH CRNCH CRNCH
A LITTLE READING.
RABBI "IF THIS BE MY MITZVAH" by GARTH INNISCENT
THEN LIGHTS OUT.
THEY CAME TO CEREBUS DURING PRACTICE ONE DAY AND ASKED CEREBUS "FRED WHAT?"
AND CEREBUS ASKED, "WHAT 'FRED WHAT'?" AND THEY ASKED "WHAT'S YOUR LAST NAME, FRED?..."
"...FOR THE BACK OF YOUR SWEATER..."
AND CEREBUS ALMOST SAID "FRED" (WHICH WOULD'VE BEEN AWFUL-- SPEND ALL THOSE YEARS ANSWERING TO "FRED FRED")
FORTUNATELY THEY WERE
KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK KA-THUNK
FIXING THE ARENA ROOF THAT DAY, SO CEREBUS SAID "HAMMER. FRED HAMMER."
AND THEY CAME BACK IN A COUPLE OF DAYS WITH A SWEATER THAT HAD A HAMMER PAINTED ON THE FRONT AND "HAMMER" LETTERED ON THE BACK.
HAMMER
SO CEREBUS WORE HIS NEW SWEATER...
...AT THE REGIONAL QUALIFYING ROUND...
TUNG
(WHERE CEREBUS DISQUALIFIED EVERYONE ELSE)

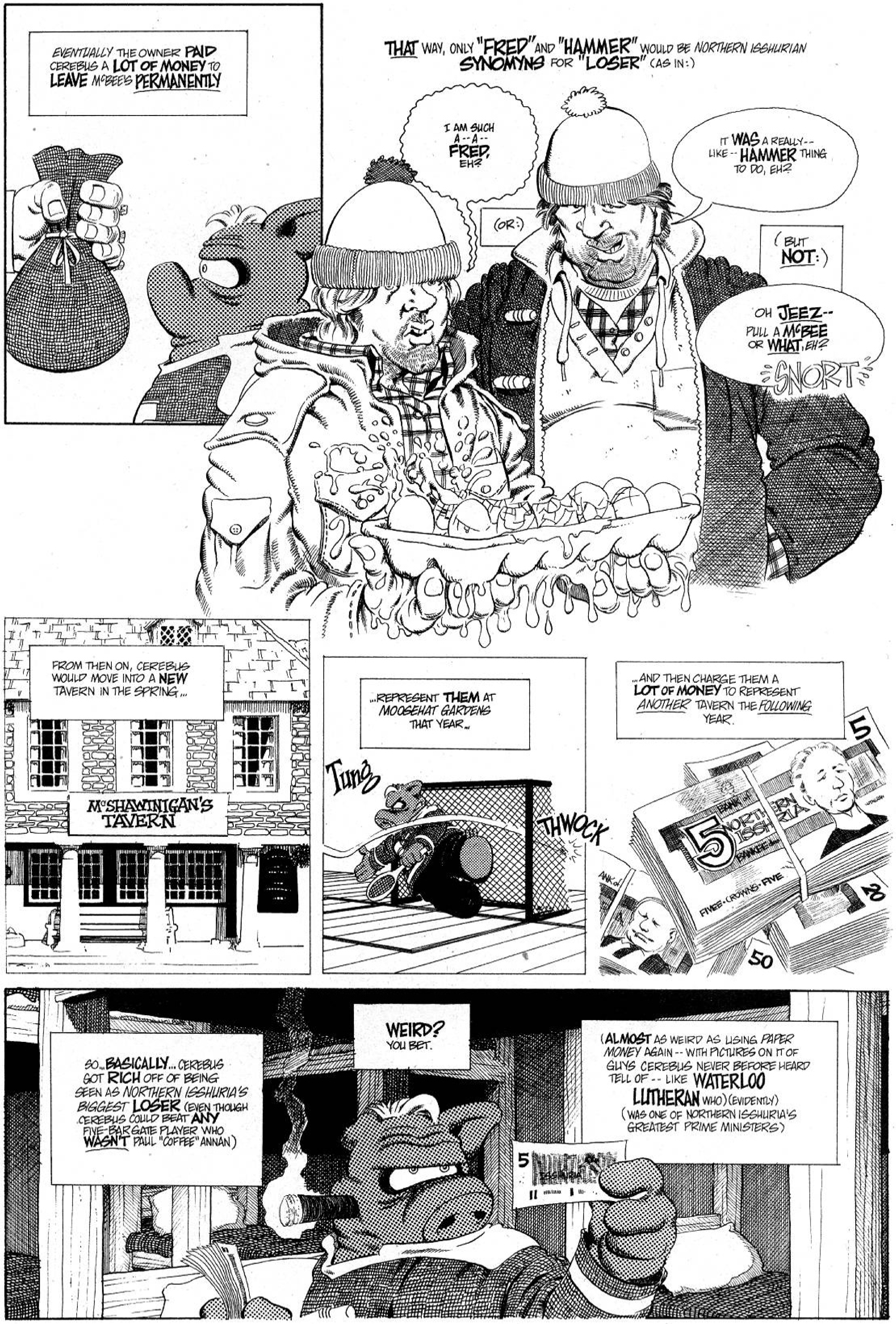


...AT THE REGIONAL ELIMINATION ROUND...
TUNG!
(WHERE CEREBUS ELIMINATED EVERYONE ELSE)
THWOK
SOON EVERYONE WAS SAYING:
"FRED SHOULD BE GOING OUT ON THE ROAD SOON."
(THEY MADE IT SOUND LIKE A GOOD THING ... SO CEREBUS STARTED LOOKING FORWARD TO IT)
KF
KF
A DAY OR SO LATER, SURE ENOUGH, CEREBUS WAS IN A CARRIAGE WITH THE OWNER OF McBEE's RACING TOWARD THE LEGENDARY FIVE-BAR GATE CAPITAL OF ESTARCION: MOOSEHAT!
AND ITS EQUALLY LEGENDARY FIVE-BAR GATE "SHRINE": MOOSEHAT GARDENS!
TONIGHT: PAUL "COFFE
VS
FRED HAMNER
(SO LEGENDARY WAS MOOSEHAT GARDENS THAT CEREBUS WAS PROUD THAT THEY MISSPELT HIS NAME ON THE MARQUEE!)
RINK
RINK
RINK
RINK
INSIDE THEY WERE HAULING HUGE RACKS OF OIL LAMPS UP TO THE RAFTERS!


THAT MADE IT SO SUPER-BRIGHT ON THE COURT THAT YOU COULDN'T SEE A SINGLE PERSON IN THE CROWD.
HAMMER
EXCEPT IN "THE PEN"... (THE PLACE AT THE BACK OF THE COURT WHERE --USUALLY-- OTHER PLAYERS SIT WHILE AWAITING THE RESULT OF ANOTHER QUALIFYING OR ELIMINATION GAME)
...A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRL.
Tung
Tung
FIVE SHOTS
Tung
Tung
FIVE GOALS
Tung
BAP
TUNG
AND A SAVE LATER
CEREBUS' SEASON WAS OVER.
BIP
BIP BIP BIP
RINK
RINK
RINK
RINK
THEY WERE HAULING THE HUGE RACKS OF OIL LAMPS DOWN FROM THE RAFTERS.
AND WE WERE ON OUR WAY BACK TO McBEE'S IN THE CARRIAGE.
(ACTUALLY ONLY THE OWNER WAS IN THE CARRIAGE.)
(HE TOLD CEREBUS TO RIDE ON TOP WITH THE DRIVER ON THE WAY BACK)


"WHO. WAS. THAT GUY?"
(CEREBUS ASKED THE DRIVER)
"APPRECIATIVE WHISTLING NOISE,"
(SAID CEREBUS)
AND THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS FIRST HEARD THE NAME
PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN...
DOING DOING DOING DOING
... AND HIS CHAMPIONSHIP SHUT-OUT STREAK OF FORTY-AND-OH!
(THAT IS:)
FORTY GOALS FOR AND NO GOALS AGAINST IN EIGHT CONSECUTIVE CHAMPIONSHIP SERIES AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS!
(IN THE MEANTIME, IT WAS "BACK TO THE OL' ICE FARM")
CEREBUS COULDN'T WAIT FOR THE REST OF WINTER...
...SPRING...
...SUMMER...
...AND FALL TO GO BY.
SO HE COULD BEAT EVERYONE AT McBEE's ...
...DISQUALIFY EVERYONE IN THE QUALIFYING ROUND...
...ELIMINATE EVERYONE IN THE ELIMINATION ROUND...
TUNG
TUNG
TUNG
...HEAD BACK TO MOOSEHAT GARDENS WITH THE OWNER OF McBEE's...
KOF
KF

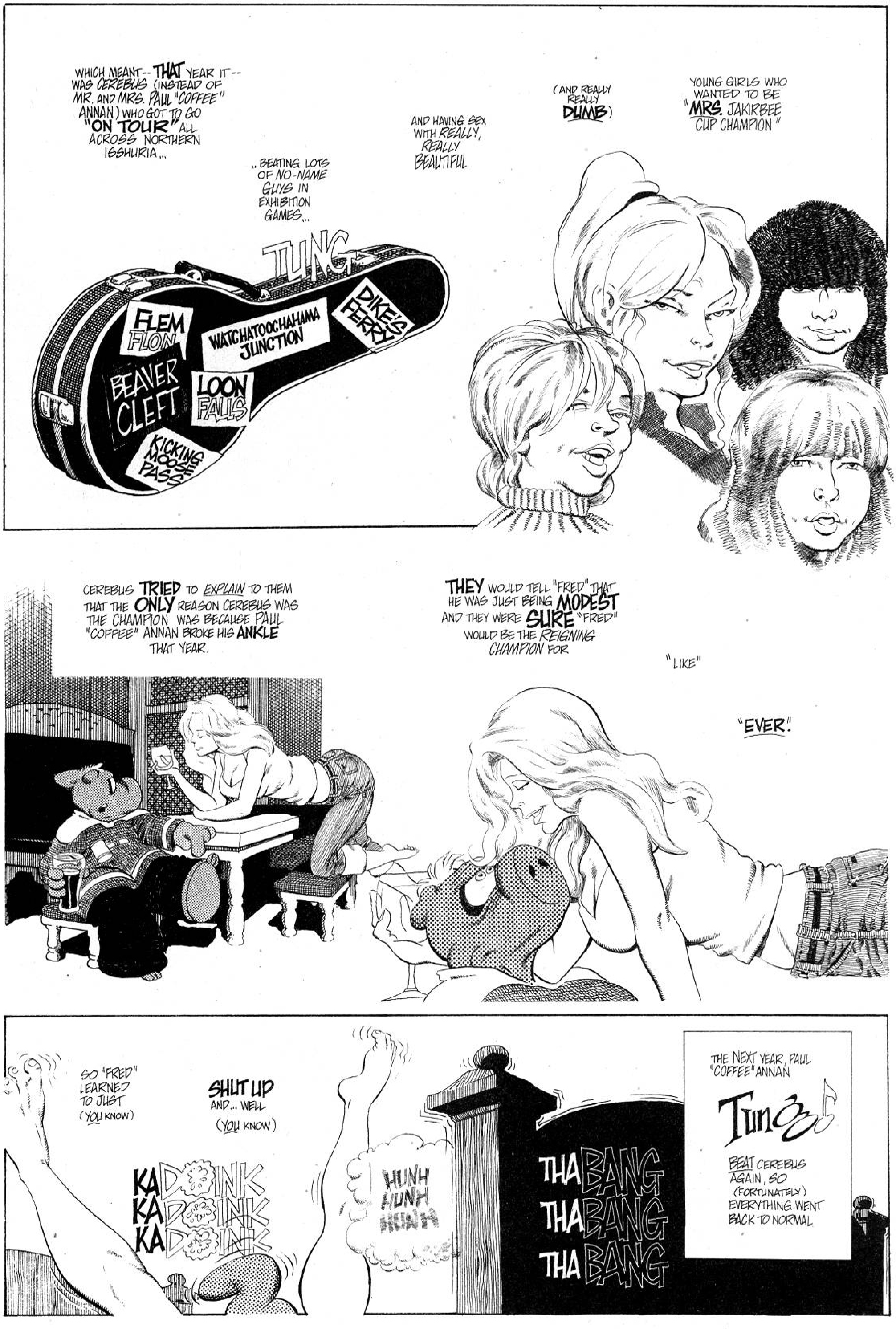

WHERE CEREBUS PROCEEDED TO
RINK
RINK
RINK
TUNG
TUNG
TUNG
TUNG
TUNG
LET IN THE EXACT SAME FIVE SHOTS
RINK
RINK
RINK
"HE MAKES THE BALL CURVE AROUND CEREBUS," CEREBUS SAID TO THE LUGGAGE ON THE TRIP BACK.
(THE DRIVER HAD THREATENED TO RESIGN IF THE OWNER MADE HIM RIDE BACK BESIDE -- QUOTE -- "THAT LOSER, FRED." UNQUOTE)
THIS WENT ON FOR YEARS.
AFTER A FEW YEARS THE OWNER OF McBEE'S WOULD JUST SEND CEREBUS TO MOOSEHAT IN THE CARRIAGE.
AFTER ANOTHER FEW YEARS HE WOULD JUST GIVE CEREBUS A "ONE WAY" TICKET
(CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO PAY FOR THE "RETURN" TICKET)
MOOSEHAT
ONE WAY
AFTER ANOTHER FEW YEARS HE STARTED JUST SHIPPING CEREBUS TO MOOSEHAT GARDENS AS A PIECE OF LUGGAGE.
(AND CEREBUS WOULD SHIP HIMSELF BACK TO McBEE'S THE SAME WAY)
(THE DIFFERENCE IN PRICE BETWEEN A PASSENGER "RETURN" TICKET AND AN "EXPEDITED PARCEL" TAG REPRESENTING A SUBSTANTIAL TRAVEL SAVING.)



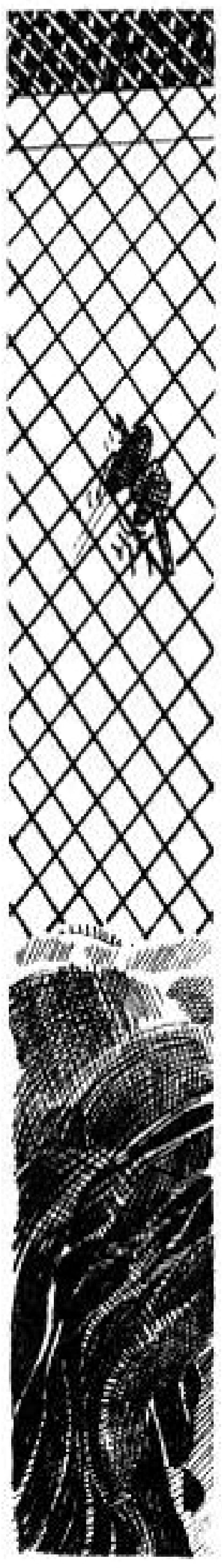
EVENTUALLY THE OWNER PAID CEREBUS A LOT OF MONEY TO LEAVE McBEE'S PERMANENTLY
THAT WAY, ONLY "FRED" AND "HAMMER" WOULD BE NORTHERN ISSHURIAN SYNOMYNS FOR "LOSER" (AS IN:)
I AM SUCH A--A-- FRED, EH?
(OR:)
IT WAS A REALLY-- LIKE-- HAMMER THING TO DO, EH?
(BUT NOT:)
OH JEEZ-- PULL A McBEE OR WHAT, EH?
SNORT
FROM THEN ON, CEREBUS WOULD MOVE INTO A NEW TAVERN IN THE SPRING...
McSHAWINIGAN'S TAVERN
...REPRESENT THEM AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS THAT YEAR...
Tung
THWOCK
...AND THEN CHARGE THEM A LOT OF MONEY TO REPRESENT ANOTHER TAVERN THE FOLLOWING YEAR.
5
NORTHERN ISSHURIA
5
FIVE·CROWNS·FIVE
20
50
SO...BASICALLY...CEREBUS GOT RICH OFF OF BEING SEEN AS NORTHERN ISSHURIA'S BIGGEST LOSER (EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS COULD BEAT ANY FIVE-BAR GATE PLAYER WHO WASN'T PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN)
WEIRD? YOU BET.
(ALMOST AS WEIRD AS USING PAPER MONEY AGAIN -- WITH PICTURES ON IT OF GUYS CEREBUS NEVER BEFORE HEARD TELL OF -- LIKE WATERLOO LUTHERAN WHO) (EVIDENTLY) (WAS ONE OF NORTHERN ISSHURIA'S GREATEST PRIME MINISTERS)
5



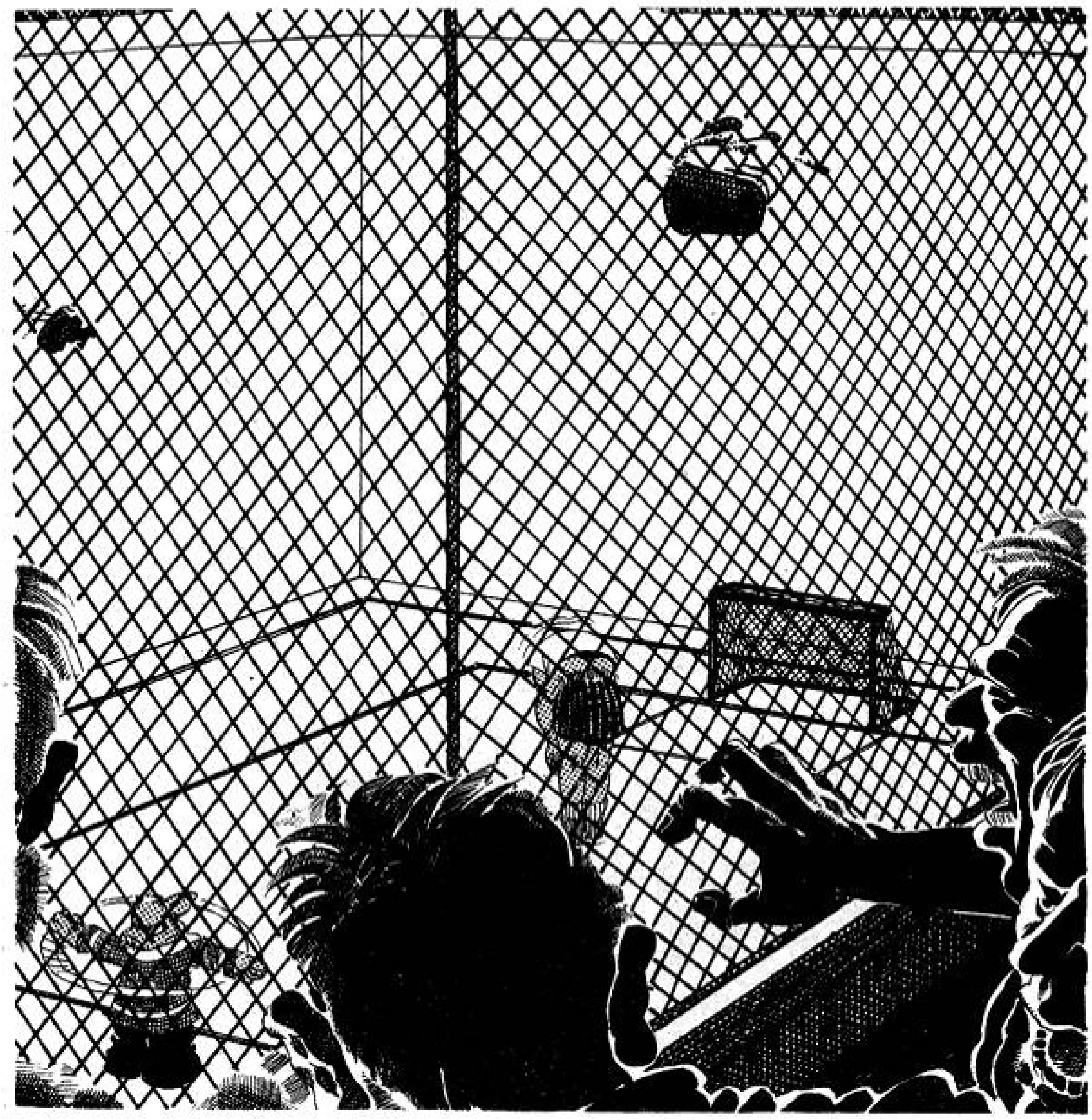
THINGS NEVER CHANGED MUCH AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS.
THE BEAUTIFUL AND NOW NOT-SO-YOUNG GIRL (PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN'S WIFE) (AS IT TURNED OUT) HAD A BABY.
YO
OVER THE COURSE OF A NUMBER OF FIVE-BAR GATE SEASONS, THE BABY...
...PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN JUNIOR...
...GREW UP.
AND THEN (ONE DAY) HE JUST UP AND LEFT FOR GOOD
(SOME SAID BECAUSE OF HIS NICKNAME: PAUL "CAFÉ AU LAIT" ANNAN) (BUT WHO KNOWS?)
OH! AND CEREBUS FINALLY BROKE PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN'S SHUT-OUT STREAK AT
119-AND-OH
(ON A FLUKE GOAL WHEN THE STRING ON CEREBUS' RACKET BROKE IN MID-SHOT)
TUNG SPING
WHICH MADE THE BALL DIPSY DOODLE
JUST LIKE A PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN SHOT!)
THWOK
THEN THERE WAS THE YEAR PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN BROKE HIS ANKLE IN A QUALIFYING MATCH
WHICH MEANT THAT CEREBUS GOT TO BE CHAMPION THAT YEAR BY BEATING SOME NO-NAME GUY...
...AND "FRED HAMMER" FINALLY GOT HIS NAME ON THE JAKIRBEE CUP!

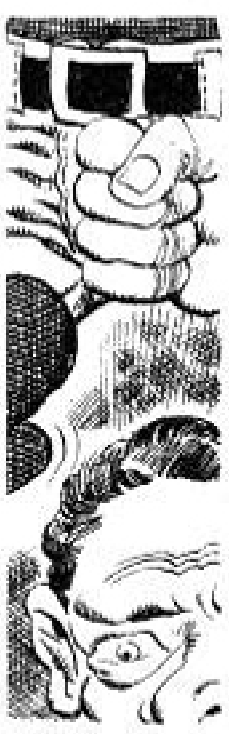


WHICH MEANT-- THAT YEAR IT-- WAS CEREBUS (INSTEAD OF MR. AND MRS. PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN) WHO GOT TO GO "ON TOUR" ALL ACROSS NORTHERN ISSHURIA...
...BEATING LOTS OF NO-NAME GUYS IN EXHIBITION GAMES...
TUNG
FLEM FLON
WATCHATOOCHAHAMA JUNCTION
DIKE'S FERRY
BEAVER CLEFT
LOON FALLS
KICKING MOOSE PASS
AND HAVING SEX WITH REALLY, REALLY BEAUTIFUL
(AND REALLY REALLY DUMB)
YOUNG GIRLS WHO WANTED TO BE "MRS. JAKIRBEE CUP CHAMPION"
CEREBUS TRIED TO EXPLAIN TO THEM THAT THE ONLY REASON CEREBUS WAS THE CHAMPION WAS BECAUSE PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN BROKE HIS ANKLE THAT YEAR.
THEY WOULD TELL "FRED" THAT HE WAS JUST BEING MODEST AND THEY WERE SURE "FRED" WOULD BE THE REIGNING CHAMPION FOR
"LIKE"
"EVER."
SO "FRED" LEARNED TO JUST (YOU KNOW)
SHUT UP AND... WELL (YOU KNOW)
KADOINK KADOINK KADOINK
HUNH HUNH HUNH
THABANG THABANG THABANG
THE NEXT YEAR, PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN
Tung
BEAT CEREBUS AGAIN, SO (FORTUNATELY) EVERYTHING WENT BACK TO NORMAL



WHICH (HEH-HEH) **FINALLY** BRINGS CEREBUS TO THE **ANSWER** TO THE QUESTION "*WHAT DOES CEREBUS CONSIDER TO BE THE* **MOST EXCITING MOMENT** *IN CEREBUS' LIFE?*" **THAT** WOULD **HAVE** TO BE THE **LAST** FIVE-BAR-GATE MATCH BETWEEN CEREBUS AND PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN. CEREBUS KNOWS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING: "**BUT** -- *WHAT ABOUT ALL OF THE GREAT BATTLES CEREBUS WAS IN? WHAT ABOUT PETROU PASS AND ALL THE REST?*" SEE -- THE THING ABOUT AN ACTUAL **BATTLE** IS THAT YOU CAN'T **AFFORD** TO BE EXCITED. GETTING **EXCITED** IN A BATTLE IS A GOOD WAY TO GET **DEAD**. IN A **BATTLE** YOU MAKE A LOT OF *DECISIONS* IN A *HURRY*. TIME SEEMS TO *SLOW DOWN* **AND** *SPEED UP*. A BATTLE THAT ONLY LASTS THE MORNING WILL **SEEM** FIVE DAYS LONG. BUT WHEN IT'S **OVER**, AND YOU "*STRING TOGETHER*" EVERYTHING YOU *REMEMBER*, YOU ONLY REMEMBER A TOTAL OF FIVE OR TEN **MINUTES**: WHAT HAPPENED THE **REST** OF THE *MORNING-THAT-SEEMED-AT-THE-TIME-FIVE-DAYS-LONG?* YOU HAVE NO IDEA. AND YOU REALLY HAVEN'T GOT A *CHANCE* TO *FIGURE IT* **OUT**, BECAUSE *THE NEXT THING YOU KNOW* YOU'RE IN THE MIDDLE OF THE "**DEAD GUYS** AND **DYING GUYS**" PART OF "*AFTER THE BATTLE*" YOU KNOW -- SEEING GUYS WITH THEIR GUTS SPILLED OUT OR HALF THEIR HEAD GONE. GUYS YOU SAW EATING BREAKFAST JUST BEFORE THE SUN CAME UP OR -- EVEN *WORSE* -- GUYS WHO ARE IN THAT KIND OF SHAPE AND ARE STILL **ALIVE** AND *SCREAMING* AND -- WELL -- THERE'S PROBABLY A **WORD** FOR HOW THAT MAKES YOU **FEEL** BUT -- **TRUST** CEREBUS -- "EXCITED" ISN'T **IT**.





AND **THAT'S** THE BIG DIFFERENCE WITH **PROFESSIONAL** FIVE-BAR-GATE -- **NOBODY** GETS **KILLED** NO MATTER *HOW BAD* THEY **STINK** AT IT. AND THERE'S A **CROWD** (WHOSE *ONLY* JOB IT IS TO YELL REALLY LOUD AND CLAP AND STOMP UP AND DOWN AND GET THE PLAYERS EXCITED (WHICH THEY **DO** NO MATTER **WHAT** THE PLAYERS **SAY** ABOUT "NOT NOTICING THE CROWD" -- PICTURE TRYING TO DO **ANYTHING** WITH TWO HUNDRED GUYS *YELLING* AT YOU -- AND PICTURE JUST *IGNORING* THEM. **HOW** ARE YOU GOING TO IGNORE EVEN **FIVE** GUYS YELLING AT YOU -- *ESPECIALLY* WHEN WHAT THEY'RE YELLING IS "**YOU STINK, HAMMER**" OR "**BLOW ME, HAMMER**"? THAT'S JUST BULL-SHIT) (PARDON CEREBUS' BEDUINESE)



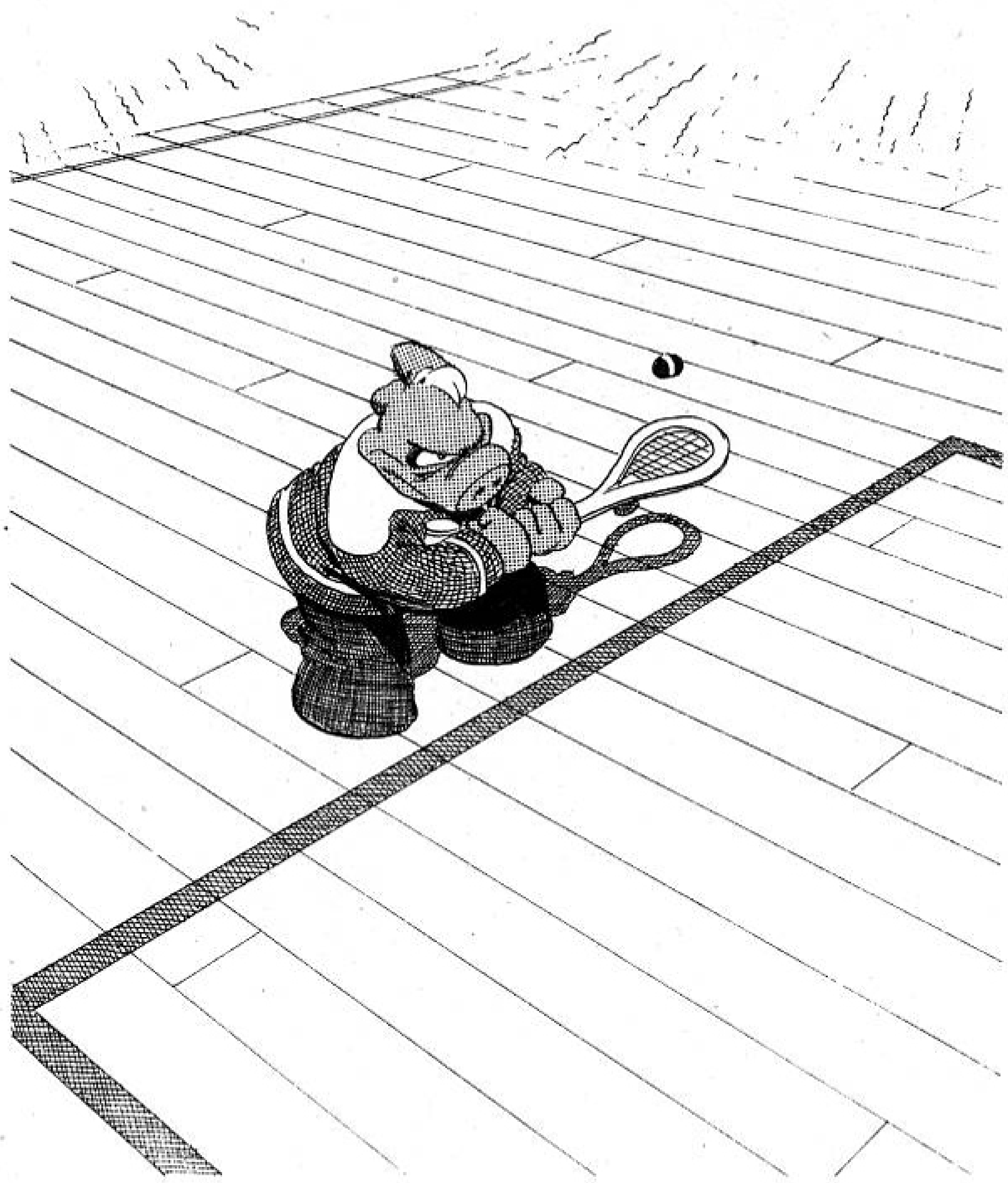


SO **ANYWAY** -- THE **LAST** FIVE-BAR-GATE MATCH BETWEEN PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN AND "FRED HAMMER" AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS. THE LIFETIME RECORD BETWEEN THE TWO OF US STOOD AT ONE-HUNDRED-SIXTY-FIVE-AND-ONE FOR PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN: A HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FIVE GOALS **FOR** AND ONE GOAL **AGAINST**. SO CEREBUS DID WHAT HE **ALWAYS** DID (AFTER THE FIRST FEW SEASONS WHEN IT BECAME OBVIOUS CEREBUS WAS **NEVER** GOING TO **BEAT** PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN)

CEREBUS **TEASED** THE CROWD.

(WHICH WAS ABOUT AS *DIFFICULT* AS TEASING A *CHAINED-UP WATCHDOG*) (WHICH IS WHAT A *FIVE-BAR-GATE* CROWD *MOST* RESEMBLES IN *INTELLIGENCE* AND *SELF-EXPRESSION*) CEREBUS STOOD AT THE *SHOT-LINE*, BOUNCING THE BALL ON HIS RACKET AND THEN *HUNCHED OVER* (AS IF HE WAS ABOUT TO *SHOOT*) WHILE THE BIG, DUMB "CHAINED-UP" WATCHDOG CHANTED "**COFF-EE**" "**COFF-EE**" "**COFF-EE**"

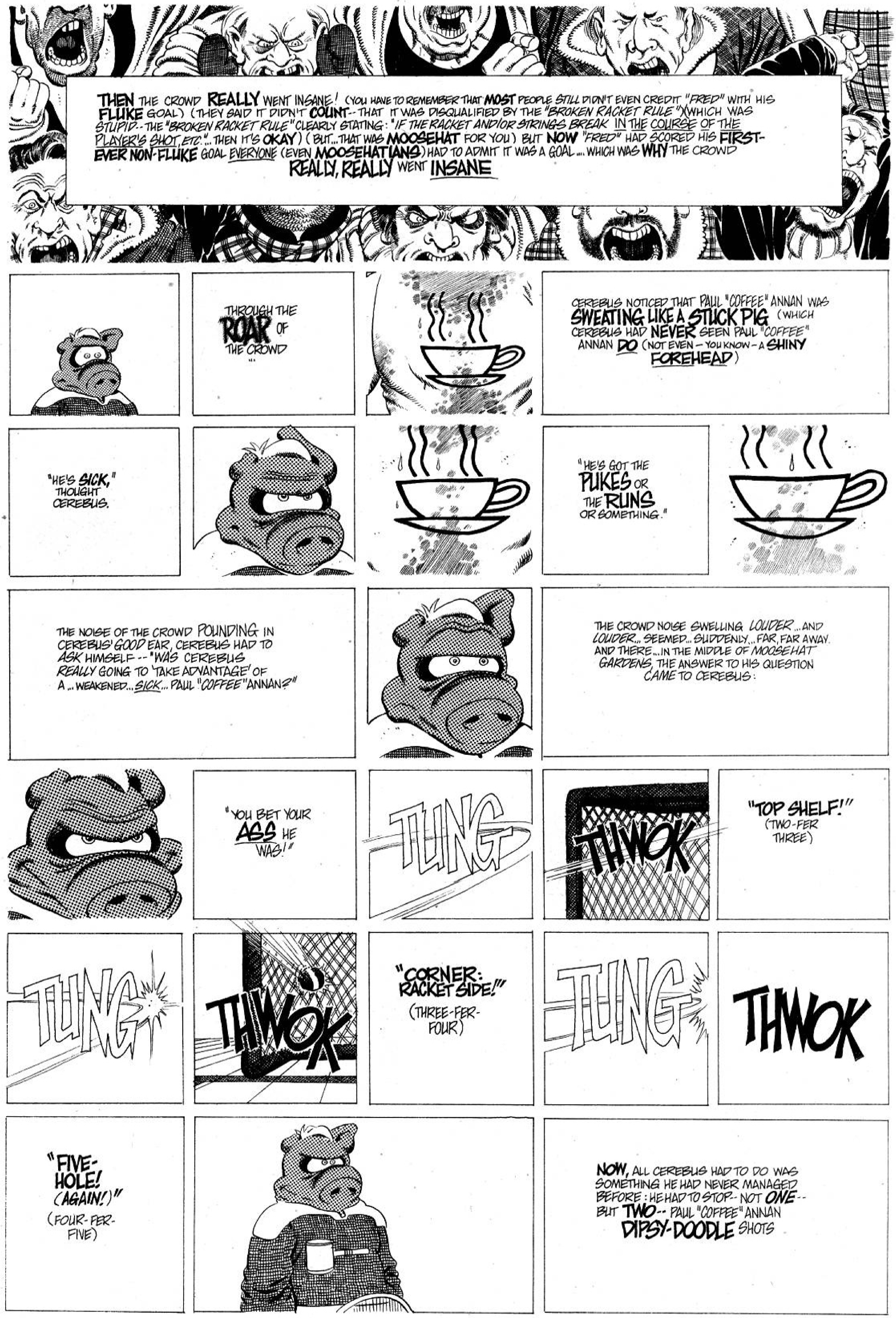
THE CHANTING GETTING **LOUDER** AND **LOUDER** AND **LOUDER!**




AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD JUST... STRAIGHTEN UP... AS IF HE HAD CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT SHOOTING... AND THE CROWD WOULD GO ABSOLUTELY BERZERK: "@*!☆ YOU, HAMMER!" "@*!☆ING SHOOT! YOU @*!☆ING ASS@*!☆ (ER--THAT IS:) @*! HOLE!"
(THAT "CHAINED-UP WATCHDOG" THING -- SEE: CEREBUS DID THIS EVERY YEAR ON HIS FIRST SHOT. SO EVERYBODY KNEW CEREBUS WAS GOING TO DO IT AND STILL, EVERY YEAR, THE CROWD WENT ABSOLUTELY BERZERK WHEN CEREBUS STRAIGHTENED UP) (WHY DID CEREBUS DO IT? BASICALLY TO GET THE CROWD EVEN MORE WORKED UP SO THAT THE FLOORBOARDS OF MOOSEHAT GARDENS STARTED TO SHAKE AND THE ROARING NOISE WOULD MAKE CEREBUS' SCALP START TO TINGLE AND SET THE BELLS RINGING IN CEREBUS' GOOD EAR)
AND THEN CEREBUS WOULD DO SOMETHING ELSE BESIDES SHOOTING (IT DIDN'T MATTER WHAT AS LONG AS IT WASN'T A SHOT) AND THAT WOULD REALLY DRIVE THE CROWD CRAZY
ANYWAY, IN THAT LAST GAME, WHAT CEREBUS DID WAS TO TAKE A COUPLE OF STEPS TO HIS RIGHT AND (OBOY) DID THAT DRIVE THE CROWD INSANE
"COF-FEE" "COF-FEE"
(AND)
"HAMMER! YOU #%!☆-SUCKER @*!★ING SHOOT THE @*!★ING BALL"
(SEE -- KNOWING THAT CEREBUS COULDN'T POSSIBLY BEAT PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN, CEREBUS SPENT HIS TIME (INSTEAD) GETTING THE CROWD MORE AND MORE WORKED UP -- LOUDER AND LOUDER AND LOUDER -- TRYING TO TIME IT JUUUUUST RIGHT SO THAT JUST WHEN THE CROWD WAS AS WORKED UP AND AS LOUD AS THEY COULD GET
THUNG
SMAK
FZZ



CEREBUS TIMED IT JUST PERFECTLY ON THAT FIRST SHOT. WHEN PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN MADE THE SAVE AND CEREBUS DOVE FOR THE REBOUND AND MISSED IT, THE CROWD BROKE INTO A
ROAR
THAT ACTUALLY BOUNCED CEREBUS UP OFF OF THE FLOORBOARDS A FRACTION OF AN INCH!-- (BOUNCE BOUNCE) -- MOOSEHAT GARDENS WAS SHAKING SO HARD
SO (OF COURSE) CEREBUS WANTED TO MAKE IT HAPPEN AGAIN ON HIS SECOND SHOT......
SO THIS TIME, CEREBUS PUTS HIS RACKET DOWN AND CHECKS THE STITCHING ALONG THE BOTTOM OF HIS SWEATER... INTENTLY. (LIKE) "MAYBE THE STITCHING THREW CEREBUS OFF."
(SOMEBODY IN THE CROWD YELLED "IF YOU'RE LOOKING FOR YOUR DICK, HAMMER, YOU BETTER TRY A MAGNIFYING GLASS") (WHICH CEREBUS THOUGHT WAS PRETTY FUNNY)
AND SOON THEY WERE RIGHT BACK UP AT THEIR PEAK VOLUME AND THE FLOORBOARDS WERE JUST SHAKING LIKE CRAZY AND CEREBUS' SCALP WAS TINGLING
AND
TUNG
THWOK
BIP
BIP
BIP
IT WENT IN!
IT WENT RIGHT IN!


THEN THE CROWD REALLY WENT INSANE! (YOU HAVE TO REMEMBER THAT MOST PEOPLE STILL DIDN'T EVEN CREDIT "FRED" WITH HIS FLUKE GOAL) (THEY SAID IT DIDN'T COUNT-- THAT IT WAS DISQUALIFIED BY THE "BROKEN RACKET RULE")(WHICH WAS STUPID-- THE "BROKEN RACKET RULE" CLEARLY STATING: "IF THE RACKET AND/OR STRINGS BREAK IN THE COURSE OF THE PLAYER'S SHOT, ETC."... THEN IT'S OKAY) (BUT... THAT WAS MOOSEHAT FOR YOU) BUT NOW "FRED" HAD SCORED HIS FIRST-EVER NON-FLUKE GOAL EVERYONE (EVEN MOOSEHATIANS) HAD TO ADMIT IT WAS A GOAL... WHICH WAS WHY THE CROWD REALLY, REALLY WENT INSANE
THROUGH THE ROAR OF THE CROWD ...
CEREBUS NOTICED THAT PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN WAS SWEATING LIKE A STUCK PIG (WHICH CEREBUS HAD NEVER SEEN PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN DO (NOT EVEN – YOU KNOW – A SHINY FOREHEAD)
"HE'S SICK," THOUGHT CEREBUS.
"HE'S GOT THE PUKES OR THE RUNS OR SOMETHING."
THE NOISE OF THE CROWD POUNDING IN CEREBUS' GOOD EAR, CEREBUS HAD TO ASK HIMSELF -- "WAS CEREBUS REALLY GOING TO 'TAKE ADVANTAGE' OF A ... WEAKENED... SICK... PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN?"
THE CROWD NOISE SWELLING LOUDER ... AND LOUDER... SEEMED... SUDDENLY... FAR, FAR AWAY. AND THERE... IN THE MIDDLE OF MOOSEHAT GARDENS, THE ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION CAME TO CEREBUS:
"YOU BET YOUR ASS HE WAS!"
TUNG
THWOK
"TOP SHELF!" (TWO-FER THREE)
TUNG
THWOK
"CORNER: RACKET SIDE!" (THREE-FER-FOUR)
TUNG
THWOK
"FIVE-HOLE! (AGAIN!)" (FOUR-FER-FIVE)
NOW, ALL CEREBUS HAD TO DO WAS SOMETHING HE HAD NEVER MANAGED BEFORE: HE HAD TO STOP-- NOT ONE-- BUT TWO-- PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN DIPSY-DOODLE SHOTS



CEREBUS WAITED FOR THE REFEREE TO SIGNAL THE GOALIE-SHOOTER CHANGE
BUT THE REF WAS JUST STARING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE NET...
WHERE PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN HAD JUST...
("OOOOOOOH," WENT THE CROWD)
...COLLAPSED!
THE CROWD FELL SILENT AS MR. VAN HELLEMOND HURRIED ONTO THE COURT...
(WHAT A STROKE OF LUCK THAT MOOSEHAT'S CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER ALSO RAN THE MAPLE SUGAR CANDY AND BACK-BACON-ON-A-STICK CONCESSION AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS!)
LAURA CONCORD SWEETS & SWINE
... AND THEN HURRIED OVER TO EXAMINE PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN.
APART FROM MR. VAN HELLEMOND'S
"MM."
"MM-HM"
"MMHM"
YOU COULD HEAR A PIN DROP
TING
YOU DROPPED YOUR PIN
WELL, SHIT!

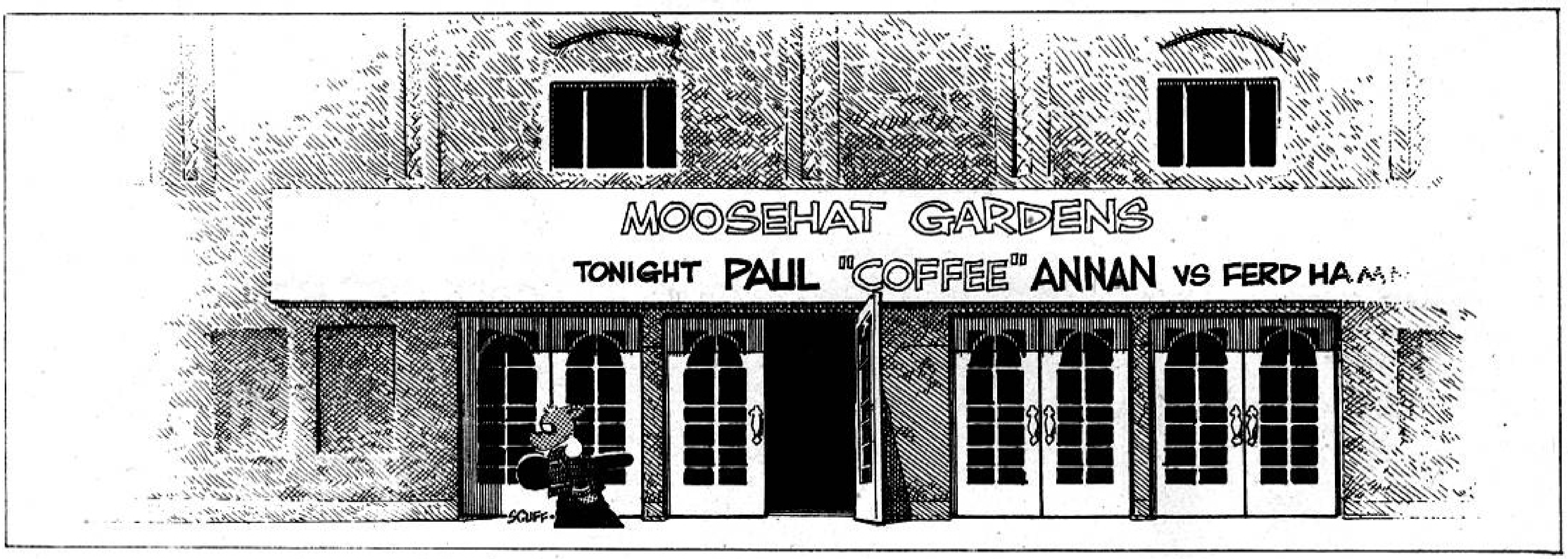


FINALLY, MR. VAN HELLEMOND STOOD UP AND SAID
"PAUL".
"'COFFEE'".
"ANNAN".
AND THEN HE PAUSED... FOR A SECOND.....OR TWO...
(SEE-- NOT ONLY WAS HE MOOSEHAT'S CHIEF MEDICAL OFFICER AND PART OWNER OF LAURA CONCORD SWEETS & SWINE, HE WAS ALSO THE MANAGER-DIRECTOR OF THE VAN HELLEMOND JACK-A-DANDY PLAYERS AT THE NORTHERN ISSHURIA NATIONAL THEATRE IN MOOSEHAT) (SO HE REALLY KNEW HOW TO -- YOU KNOW -- "MILK" A GOOD LINE FOR ALL IT WAS WORTH.)
"IS... DEAD."
(..., HE CONTINUED...)
LAURA CONCO SWEET & SWIN
"BOOHOOHOO" WENT MOST OF THE CROWD
"SHRIEEK" WENT THE NO-LONGER-BEAUTIFUL-BUT (SURPRISINGLY)-STILL-SORT-OF-ATTRACTIVE-OLD-LADY WHO WAS PAUL "COFFEE" ANNAN'S...er... OLD LADY
"COFF-EE COFF-EE" WENT THE CHAINED-UP WATCHDOG PART OF THE CROWD (MASTERS OF IMPROVISATION THOSE FELLOWS)
"FURTHER"...
CONTINUED MR. VAN HELLEMOND (PAUSING TO GIVE THE CROWD A CHANCE TO QUIET DOWN)
"FURTHER..."
HE REPEATED...... PAUSING AGAIN (THIS TIME FOR THE DRAMATIC EFFECT) (SINCE THE CROWD WAS ALREADY QUIET BY THEN)
"FURTHER, I HAVE DETERMINED THAT THE CAUSE OF DEATH WAS:"
(TWO)
(THREE)
(FOUR)
"@*!★ING HAMMER!"
SOMEONE IN THE CROWD YELLED.
"YEAH" YELLED SOMEONE ELSE (WHO ALSO MISTOOK MR. VAN HELLEMOND'S DRAMATIC EFFECT FOR A REQUEST FOR A SECOND OPINION)
"@*!★ING HAMMER KILLED HIM!"
"OLD..."
"...AGE", SAID MR. VAN HELLEMOND (FINALLY)

AS CEREBUS FELT THE WEIGHT OF **TWO HUNDRED PAIRS OF EYES** TURNING SLOWLY IN HIS DIRECTION, ALL HE COULD DO WAS STAND THERE *WISHING* THAT HIS *HAIR* AND HIS *TEETH* WOULD FALL OUT OR.... THAT HE WOULD SUDDENLY GROW A *HUNDRED MORE WRINKLES* OR...SOME **LIVER SPOTS**........OR.......**SOME**THING........SO THAT HE DIDN'T FEEL LIKE SUCH A... A...... **CHEATER!**



EVEN AS CEREBUS SHUFFLED OUT OF *MOOSEHAT GARDENS* FOR THE *LAST TIME* -- (**KNOWING** HE COULD **NEVER** PLAY *FIVE-BAR GATE* AGAIN) (A **CHORUS** OF **BOO'S** AND **CATCALLS** RINGING IN HIS *EARS*).......EVEN AS CEREBUS STARTED TO "*BLANK OUT*" AGAIN......



CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE HAD BEEN GOING ABOUT THIS THE *WRONG WAY*....... REALIZED THAT THE *BEST WAY* TO GET HIMSELF *KILLED* WAS TO HEAD BACK DOWN *SOUTH*......



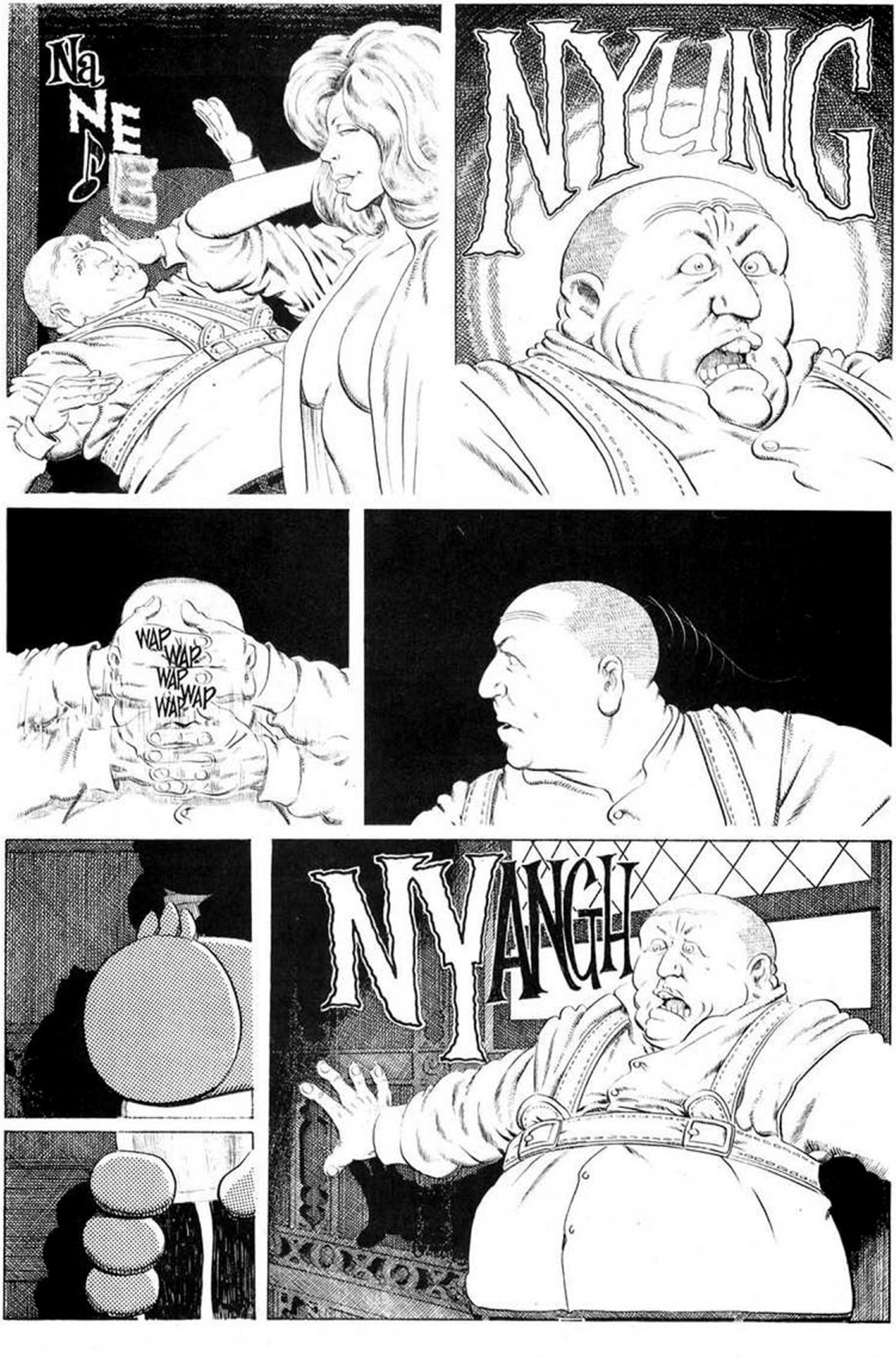
"Everyone dies in the end."
"No. In the end,
everyone is dead.
It's *not* the same thing
at *all*."

Roger Langridge
"*La Journee Parfait*"

Latter Days


THIS TIME, CEREBUS WAS GOING TO MAKE SURE. HE TOOK THE NOT-SO-SMALL FORTUNE HE HAD MADE FROM CHARGING TAVERNS TO NOT REPRESENT THEM AT MOOSEHAT GARDENS AND HE SUNK EVERY LAST HALF-BIT INTO OPENING HIS OWN TAVERN --WITH DANCERS-- RIGHT IN THE HEART OF CIRINIST TERRITORY.
THEN CEREBUS POSTED PROFESSIONALLY HAND-PAINTED SIGNS ON EVERY BUILDING IN THE NEIGHBOURHOOD.
Doesn't Your Wife Deserve A Night Home Alone Tonight?
FRED'S TAVERN
Two blocks thataway
GIRLS!GIRLS!GIRLS!
(And NO WOMEN!WOMEN!WOMEN!)
FRED'S TAVERN
Check Out The Breasts & Thighs On Our Chickens!
FRED'S TAVERN
Three blocks thisaway
Pull Up A Girl And Sit Down!
FRED'S TAVERN
You're Looking Right At It!
AND THEN CEREBUS
AND THEN CEREBUS PUT ON HIS BRAND NEW TOLEDO-- POURED HIMSELF A PINT OF SCOTCH AND SAT DOWN TO WAIT FOR THE CIRINISTS TO SHOW UP.


TH' NEX' THING... AN' TH' LAS' THING... CERBISS KNEW... WUZ THREE 'R NINE SCORGES LADER-- HE HAD JUS' MANIDGE TA GET TH' DANCING PING EPHALANTS TA "DANCE TA TH' RIGHT, FELLAS, TA TH' RIGHT" (ON ACCOUNNA WHEN THEY *HIC* DANCE TA TH' LEFT *HIC* IT MADE CERBISS A LITTLE HEIGHT-LEADED!) WHEN...
NaNaNaNEEEEE
MWOOOAH
NYUK NYUK
A MATER DEARIE! FOYN'LY:
A CLAYSSY CLIP JOINT!
PAWDON ME, MATER.
I SAID: "EXCUSE ME, DEARIE!"
GIMME A GOOD TABLE-- WIT' NO DOITY DISHES ON IT.
HEERE'S LOOKIN UP YER ADDRESS
OHHHH!
YOU'RE AN INMATE!
NYUK NYUK
SORRY, PAL-- I THOUGHT YOU WUZ THE WARDEN!


Na NE E
NYUNG
WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP
NYANGH

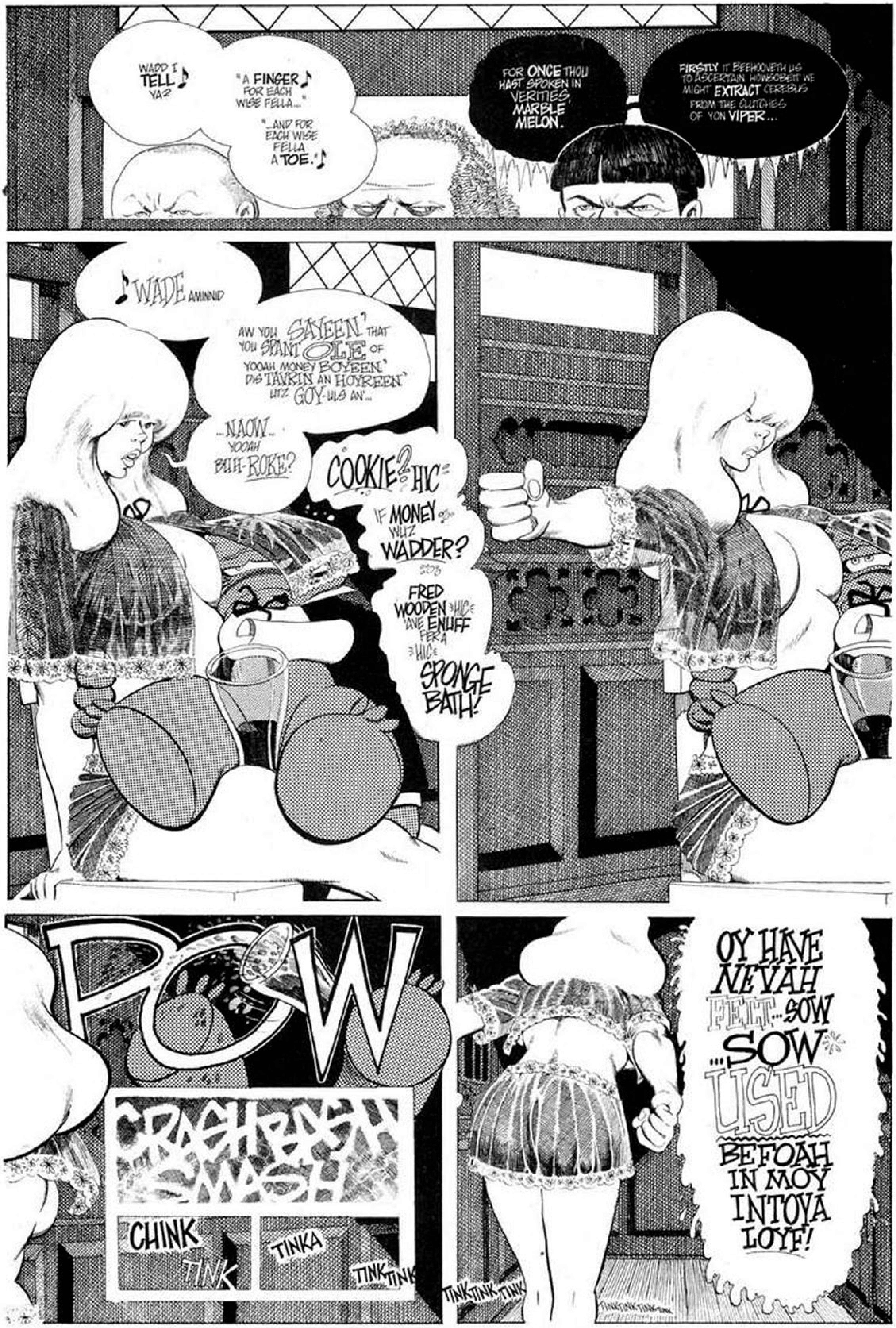

...TELL THEE TO HEARKEN UNTO THE PIMPLEBRAIN'S HARNESS STRAP FOR THREE LOUSY MINUTES...
SOME BUDDY MUSTA SHOWED HIM HOW A BUCKLE WOIKS.
WELL ...uh...
TOODLEY OO!
OODALEES *HIC* TOO!
IZZAT SO? LOSHER? PERMIT MOSHER TO SHOW THEE ANOTHER WAY THAT A BUCKLE WORKS.
MAY I?
BE MY GUEST
KLONK
OWW!
WOOP OOP OOP OOP OOP OOP OOP
NOW ASSISTETH ME IN THE FINDING OF THE DOORKNOB-THAT-DOTH WALK-LIKE-A-MAN, LEST SOME
WAIT A SECOND
WAIT A SECOND
HEY MOSHIE
HEY LOSHIE
HERE HE COMES NOW
ERT ERT ERT


(ONE SIDE)
KOSHER!
WHAT MEANEST THOU, GERM BRAIN, IN ENTERING IN UNTO A DIVE LIKE UNTO THIS ONE?
DIDST THOU NOT PERCEIVE THAT IT WAST A DEN OF VIPERS AND OF SCORPIONS?
SHAMELESSLY DISPLAYING THEIR DEVICES AND ATTRIBUTES?
DON'T F'GET THEIR
AND THEIR GREAT MELONS.
SHMEK
WHENSOBE'T MOSHER DESIREST TO HEAR FROM THEE MOSHER WILL RATTLE THY CAGE.
I FOUND 'IM!
I FOUND 'IM


WHAT HATH THE APPLE-BRAIN FAUND?
♪ THE BIG "C" NYUCK NYUCK
SHMAK
WHAT SPAKETH MOSHER UNTO THEE AFORETIMES AS REGARDETH THY USE OF OBSCENE INITIALS?
OWWWWOOOOOOOOOO
NOT THAT ♪ "C" MOSHIE!
DA BIG ♪ "C"!
CEREBUS!
CEREBUS?
CEREBUS?
TAADADADADADADA DA DUMP


SPREAD AUT.
LISTEN, GORGONZOLA: IF THOU ART BUT "CRACKING WISE"!
I FOUND 'IM I TELL YA--
I FOUND! 'IM!
CEREBUS! HERE!
PERCEIVEST THOU WHAT THIS DOTH PORTEND?
DO I?
BIMBOS A LA MODEE WIT' CHAMPAGNE CHASERS...
F'BREAKF'ST LUNCH AND DINNUH...
NYUK NYUK NYUK


MAKEST THOU A HARD FIST.
LIKE UNTO DIS? ♪
THAT'LL DO.
SHMECK
KLONK
OW
OW! OW! OW!
SHMOCK
OW!
WHADJA HIT ME FOR?
NUMB-NUT SO SORELY VEXETH MOSHER THAT IT SPILLETH OVER
HAST THOU A PROBLEM WITH THAT?
HOW DO YOU MEAN?
...LEGALLY?
GET GOIN'
GET GOIN'
SNEAK OVAH TO DIS WINDAH AN' I'LL SHOW YEZ. ♪



WADD I TELL YA?
"A FINGER FOR EACH WISE FELLA..."
"...AND FOR EACH WISE FELLA A TOE."
FOR ONCE THOU HAST SPOKEN IN VERITIES, MARBLE MELON.
FIRSTLY IT BEEHOOVETH US TO ASCERTAIN HOWSOBEIT WE MIGHT EXTRACT CEREBUS FROM THE CLUTCHES OF YON VIPER...
WADE AMINNID
AW YOU SAYEEN' THAT YOU SPANT OLE OF YOOAH MONEY BOYEEN' DIS TAVRIN AN HOYREEN' UTZ GOY-ULS AN'...
...NAOW... YOOAH BUH-ROKE?
COOKIE? HIC
IF MONEY WUZ WADDER?
FRED WOODEN HIC AVE ENUFF FER A HIC SPONGE BATH!
POW
CRASH BASH SMASH
CHINK
TINK
TINKA
TINK TINK
TINK TINK TINK
OY HAVE NEVAH FELT... SOW ...SOW USED BEFOAH IN MOY INTOYA LOYF!

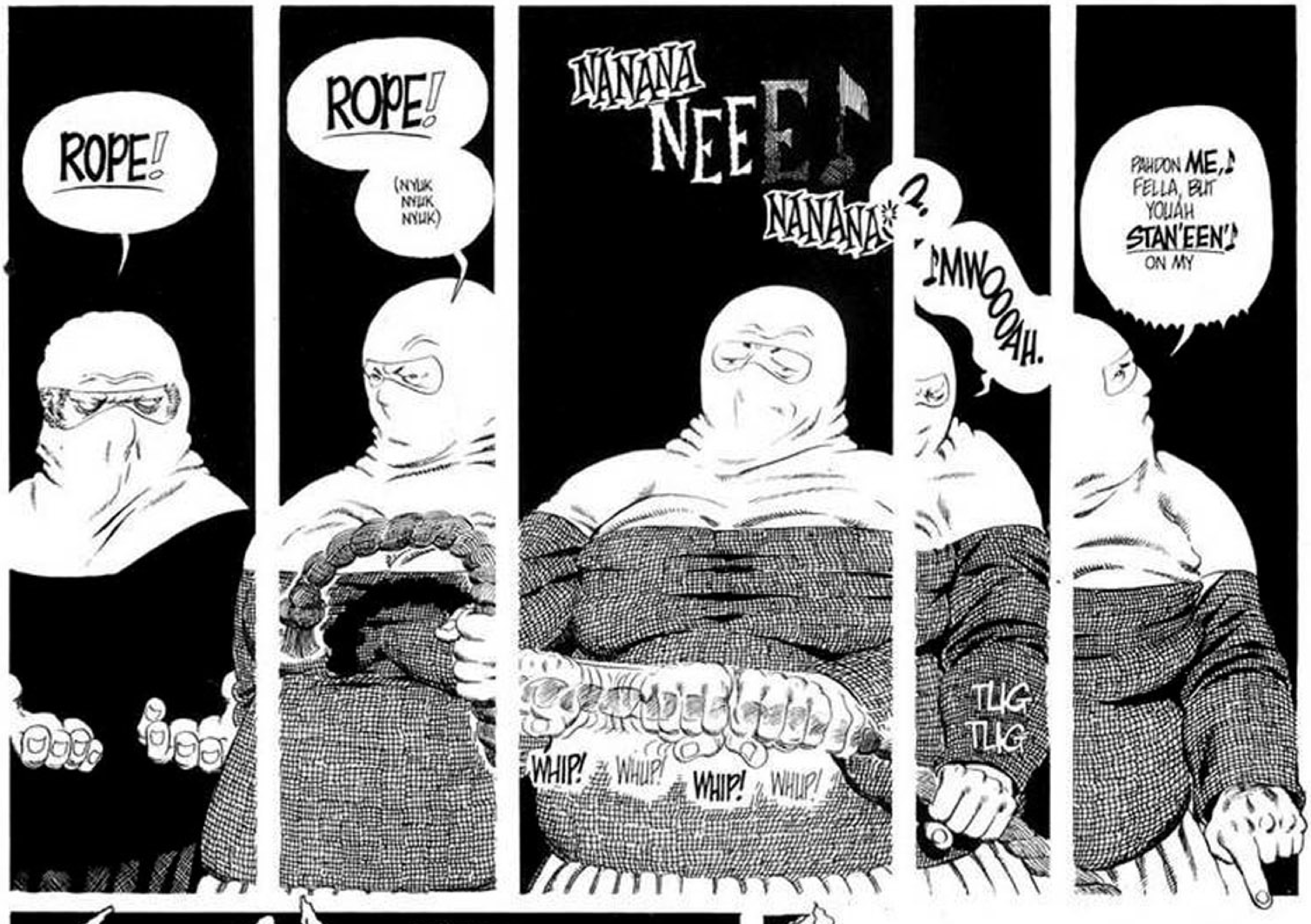


STOMP - STOMP - STOMP - STOMP
SLAYM!
WHAT BEEHOOVERETH US SECONDAIRYLY?
SECONDAIRYLY...
IT BEEHOOVETH US TO ASCERTAIN HOWSOBEIT WE MIGHT ABDUCT CEREBUS AND BIND HIM WITHIN THE SANCTVARIE!
CANDY!
COOKIE!
HIC (SARRY) COOKIE! CUM BACK! FRED IZZEN HIC YOOZING YOU...
...FREDDIZ JUS' FILLING IN HIC TIME...
...UNTIL TH' SEERNISSS CUM AN' HIC ARRES' 'IM!
MOSHIE AIN'T THINKIN' WHAT I T'INK MOSHIE'S T'INKIN'...
...IS HE?
...I'M AFRAID MOSHIE'S THINKING EXACTLY WHAT YOU THINK MOSHIE'S THINKIN'...
NYANG


EEEEEE SHRIEK SCUH-REEAM-EEEEEE
RUN! THE CIRINISTS ARE HERE!
CIRINISTS! RUN FOR YOUR LIVES!
MOSHIE!♪
LOSHIE!♪
RUN! THE CIRINISTS IS HERE!
PIPE DAWN, THOU IMBECILE.
BUT--BUT--DA CIRINISTS IS*
KOSHIE!
KOSHIE!
WE'RE THE CIRINISTS
REMEMBER?
OHHHHHH
NYUCK!♪ NYUCK!♪ NYUCK!♪
I GOT SO A-SCARED I AWMOST F'GOT♪
HEY, "ALMOST FERGOT"-- SEEST THOU THIS?
♪SOYT'NLY
KLONK
OW! OW OW

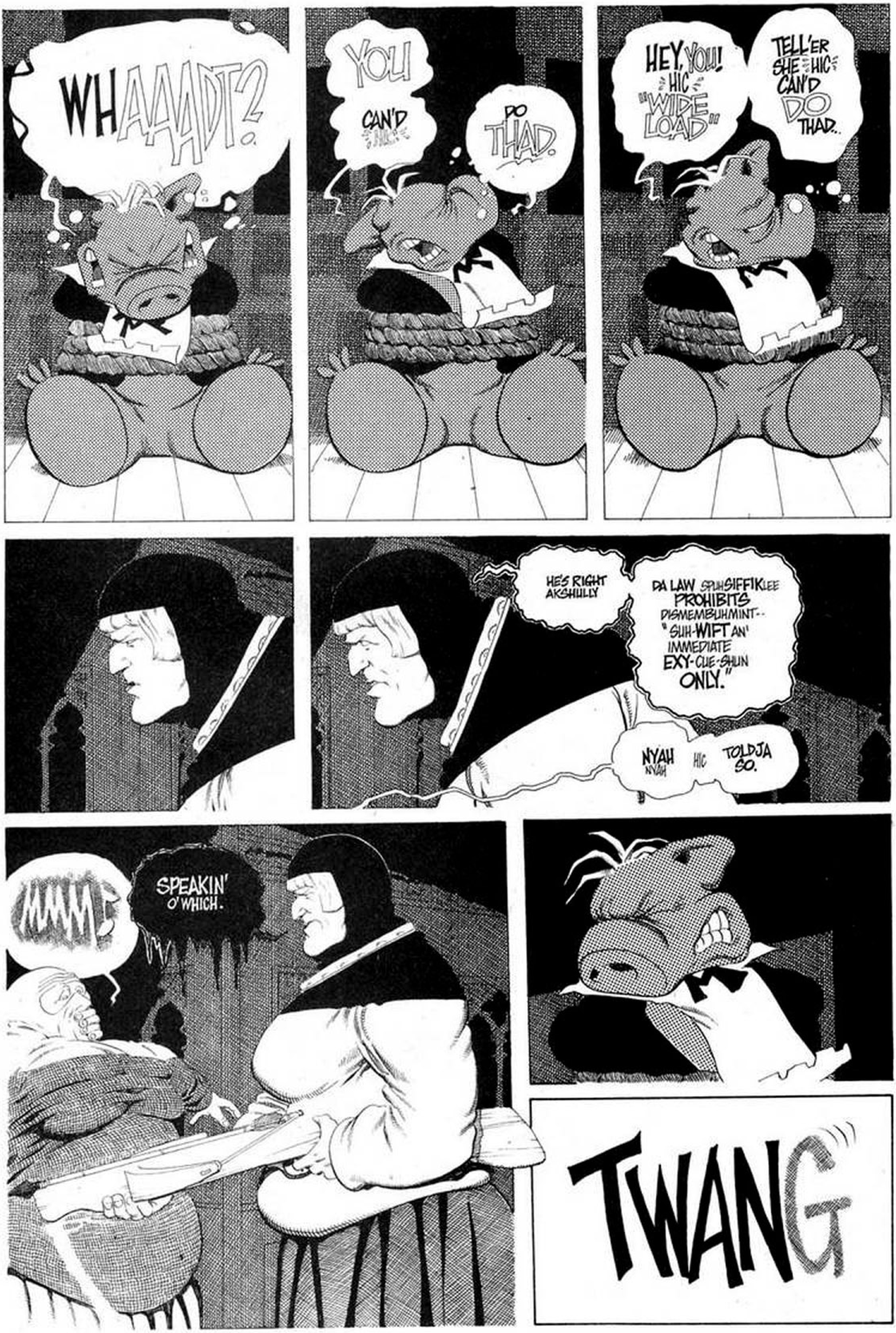


OW OW OW
(NOW KEEPEST THOU SILENT AND PERMITTETH MOSHER TO GET TO WORK.)
EXCUSETH US.
ART THOU THE PERPETRATOR OF THIS HOUSE OF ILL-REPUTE ?
HOD HIC DIG GUHDY: SEER'N SSTHS (AD LONG HIC LAG
THASS ME (ALRIGHDYALRIGHDY)
TH' PERCOLADER O' THITHS HOUTHSA HILLC REFUSE.
CHILLDY AZ HIC LARGED
(WHAT SPAKEST HE UNTO MOSHER?)
IT SOUNDS AS IF HE WANTS TA PLEA BAWGIN...
OHHHH!
A WISE FELLOW WANNABE, EH?
(THIS CALLETH FOR A CRAFTIER LINE OF CROSS-EXTERMINATION)
"ART THOU "MORE GUILTY" OR "LESS GUILTY" ?
GUILDY! HIC
(MORE ER LETZ)
(THAT SUFFICETH UNTO MOSHER)
(PASSETH ME THE ROPE, PORCUPINE)


ROPE!
ROPE!
(NYUK NYUK NYUK)
NANANA NEEEE NANANA
?
MWOOOAH.
PAHDON ME, FELLA, BUT YOUAH STAN'EEN' ON MY
WHIP! WHIP! WHIP! WHIP!
TUG TUG
NYUNG! YUNG! YUNG YUNG
SO DIS HE'E IS DA LIDDLE TRUBBLE-MAKER, HANH?
ZIP
I DIDDINT DDO NUTTIN' I SWAY-UH!
?
SMEK



WWWHAT KOSHITA MMEANS T'SAY IS IS
WWE DDINT DO NUTTIN' WE
SMEK
WHAT KOSHITA AND LOSHITA BOTH MEANETH TO SAY IS..... uh..
WE NAILED 'IM ...DEAD TO RIGHTS!
SO I SEE.
BEE-YOODEE-FULL PLACE Y'GOT HE'E... ... TO. DIE. IN.
HIC
THAGTHS
Y'WALCOME.
ACTUALLY... WE ...uh...
WE PLANNETH TO TAKETH HIM UP NORTH AND
DISMEMBERETH HIM A LITTLE BEFORE WE CROAKETH HIM

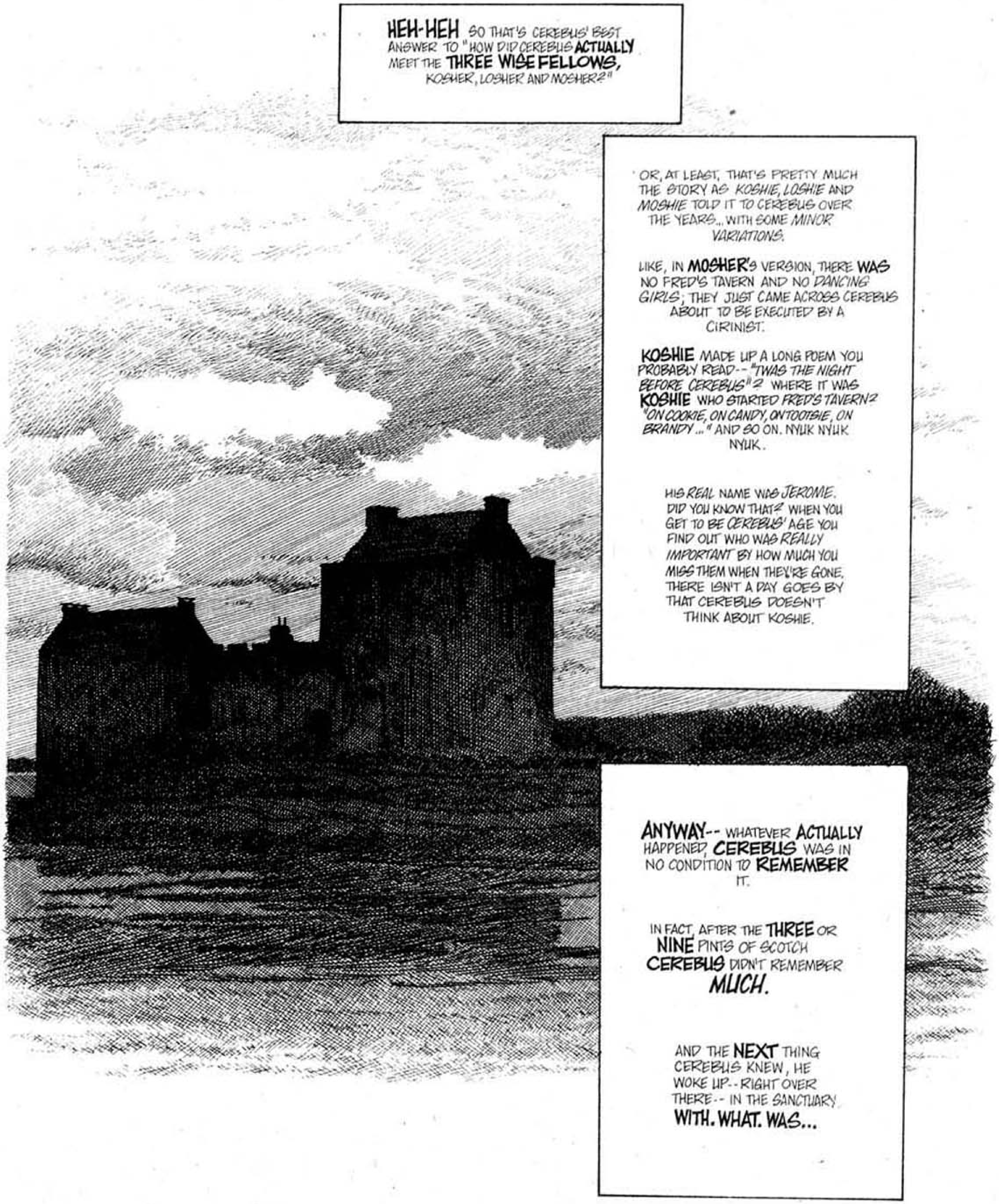


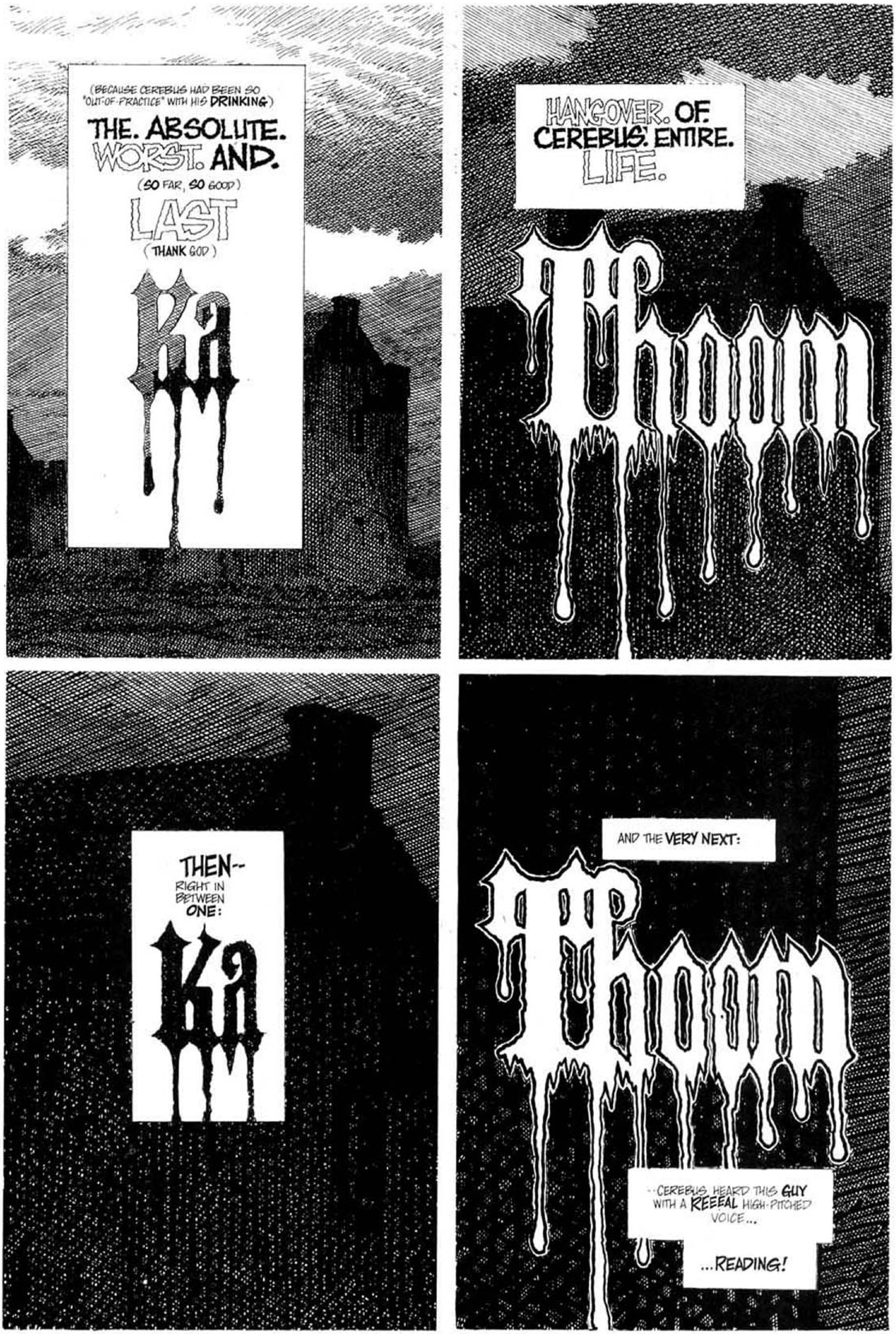
WHAAAADT?
YOU CAN'D HIC DO THAD.
HEY, YOU! HIC "WIDE LOAD"
TELL'ER SHE HIC CAN'D DO THAD..
HE'S RIGHT AKSHULLY
DA LAW SPUHSIFFIKLEE PROHIBITS DISMEMBUHMINT-- "SUH-WIFT AN' IMMEDIATE EXY-CUE-SHUN ONLY."
NYAH NYAH HIC TOLDJA SO.
MMM!
SPEAKIN' O'WHICH.
TWANG

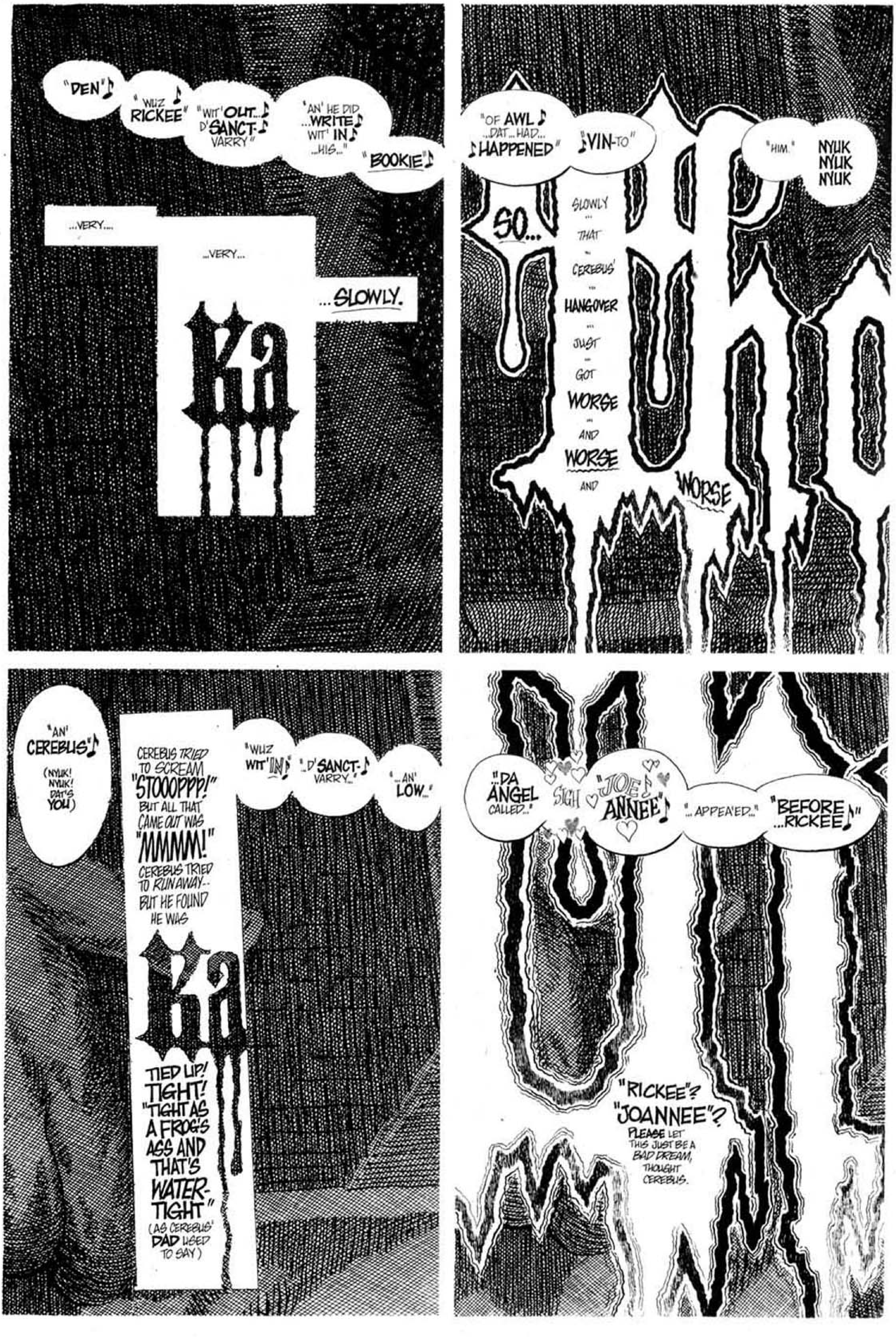

FLUMP
FLUMP
SAAAAY....
WHUT'S GOIN' ON HE'E?
IT'S AN OUTBREAK OF MASTECTAMATOSIS
GESUNDHEIT
SHMEK
OW!
MASTECTAMA WHO?
MASTECTAMATOSIS-- A HIGHLY INFECTIOUS PLAGUE WHICH CAUSETH SPONTANEOUS DOUBLE MASTECTOMIES!
WHOA!
-HIC-
SEERSLEE?
SERIOUSLY.
SHMEK
OW!
(MAKEST THYSELF USEFUL AND GAGGETH THE PRISONER)


FAHTUNATELY, MY PAHTNER HERE IS A REDHEAD AND I'M A BRUNETTE.
?
MEANIN' WHUT
EKZACKLY?
MEANING: MASTECTAMATOSIS AFFECTETH ONLY BLONDES.
BLINK.
BLINK BLINK
SAAAY...
I'M A BLONDE.
THENSOBEIT THOU HAST NO TIME TO WASTE--THOU MUST IMMUNIZE THYSELF THROUGH THE BATHING OF THY BOSOMS IN RAW GOATS' MILK IN THE NEXT...
COMFY?
MFMPHM
...TEN MINUTES... OR--
GULP "OR-"?
"OR" IT'S: "BYE-BYE BOOBIES" AIN'T IT?
BOUNCE BOUNCE
CLUNK KLUNK

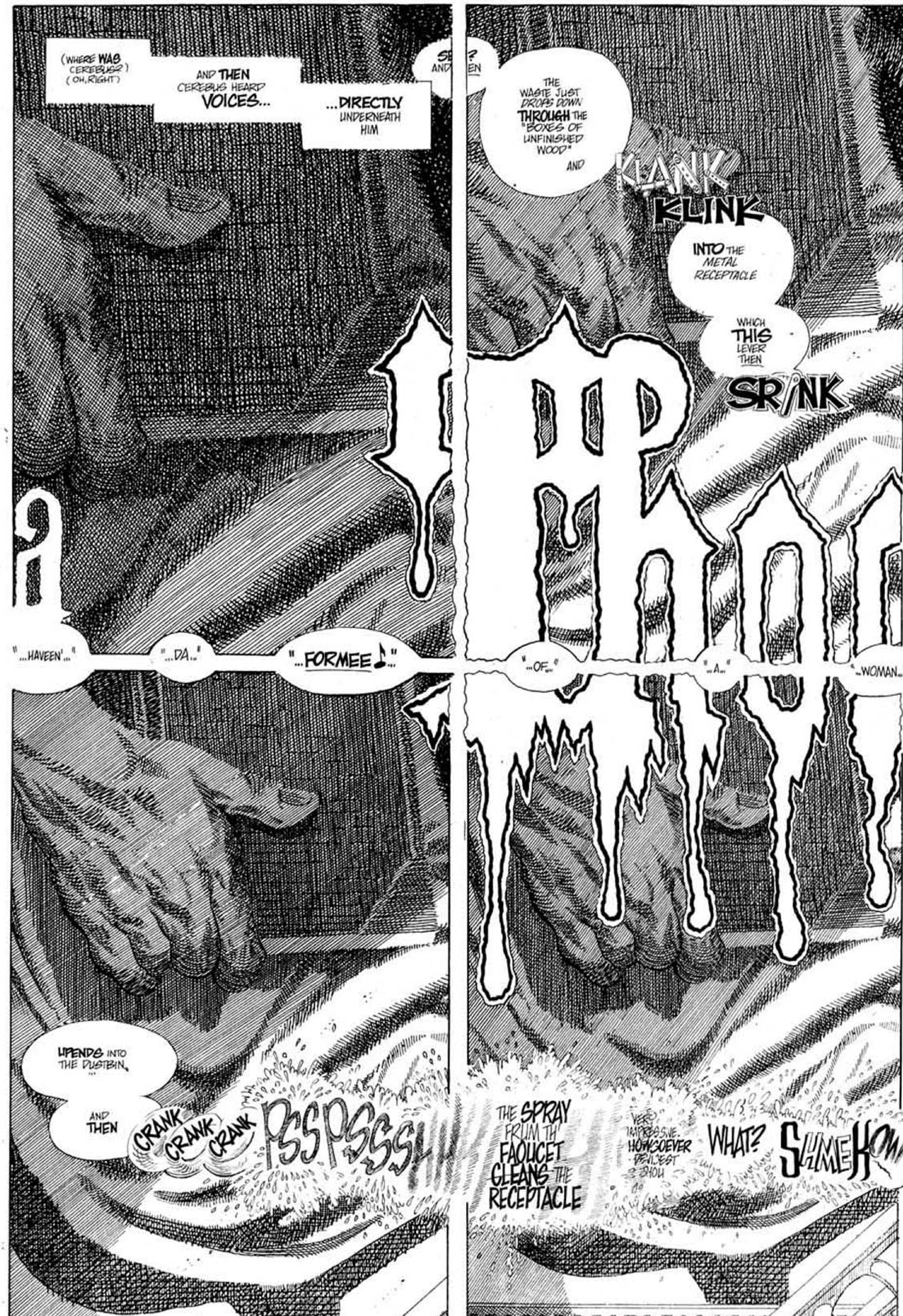

THOOM THOOM THOOM
SAAAY...
WHE'S DO I FOIND
OF A TRUTH (ON THE WAY IN) MOSHITA DIDST NOTICE A SHE-GOAT ACROSSETH THE STREET ...
... LACTATING LIKE THERE WAS NO TOMORROW
OH HEY THANKS! THANKS VERY MUCH
THOU SHALT NOT MENTION IT
THOOM THOOM THOOM
HEEERE GOATEY GOATEY GOATEY
THOOM THOOM THOOM
NIIIICE GOATEY GOATEY GOATEY
REMEMBEREST THOU: IF ANY DOTH ENQUIRE OF US, WE'RE ESCAHTING KINDLY OLD UNCLE KOSHER HOME TO BED AFTER HIS DENTAL SURGERY...
NYUK NYUK NYUK
QUIET UNDER THERE
JAB
OW
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THERE?
KEEP BACK!
DIS HERE IS AN EMOYGINSEE
EMERGENCY? WHAT KIND OF AN
NIIICE GOATEY GOATEY GOATEY
HEY! STOP THAT
BAA
HELP! GOAT MOLESTER!
TAKE IT EASY I JUST NEED SOME O' YOAH SHE-GOAT'S MILK
SQUIRT SQUIRT SQUIRT SQUIRT
SHE-GOAT?
THAT ISN'T A SHE-GOAT.
BAA
WHUT?

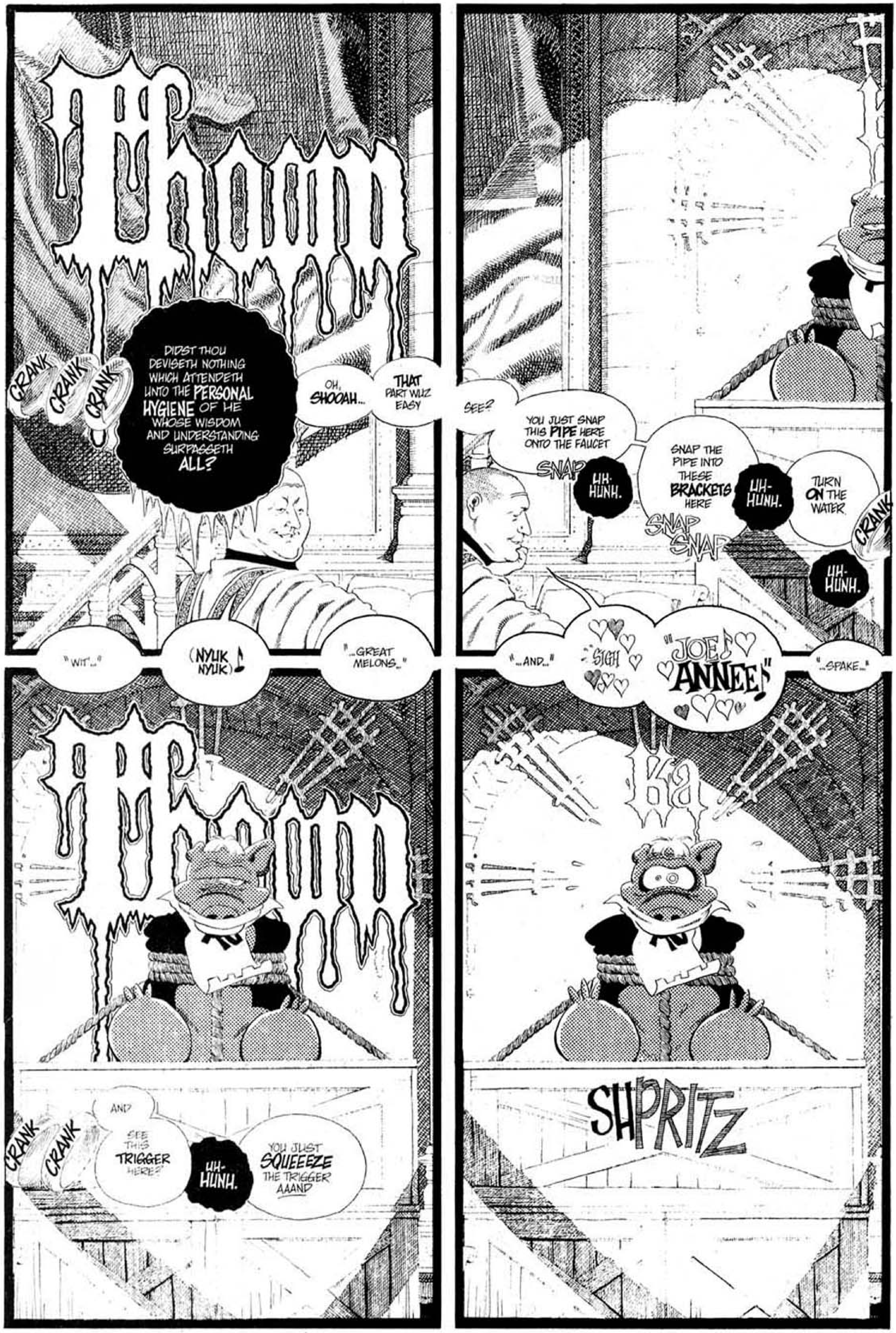

HEH-HEH SO THAT'S CEREBUS' BEST ANSWER TO "HOW DID CEREBUS ACTUALLY MEET THE THREE WISE FELLOWS, KOSHER, LOSHER AND MOSHER?"
OR, AT LEAST, THAT'S PRETTY MUCH THE STORY AS KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE TOLD IT TO CEREBUS OVER THE YEARS... WITH SOME MINOR VARIATIONS.
LIKE, IN MOSHER'S VERSION, THERE WAS NO FRED'S TAVERN AND NO DANCING GIRLS; THEY JUST CAME ACROSS CEREBUS ABOUT TO BE EXECUTED BY A CIRINIST.
KOSHIE MADE UP A LONG POEM YOU PROBABLY READ-- "TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CEREBUS"? WHERE IT WAS KOSHIE WHO STARTED FRED'S TAVERN? "ON COOKIE, ON CANDY, ON TOOTSIE, ON BRANDY ..." AND SO ON. NYUK NYUK NYUK.
HIS REAL NAME WAS JEROME. DID YOU KNOW THAT? WHEN YOU GET TO BE CEREBUS' AGE YOU FIND OUT WHO WAS REALLY IMPORTANT BY HOW MUCH YOU MISS THEM WHEN THEY'RE GONE. THERE ISN'T A DAY GOES BY THAT CEREBUS DOESN'T THINK ABOUT KOSHIE.
ANYWAY-- WHATEVER ACTUALLY HAPPENED, CEREBUS WAS IN NO CONDITION TO REMEMBER IT.
IN FACT, AFTER THE THREE OR NINE PINTS OF SCOTCH CEREBUS DIDN'T REMEMBER MUCH.
AND THE NEXT THING CEREBUS KNEW, HE WOKE UP-- RIGHT OVER THERE-- IN THE SANCTUARY WITH. WHAT. WAS...

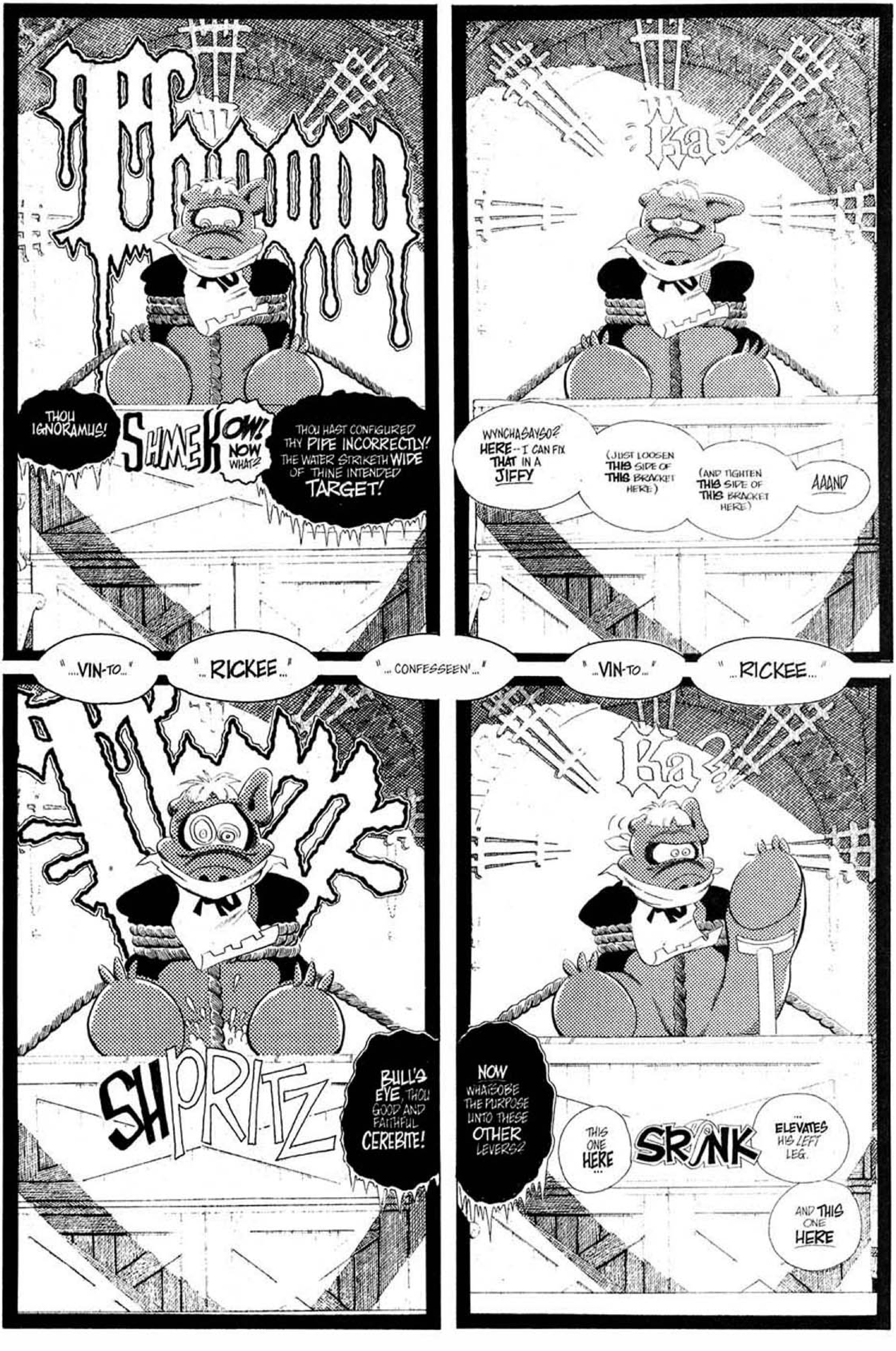

(BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD BEEN SO "OUT-OF-PRACTICE" WITH HIS DRINKING)
THE. ABSOLUTE. WORST. AND.
(SO FAR, SO GOOD)
LAST
(THANK GOD)
Ka
HANGOVER. OF. CEREBUS' ENTIRE. LIFE.
Thoom
THEN-- RIGHT IN BETWEEN ONE:
Ka
AND THE VERY NEXT:
Thoom
--CEREBUS HEARD THIS GUY WITH A REEEAL HIGH-PITCHED VOICE...
...READING!


"DEN"♪
"WUZ ♪ RICKEE"
"WIT' OUT...♪ D' SANCT-♪ VARRY"
"AN' HE DID ...WRITE♪ WIT' IN♪ ...HIS..."
"BOOKIE"♪
...VERY....
...VERY...
...SLOWLY.
KA
"OF AWL♪ ...DAT...HAD... ♪HAPPENED"
"♪VIN-TO"
"HIM."
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SO...
SLOWLY ... THAT ... CEREBUS' ... HANGOVER ... JUST ... GOT WORSE ... AND WORSE AND
WORSE
"AN' CEREBUS"♪ (NYUK! NYUK! DAT'S YOU)
CEREBUS TRIED TO SCREAM "STOOOPPP!" BUT ALL THAT CAME OUT WAS "MMMM!" CEREBUS TRIED TO RUN AWAY-- BUT HE FOUND HE WAS
KA
TIED UP! TIGHT! "TIGHT AS A FROG'S ASS AND THAT'S WATER-TIGHT" (AS CEREBUS' DAD USED TO SAY)
"WUZ WIT' IN♪"
"...D' SANCT-♪ VARRY..."
"...AN' LOW..."
"...DA ANGEL CALLED..."
SIGH
"JOE♪ ANNEE"♪
"...APPEA'ED..."
"BEFORE ...RICKEE♪"
"RICKEE"? "JOANNEE"? PLEASE LET THIS JUST BE A BAD DREAM, THOUGHT CEREBUS.


Then was Ricke without the sanctvarie and hee did write within his booke of all that had happened vnto him. And Cerebvs was within the sanctvarie.
IT WAS SO.
2 And, lo, the Angel called Joanne appeared before Ricke, hauing the forme of a woman with great melons.
3 And Joanne spake vnto Ricke confessing vnto Ricke that shee was not Diuine Radiance. And Ricke saw that it was so.
4 And Joanne spake further vnto Ricke and confessing vnto him that the mother of Joanne had not been taken with the feuer. And Ricke saw that it was so.
5 (Howsobeit Joanne spake not of her grandmother taken with the ringworme or her vncle taken with the gout)
6 And Joanne spake still further vnto Ricke confessing vnto Ricke and saying I am Joanne onely (by interpretation, a woman hauing great melons).
7 And then did Joanne speak a parable vnto Ricke of a deuill which had seized vpon her and vpon her great melons and which had rent her garment and how she had fled from that deuill.
8 And Ricke saw as though his spirit was vpon the Seat of Truth that Joanne herselfe was that deuill and that she had seized vpon herselfe onely.
9 And tho Joanne tried to persuade Ricke that shee had fled from the deuill Ricke could see as though his spirit was vpon the Seat of Truth that it was not so.
10 And tho Joanne spake sweetly vnto Ricke with a uoice like vnto that of an Angel, Ricke could see as though his spirit was vpon the seat of Truth that Joanne was neither Diuine Radiance nor an Angel but Joanne onely.
11 And Ricke knew in his heart that he must say vnto Joanne Goe On and Beat it and Scramme. Howsoeuer before that Ricke could speak Goe On and Beat It and Scramme vnto Joanne
12 Joanne kissed Ricke. And then did Joanne depart from Ricke for a season.
13 And Ricke returned vnto the sanctvuarie and confessed vnto Cerebvs all that had transpired between Ricke and Joanne.
SEE THIS?
THIS WAS KOSHIE'S ACTUAL COPY OF THE "BOOK of RICK"
KOSHIE LETTERED EVERY WORD AND DREW EVERY PICTURE BY HAND
CHAPTER SEVEN...
THIS PAGE RIGHT HERE IS THE ONE HE WAS READING FROM WHEN CEREBUS "CAME TO"


(WHERE WAS CEREBUS?) (OH, RIGHT)
AND THEN CEREBUS HEARD VOICES...
...DIRECTLY UNDERNEATH HIM
THE WASTE JUST DROPS DOWN THROUGH THE "BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD" AND
KLANK
KLINK
INTO THE METAL RECEPTACLE
WHICH THIS LEVER THEN
SRINK
"...HAVEEN'..."
"...DA..."
"...FORMEE♪..."
"...OF..."
"...A..."
"...WOMAN..."
UPENDS INTO THE DUSTBIN...
AND THEN
CRANK CRANK CRANK
PSSPSSSS
THE SPRAY FRUM TH' FAOUCET CLEANS THE RECEPTACLE
VERY IMPRESSIVE. HOWSOEVER DEALEST THOU
WHAT?
SHMEKOW


Thomp
CRANK CRANK CRANK
DIDST THOU DEVISETH NOTHING WHICH ATTENDETH UNTO THE PERSONAL HYGIENE OF HE WHOSE WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING SURPASSETH ALL?
OH, SHOOAH...
THAT PART WUZ EASY
SEE?
YOU JUST SNAP THIS PIPE HERE ONTO THE FAUCET
SNAP
UH-HUNH.
SNAP THE PIPE INTO THESE BRACKETS HERE
SNAP SNAP
UH-HUNH.
TURN ON THE WATER
CRANK
UH-HUNH.
"WIT..."
(NYUK NYUK)
"...GREAT MELONS..."
"...AND..."
SIGH
"JOE ANNEE!"
"...SPAKE..."
Thomp
CRANK CRANK
AND
SEE THIS TRIGGER HERE?
UH-HUNH.
YOU JUST SQUEEEZE THE TRIGGER AAAND
Ka
SHPRITZ

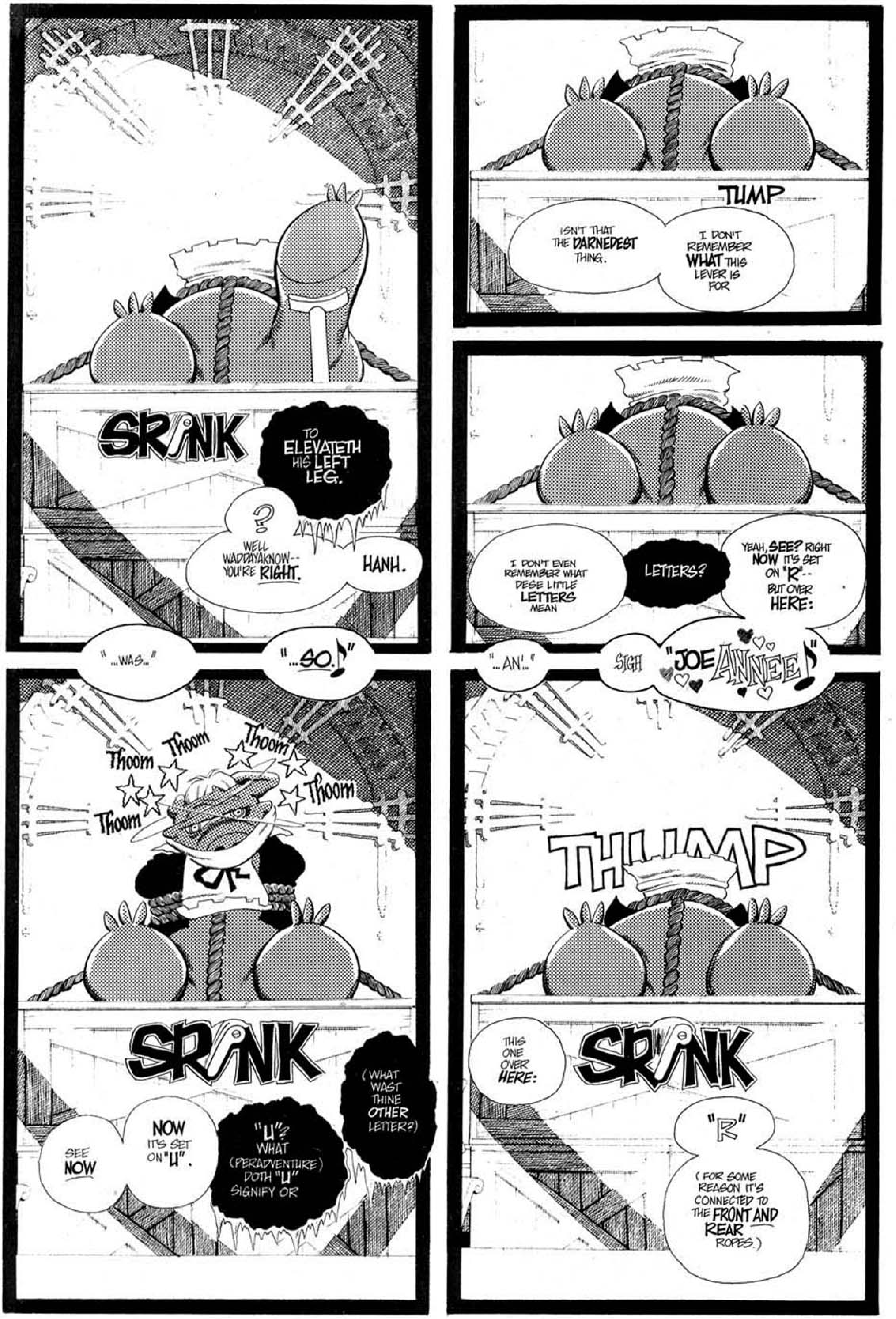


THOU IGNORAMUS!
SHMEKOW!
NOW WHAT?
THOU HAST CONFIGURED THY PIPE INCORRECTLY! THE WATER STRIKETH WIDE OF THINE INTENDED TARGET!
Ka
WYNCHASAYSO? HERE-- I CAN FIX THAT IN A JIFFY
(JUST LOOSEN THIS SIDE OF THIS BRACKET HERE)
(AND TIGHTEN THIS SIDE OF THIS BRACKET HERE)
AAAND
"...VIN-TO..."
"...RICKEE..."
"...CONFESSEEN'..."
"...VIN-TO..."
"...RICKEE..."
SHPRITZ
BULL'S EYE, THOU GOOD AND FAITHFUL CEREBITE!
Ka
NOW WHATSOBE THE PURPOSE UNTO THESE OTHER LEVERS?
THIS ONE HERE...
SPANK
...ELEVATES HIS LEFT LEG.
AND THIS ONE HERE


THOOM
TUMP
SKRINK
ELEVATES HIS RIGHT LEG
UH HUH
SEE? SO YOU TAKE THIS LEVER IN YOAH RIGHT HAND AND THIS LEVER IN YOAH LEFT HAND
Ka
AND THEN
YOU
GO
LIKE
"...DAT..."
"...SHE..."
"...WUZ NOT..."
"...DEE-VOINE♪"
"...RADIANCE..."
SKRINK SKRINK SKRINK SKRINK
THIS!
SKRINK SKRINK SKRINK
TUMP! TUMP! TUMP! TUMP! TUMP! TUMP!
TUMP! TUMP! TUMP! TUMP! TUMP! TUMP!
THOOM
SEE? THAT WAY BOTH LEGS GET A GOOD WOIK-OUT T'KEEP THE MUSCLES FRUM ATROPHYING...
ATROPHYING (THOU ILLITERIST)
AT'S WHAT I SAID: A TROPHY ING



AND WHAT OF THY MAINTENANCE OF THE SACRED SACROILIAC AND THE HOLY HINDQUARTERS?
OH! THAT'S THIS LEVER RIGHT HERE...
SEE?
SRINK
"... AN'..."
"...RICKEE"...
"...SAW..."
"...DAT..."
"...IT..."
THUMP
OUCH: THAT LEVER IS REALLY A "TWO-WISE-FELLOW" LEVER
AND WHATSOBE THE PURPOSE UNTO THIS LEVER?
SRINK
THUMP
I AWREADY TOLDJA
THAT ONE ELEVATES HIS LEFT LEG.
SHMEK
OW
AFORETIMES THOU SAYEST THAT IT WAST THE PURPOSE UNTO THIS LEVER


SRINK
TO ELEVATETH HIS LEFT LEG.
?
WELL WADDAYAKNOW-- YOU'RE RIGHT.
HANH.
TUMP
ISN'T THAT THE DARNEDEST THING.
I DON'T REMEMBER WHAT THIS LEVER IS FOR
I DON'T EVEN REMEMBER WHAT DESE LITTLE LETTERS MEAN
LETTERS?
YEAH, SEE? RIGHT NOW IT'S SET ON "R"-- BUT OVER HERE:
"...WAS..."
"...SO."
"...AN'..."
SIGH
"JOE ANNEE"
Thoom
Thoom
Thoom
Thoom
Thoom
SRINK
SEE NOW
NOW IT'S SET ON "U".
"U"? WHAT (PERADVENTURE) DOTH "U" SIGNIFY OR
(WHAT WAST THINE OTHER LETTER?)
THUMP
THIS ONE OVER HERE:
SRINK
"R"
(FOR SOME REASON IT'S CONNECTED TO THE FRONT AND REAR ROPES.)



WAITAMINNIT I REMEMBER NOW--"R" STAN'S F' RECLINE
(SEE? IT SHOATENS UP THE REAR ROPE AN' PLAYS OUT THE FRONT ONE)
(SO'S HE CAN GET SOME SHUT-EYE)
AN' "U"
STAN'S FER
DONG
BING
DING
BONG
UPRIGHT!
(MOSHIE KNEW THAT THOU WOULDST REMEMBER)
(YOU DID?? HOW??)
MOSHER'S "GERM-BRAIN SENSE" WAST TINGLING
SHMEKOW!
"...SPAKE..."
"...FOYDER..."
"...VIN-TO..."
"...RICKEE..."
A COUPLE OF DAYS LATER, (AFTER LOSHIE REMEMBERED THAT THE "RECLINE" LEVER WAS SUPPOSED TO EEEASE BACK IN THREE EQUAL STEPS) (AND AFTER THE SWELLING ON THE BACK OF CEREBUS' HEAD WENT DOWN)
(AND AFTER KOSHIE FINALLY FINISHED HIS TURN READING ALOUD FROM THE BOOK OF RICK)(OR THE BOOKIE OF RICKEE AS KOSHIE ALWAYS CALLED IT)(OR, THAT IS, WHAT HE CALLED IT WHEN MOSHER WASN'T LISTENING) (NYUK NYUK NYUK)
WHEN IT WAS LOSHIE'S TURN AND HE WAS ACTUALLY READING FAST ENOUGH SO THAT CEREBUS COULD UNDERSTAND WHAT THE WORDS MEANT...
"THOU T'REE WISE FELLAS, WHO SHALL SOIVE CEREBUS IN DA LATTUH DAYS WHEN IT COME TO PASS DAT DA PROPHET RICK HATH DEPAHTED FRUM DIS OITH..."
...WELL.



EVEN THEN IT WAS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE FOR CEREBUS TO CONCENTRATE BECAUSE — EVEN WHILE THE BOOK OF RICK WAS BEING RECITED "IN HIS EAR" (RICK 13:4) ON ONE OF "THE STOOLS OF THE BAR... UPON CEREBUS' RIGHT HAND" (RICK 3:24) — A THEOLOGICAL TAVERN BRAWL WOULD BE BREAKING OUT AT THE SAME TIME ON TWO OF "THE STOOLS OF THE BAR... UPON CEREBUS' LEFT HAND" (IBID)
"YE SHALL KNOW CEREBUS WHEN THOU SEEST T'REE FINGERS UPON HIS RIGHT HAND AND T'REE FINGERS UPON HIS LEFT..."
AN' OY'M TELLIN' YOUSE ♪ DAT DA EPPIPONYMOUS "SOYTIN RULER" IN DA "PARABLE OF DA SOYTIN RULER" IN CHAPTER ONE (VOYSES FOYVE T'ROUGH THOYTEEN) IS LOAHD JULIUS ♪
♪ AN' FOYDA MORE DAT DA "VIPER LOIK VIN-TO A ♪ SCORPEEN AN' HAVEEN' A FACE LOIK VIN-TO DA BACKEE ENDEE OF A DOGGEE" IN VOYSES EIGHT AND NOYNE IS ASTARIA ♪
"YE SHALL LOIKWISE KNOW CEREBUS WHEN THOU SEEST T'REE TOES UPON HIS RIGHT FOOT AND T'REE TOES UPON HIS LEFT."
AN' FOYDA ♪ FOYDAMORE DAT DA "SOYTIN RULER'S FRIEND" IN VOYSES FOIVE T'ROUGH EIGHT (INCLUSIVE) IS NUN ♪ UDDER DAN CEREBUS HIS SELF ♪
IZZAT SO?
THY FALSE DOCTRINE STINKETH IN THE NOSTRILS OF MOSHER, ROQUEFORT...
... LIKE UNTO HE WHO CUTTETH THE CHEESE IN THE NOON-DAY SUN!
MMMM ♪


WHENSOEVER WAST IT SAID OF ASTARIA THAT SHE HAD
... (AS THE PARABLE DOTH DECLARE IN VERSE NINE) ...
"GREAT MELONS"?
"A FINGER FOR EACH WISE FELLA..."
VERILY, EBOLA BRAIN
THOU HAST MELONS GREATER THAN ASTARIA.
"...AND FOR EACH WISE FELLA A TOE."
FLATTERER.
TIDDLE PLUMP


"WHEN THOU HAST DISSOYNED DAT HE WHOM THOU HAST FOUND IS OF A SURETY DA ONE CEREBUS..."
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMAK
OHH OHH OH
OH♪ OH♪
I T'INK YOU BROKE MY DOZE
CEASE THY HERESY LEST MOSHER RENDER UNTO THEE A JAW THAT MATCHETH IT.
"BOIND HIM WIT' STRONG COAHDS AN' BEAR HIM UNTO DA SANCTOOARY WHICH THOU HAST BUILT."
HEY! DAT'S ECCLESIASTICAL DURESS
OW
SHMEK
WHAT ABAUT IT?
(CHAPTER THIRTEEN VERSE THREE) (THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS RECOGNIZED THAT HE WASN'T STUCK IN A BAD DREAM)
NUTTIN'-- I JUST HATE T'BE AWL DURESSED UP WIT' NO PLACE TO GO.
"BOIND HIM UNTO HIS PLACE BEHOIND DA BAR AN' RESOYTE IN HIS EAR DA WOIDS OF DIS BOOK FROM DA FOIST WOID EVEN UNTO DA LAST."
NYUK NYUK NYUK
(CHAPTER THIRTEEN, VERSE FOUR) (THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS RECOGNIZED THAT IT WAS MUCH WOYCE-- er-- WORSE THAN A BAD DREAM)
CEREBUS WAS STUCK IN CHAPTER THIRTEEN!

Chapter Thirteen



THOU Three Wise Fellowes who shall serue Cerebvs in the latter daies when it come to passe that the Prophet Ricke hath departed from this earth:

2·Ye shall knowe Cerebvs when thou seest three fingers vpon his righte hande and three fingers vpon his left. Ye shal likewise knowe Cerebvs when thou seest three toes vpon his right foot and three toes vpon his left. A finger for each wise fellowe and for each wise fellowe a toe.

3·When thou hast discerned that he whom thou hast found is of a surety the One Cerebvs then bind him with strong cords and bear him vnto the sanctvarie which thou hast built..

4·Bind him vnto his place behinde the barre and recite in his eare the wordes of this booke from the first worde euen vnto the last.

5·And when thou hast made an ende of reciting inqvire of him saying:

6·Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Ricke?

7·Then vnbinde his mouth. And if he speake vnto thee that worde of truth

8·Then hearken ye vnto him and doe as he commaundeth thee.

9·Howsobeit if hee speake not the worde of truth but is instead taken by his Daemon Selfe then binde his mouth and recite vnto him again the wordes of this booke from the first worde euen vnto the last.

10·And bee ye diligent in this. Forsake not a worde lest that same worde forsake thee in the latter daies. Recite ye vnto Cerebvs each in thy turne from the first dawning of the daie euen vnto the setting of the sunne inqviring of him each time that thou has made an ende

11·Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Ricke?

12·Feede Cerebvs of thy bountie good victuals and healthie (and a litle wine for his stomaches sake) keeping him bound vntil hee speake vnto thee that worde of truth that al might be fulfilled according to the worde of Ricke which is come vnto thee.

13·And when it come to passe that Cerebvs hath spoken vnto thee that worde which shalbe to all men and in the which all men should be commaunded in bringing an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousness after the maner of the deuill and the uiper and the scorpion

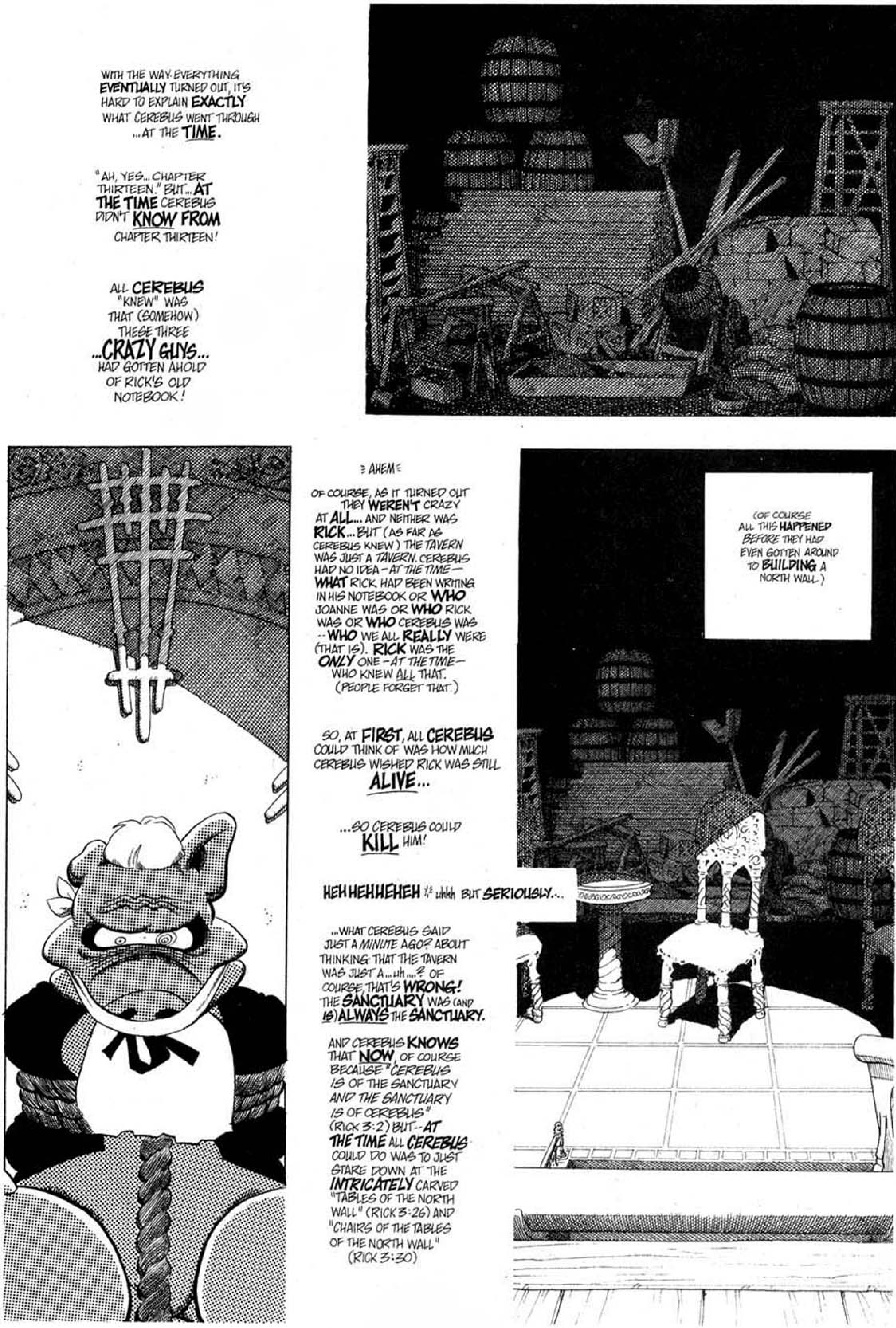
14·By that worde shal Cerebvs unbind himselfe and unbind the spirit of all men who followe in the worde of Ricke and the worde of Cerebvs.

15·Then shalt thou execute iudgement in ridding the earth of deuills and uipers and scorpions saue those who might be women and those who might be Angels

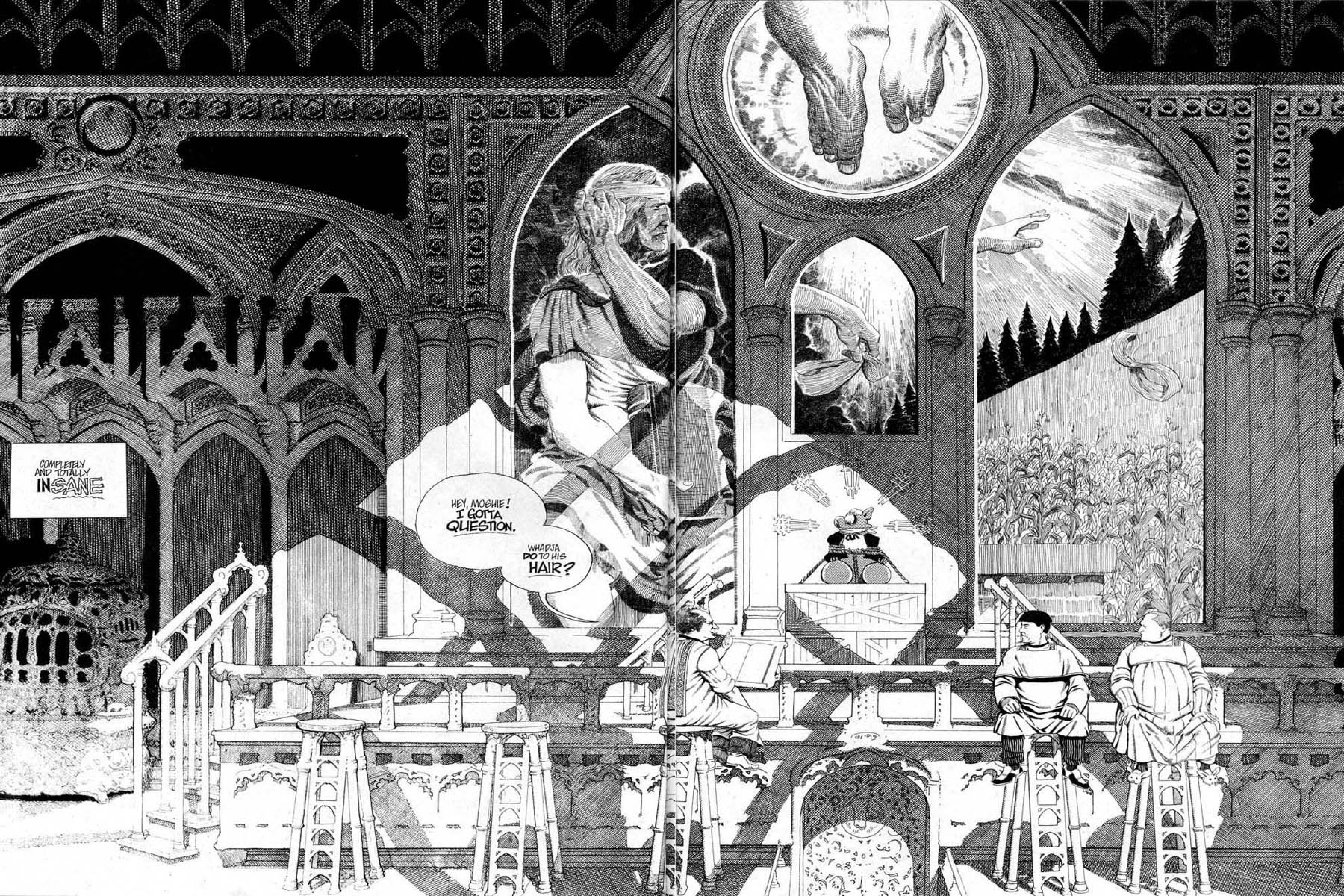
16·That ye might lie with the great melons (and with the women and the Angels also).

17·Then build ye up houses and stronge holdes and sanctvaries for Cerebvs for thy selues and for all men (wherein they might abide with their women and their Angels also).

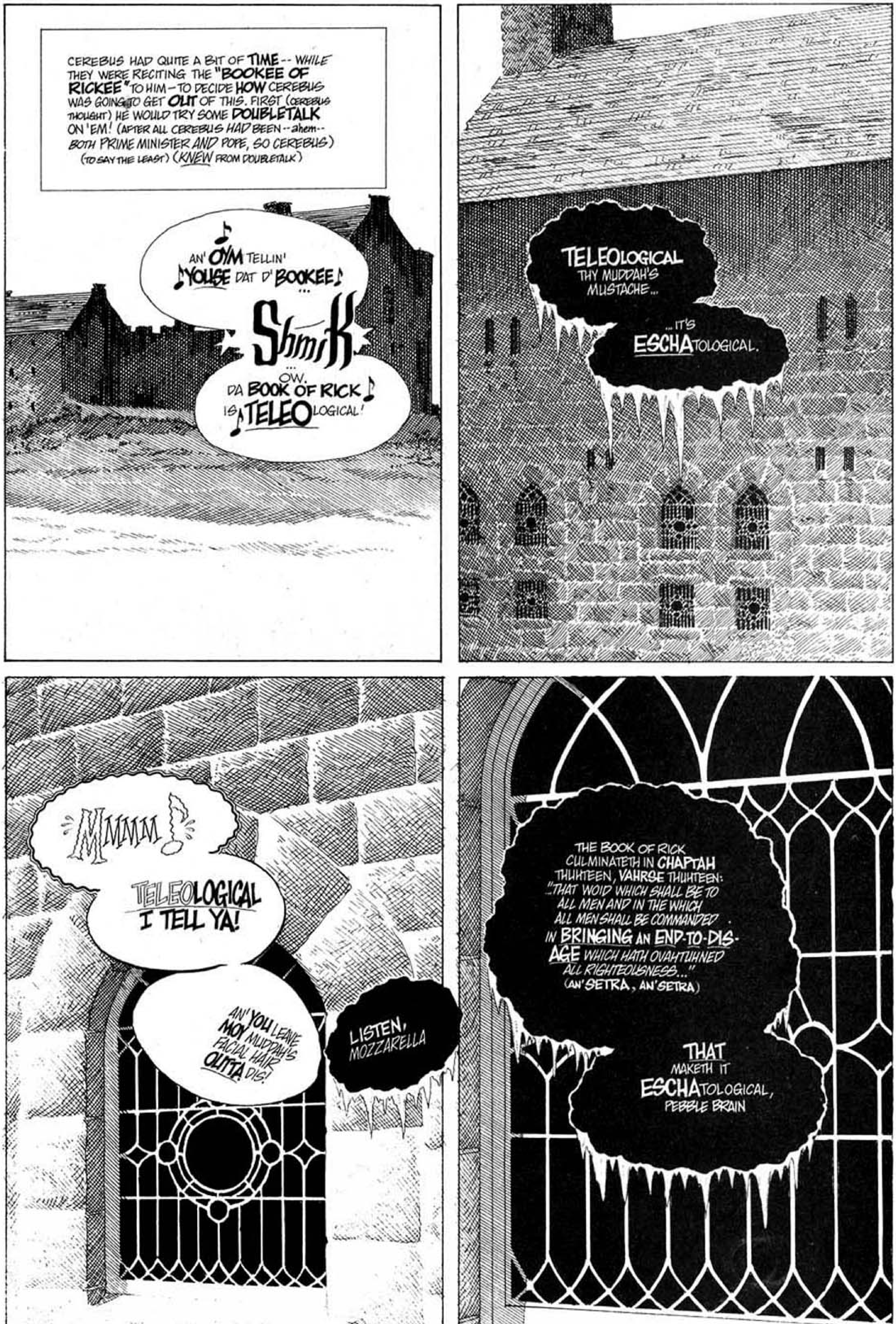
18·That thou and thy sonnes and thy sonnes sonnes might do that which is right in all the earth being alwaies true men againste the daie when the worde shall returne vnto thee once more. Amen.


WITH THE WAY EVERYTHING EVENTUALLY TURNED OUT, IT'S HARD TO EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHAT CEREBUS WENT THROUGH ...AT THE TIME.
"AH, YES... CHAPTER THIRTEEN." BUT... AT THE TIME CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW FROM CHAPTER THIRTEEN!
ALL CEREBUS "KNEW" WAS THAT (SOMEHOW) THESE THREE ...CRAZY GUYS... HAD GOTTEN AHOLD OF RICK'S OLD NOTEBOOK!
AHEM
OF COURSE, AS IT TURNED OUT THEY WEREN'T CRAZY AT ALL... AND NEITHER WAS RICK... BUT (AS FAR AS CEREBUS KNEW) THE TAVERN WAS JUST A TAVERN. CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA—AT THE TIME—WHAT RICK HAD BEEN WRITING IN HIS NOTEBOOK OR WHO JOANNE WAS OR WHO RICK WAS OR WHO CEREBUS WAS --WHO WE ALL REALLY WERE (THAT IS). RICK WAS THE ONLY ONE—AT THE TIME—WHO KNEW ALL THAT. (PEOPLE FORGET THAT.)
(OF COURSE ALL THIS HAPPENED BEFORE THEY HAD EVEN GOTTEN AROUND TO BUILDING A NORTH WALL.)
SO, AT FIRST, ALL CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS HOW MUCH CEREBUS WISHED RICK WAS STILL ALIVE...
...SO CEREBUS COULD KILL HIM!
HEH HEHHEHEH uhhh BUT SERIOUSLY...
...WHAT CEREBUS SAID JUST A MINUTE AGO? ABOUT THINKING THAT THE TAVERN WAS JUST A...uh...? OF COURSE, THAT'S WRONG! THE SANCTUARY WAS (AND IS) ALWAYS THE SANCTUARY.
AND CEREBUS KNOWS THAT NOW, OF COURSE BECAUSE "CEREBUS IS OF THE SANCTUARY AND THE SANCTUARY IS OF CEREBUS" (RICK 3:2) BUT--AT THE TIME ALL CEREBUS COULD DO WAS TO JUST STARE DOWN AT THE INTRICATELY CARVED "TABLES OF THE NORTH WALL" (RICK 3:26) AND "CHAIRS OF THE TABLES OF THE NORTH WALL" (RICK 3:30)

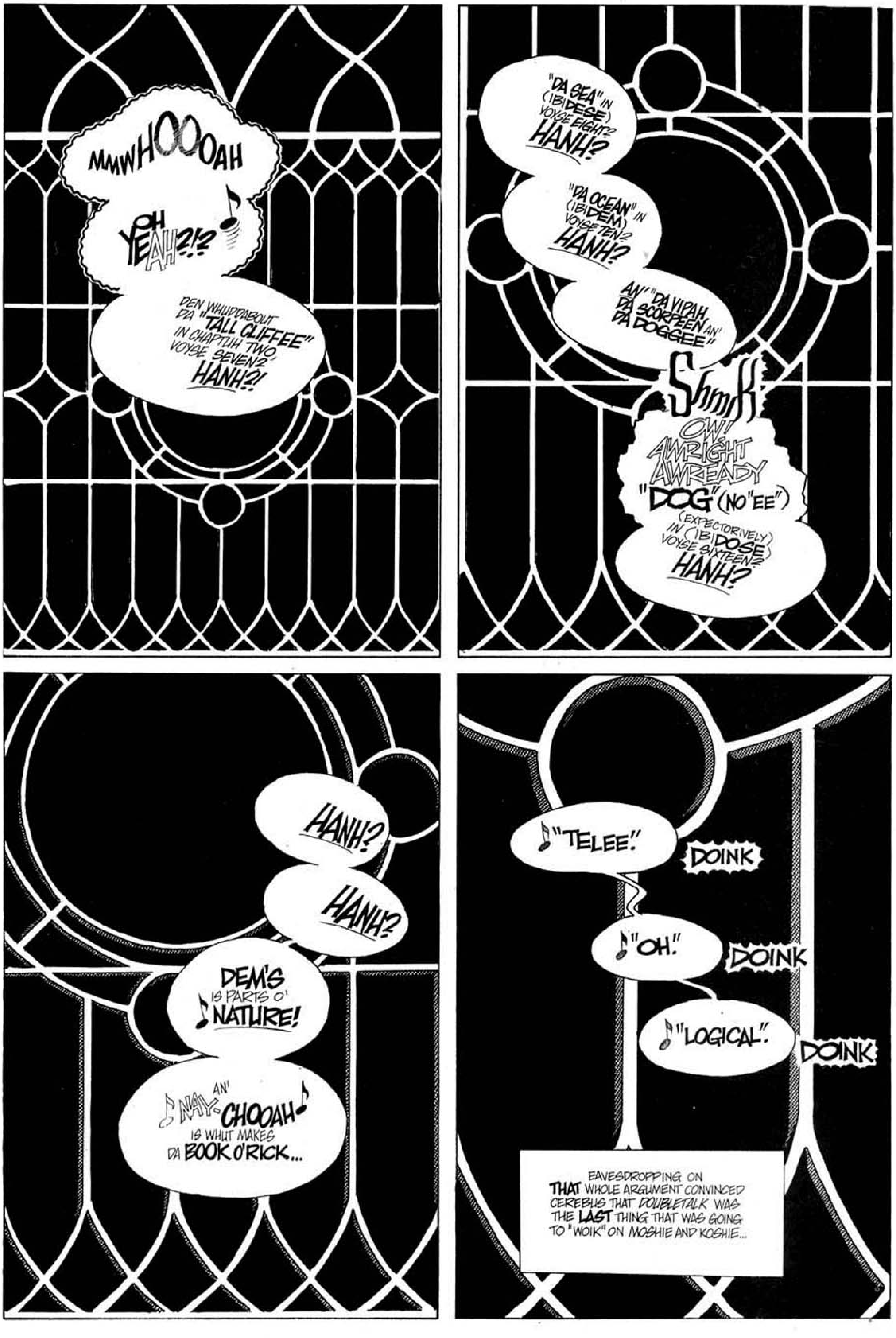

STARE DOWN AT THE (ALSO) INTRICATELY CARVED "STOOLS OF THE BAR... UPON CEREBUS' RIGHT HAND" (RICK 3:24)
STARE DOWN AT THE INTRICATELY CARVED "STOOLS OF THE BAR ... UPON CEREBUS' LEFT HAND" (IBID)
OR
GET A SERIOUS CRICK IN HIS NECK BY TRYING TO STARE UP...
UP...
UP...
UP...
AT THE PARTITION WHICH "ASCENDED TO THE FULL HEIGHT OF THE (SOON-TO-BE) NORTH WALL ...
AND WAS ATTACHED TO THE CEILING OF THE SANCTUARY." (RICK 3:33)
... AND THINK TO HIMSELF ...
"CEREBUS HAS TO GET OUTTA HERE!"
BECAUSE (WHATEVER ELSE THEY MIGHT BE) THESE GUYS WERE (PRETTY CLEARLY)

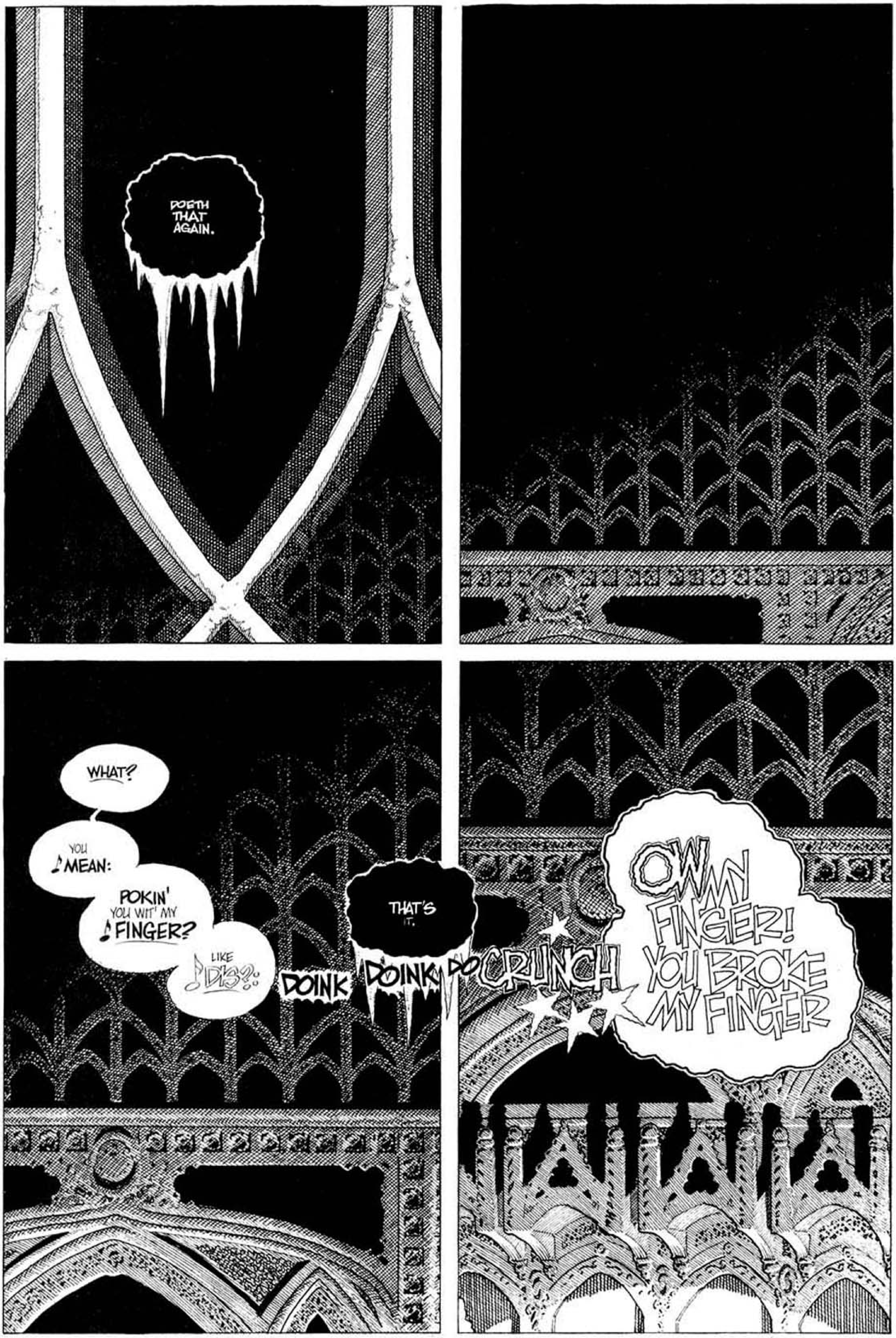

COMPLETELY AND TOTALLY INSANE
HEY, MOSHIE! I GOTTA QUESTION.
WHADJA DO TO HIS HAIR?

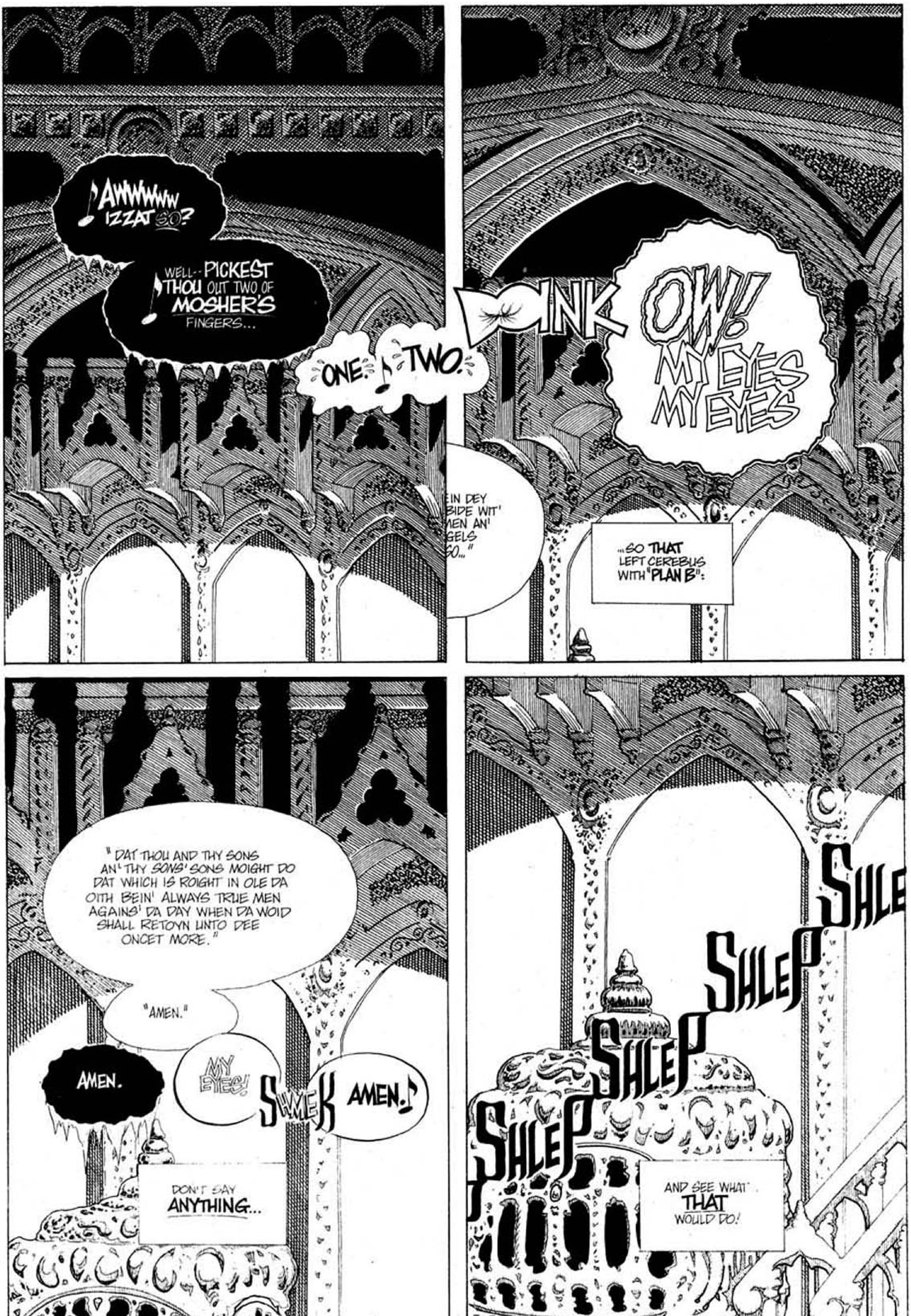

DOTH THOU LIKE IT?
IT DIDST OCCURRETH UNTO MOSHER THAT A NEW "DO" MIGHT SOYVETH TO EXACERBATE THE GREAT CEREBUS' NATURAL SAVWAR FAIRY.
YOU KNOW WHAT IT LOOKS LIKE?
IT LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY FOUND A LITTLE WHITE BOWL
TOYNED IT UPSIDE DOWN
AN' CEREBUS FELL OUT!
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEK
OW!



CEREBUS HAD QUITE A BIT OF TIME -- WHILE THEY WERE RECITING THE "BOOKEE OF RICKEE" TO HIM -- TO DECIDE HOW CEREBUS WAS GOING TO GET OUT OF THIS. FIRST (CEREBUS THOUGHT) HE WOULD TRY SOME DOUBLETALK ON 'EM! (AFTER ALL CEREBUS HAD BEEN -- ahem -- BOTH PRIME MINISTER AND POPE, SO CEREBUS) (TO SAY THE LEAST) (KNEW FROM DOUBLETALK)
AN' OYM TELLIN' YOUSE DAT D' BOOKEE ...
ShmiK
... OW. DA BOOK OF RICK IS TELEOLOGICAL!
TELEOLOGICAL THY MUDDAH'S MUSTACHE...
...IT'S ESCHATOLOGICAL.
MMMM!
TELEOLOGICAL I TELL YA!
AN' YOU LEAVE MOY MUDDAH'S FACIAL HAIR OUTTA DIS!
LISTEN, MOZZARELLA
THE BOOK OF RICK CULMINATETH IN CHAPTAH THUHTEEN, VAHRSE THUHTEEN: "THAT WOID WHICH SHALL BE TO ALL MEN AND IN THE WHICH ALL MEN SHALL BE COMMANDED IN BRINGING AN END-TO-DIS-AGE WHICH HATH OVAHTUHNED ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS..." (AN'SETRA, AN'SETRA)
THAT MAKETH IT ESCHATOLOGICAL, PEBBLE BRAIN


MMWHOOOAH
OH YEAH?!?
DEN WHUDDABOUT DA "TALL CLIFFEE" IN CHAPTUH TWO, VOYSE SEVEN? HANH?!
"DA SEA" IN (IBIDESE) VOYSE EIGHT? HANH?
"DA OCEAN" IN (IBIDEM) VOYSE TEN? HANH?
AN' "DA VIPAH, DA SCORPEEN AN' DA DOGGEE"
Shmk
OW! AWRIGHT AWREADY "DOG" (NO "EE") (EXPECTORIVELY) IN (IBIDOSE) VOYSE SIXTEEN? HANH?
HANH?
HANH?
DEM'S IS PARTS O' NATURE!
AN' NAY-CHOOAH IS WHUT MAKES DA BOOK O'RICK...
"TELEE."
DOINK
"OH."
DOINK
"LOGICAL."
DOINK
EAVESDROPPING ON THAT WHOLE ARGUMENT CONVINCED CEREBUS THAT DOUBLETALK WAS THE LAST THING THAT WAS GOING TO "WOIK" ON MOSHIE AND KOSHIE...


DOETH THAT AGAIN.
WHAT?
YOU MEAN:
POKIN' YOU WIT' MY FINGER?
LIKE DIS?
DOINK
THAT'S IT.
DOINK
DO
CRUNCH
OW MY FINGER! YOU BROKE MY FINGER



AWWWWW IZZAT SO?
WELL-- PICKEST THOU OUT TWO OF MOSHER'S FINGERS...
ONE. TWO.
DOINK
OW! MY EYES MY EYES
EIN DEY BIDE WIT' MEN AN' GELS SO..."
...SO THAT LEFT CEREBUS WITH "PLAN B":
" DAT THOU AND THY SONS AN' THY SONS' SONS MOIGHT DO DAT WHICH IS ROIGHT IN OLE DA OITH BEIN' ALWAYS TRUE MEN AGAINS' DA DAY WHEN DA WOID SHALL RETOYN UNTO DEE ONCET MORE."
"AMEN."
AMEN.
MY EYES!
SWMEK
AMEN.
DON'T SAY ANYTHING...
SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLE
AND SEE WHAT THAT WOULD DO!



"WILT THOU NOW SPEAK UNTO THY SOYVINTS THE WOID OF TRUTH WHICH WAS PROMISED US OF DA PROPHET RICK?"
NA NA NEEEEE
WELL...
...IT DIDN'T DO MUCH OF ANYTHING. WE'D JUST STARE AT EACH OTHER A MINUTE OR SO...
AND THEN LOSHIE, MOSHIE AND KOSHIE WOULD DECLARE:
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DEM♪
MMMM!♪
(WHAT'S EATING THOU?)
...PUT CEREBUS' GAG BACK ON...
I♪ T'INK WE OUGHTA HAVE ANUDDER ♪WISE FELLA...
SO'S ♪I GOT SUMBUDDY TA "PAYSS IT ON" WIT'
WHENSOBEIT THAT THOU FINDEST♪ HIM?
♪YEAH?
GIVEST HIM THIS.
SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP
SHMEK
...AND GO ON ABOUT THEIR BUSINESS AS IF CEREBUS WASN'T EVEN THERE...


WHATEVER HOPE CEREBUS HAD THAT THEY WOULD JUST... GET BORED AND... LET CEREBUS GO... FADED AS SPRING TURNED INTO SUMMER AND THE TEMPERATURE IN THE SANCTUARY STARTED TO SOAR.
CEREBUS WAS EITHER (CEREBUS DECIDED) GOING TO HAVE TO TRY SOMETHING... OR MAKE UP HIS MIND TO JUST STAY BOUND IN PLACE "UPON BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD HAVING MANY SPLINTERS WHICH VEXED AND TROUBLED HIM SORELY" (RICK 3:18) FOR THE REST OF HIS LIFE!
AND – SINCE ALL CEREBUS WAS BEING FED WERE "GOOD VICTUALS AND HEALTHY (AND A LITTLE WINE FOR HIS STOMACH'S SAKE)" (RICK 13:12) WHO KNEW HOW LONG THAT MIGHT TURN OUT TO BE?
WILT THOU NOW SPEAK UNTO THY SERVANTS THE WORD OF TRUTH WHICH WAS PROMISED US OF THE PROPHET RICK?
?
!
!!
!!!


"HERRING."
SEE (THE WAY CEREBUS LOOKED AT IT) IT WAS BETTER (SEEING AS HOW CEREBUS WAS DEALING WITH COMPLETE AND TOTAL FANATICS (OF SOME KIND OR OTHER) TO START SMALL AND (YOU KNOW) BUILD FROM THERE: START WITH (LITERALLY) ONE "WORD OF TRUTH" -- "HERRING" -- AND SEE WHAT HAPPENS. (YEARS LATER -- WHEN CEREBUS RE-READ EVERY "ISSUE" OF GARTH INNISCENT'S RABBI CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE MUST HAVE SUBCONSCIOUSLY REMEMBERED "ISSUE" TWENTY-THREE: "NOT ALL MY HERRING SHALL SAVE ME!" WHICH (FRANKLY) DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF AN IMPACT ON CEREBUS THE FIRST TIME THROUGH BECAUSE ONLY ONE GUY DIED IN THAT ONE (RABBI SWUNG HIM AROUND BY HIS ANKLES) (YOU MAY RECALL) (SO THAT THE GUY'S HEAD WAS SMASHED LIKE A PIECE OF FRUIT AGAINST THE DOORPOSTS AND THE LINTEL OF RABBI'S SHTETL OF SOLITUDE) (AN INTERESTING WAY TO KILL A GUY, SURE -- BUT HANDLED MUCH MORE EFFECTIVELY) (CEREBUS THOUGHT) (IN RABBI "ISSUE" EIGHT'S "(UNLEAVENED) BREAD, (BITTER) HERBS, (BLOODY) ABATTOIR!"
(CEREBUS SHOULD FIND OUT WHO DREW THE PICTURES IN RABBI SOME DAY)
(SOME OF THEM ARE REALLY GOOD)
ANYWAY -- EVERYTHING WENT VERY QUIET IN THE SANCTUARY. MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE JUST... STOOD THERE... LETTING IT SINK IN:
"HERRING?"
COULD... "HERRING"... BE THE WORD OF TRUTH THAT RICK HAD PROMISED THEM?
(MORE IMPORTANT -- COULD CEREBUS GET AWAY WITH CONVINCING THEM THAT "HERRING" WAS THE WORD OF TRUTH?)
JUST WHEN IT LOOKED AS IF CEREBUS WAS GOING TO GET AWAY WITH IT: SUDDENLY:
DRAMATICALLY:


PICKLED!
SMOKED!
SALTED!
OH, NO!
(JUST WHAT CEREBUS WAS AFRAID OF)
WISE FELLOW SCHISM!
(A REGULAR PERCUSSION SECTION OF MAYHEM FOLLOWED)
IT'S LOIK I TOLJEZ: WE'E SUPPOSETA STAY PICKLED! ALL DAY:
"SEEKEST THOU STRONGEE DRINKEE?" (RICKEE CHAPTUH ONE VOYSE TWO)
TUMP
CLONK
OW!
DOINK!
BAS
SHMEK
SHMAK
"BE CONTENT WITH THINE OWN CUP," MAGGOT BRAIN
(AND CEASE THE PRONOUNCING OF THY SILENT E'S)
DONK
LISTEN NIGHTINGALE. WHEREFORE DOEST THOU ASSAIL THE EARDRUMS OF MOSHER?
MWOOOAH!
A PILLAR OF SMOKE SHALL LEAD US BY DAY!
BONK
OW
NA-NA NEEEEE!
GIVETH THY HEAD A SHAVE, PORCUPINE
HE WARNETH US NOT TO LOOK BACK UPON AFORETIMES
LEST WE TURNETH INTO PILLARS OF SALT.
CHEE, OY NEVAH THOAT O' DAT.
I'M POUREEN' MOYSELF A "MORNEEN' CUP..."
"...AN' DAT IN A FULL MEASURE" (ASTDRICKS)
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEK
CRASH!
NOW LOOK WHAT YA DID!
BONK
PIPETH DAHN.
MMMM
HOW WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF I BROKE A WHOLE BOTTLE OF YOAH AFTUH-SHAVEE CUHLOANEE?
(ASTDRICKS) BOOKEE OF ...RICK 1:17...
OW
SHME
WELL... I WISH SUMBUDDY'D BREAK A WHOLE BOTTLE O' MOSHIE'S AFTUH-SHAVE...
PEE. YOU.
KONK
OW!
WHO ASKEST THOU?
LISTEN, MOSHIE... YOAH GETTIN' ME MAYD!
(FROM ONE SIDE OF THE "SANCT-VARRY" "UNTO" THE OTHER)
YEAH?
WHAT INTENDEST THOU? OR-
? SAY!
CAREFUL NOW-THAT ROPE HOLDETH UP THE
THE
THE
KLONG
...ANVIL?
I C'N NEVEH REMEMBEH DAT WOID NEITHEH
(NYUK NYUK NYUK)

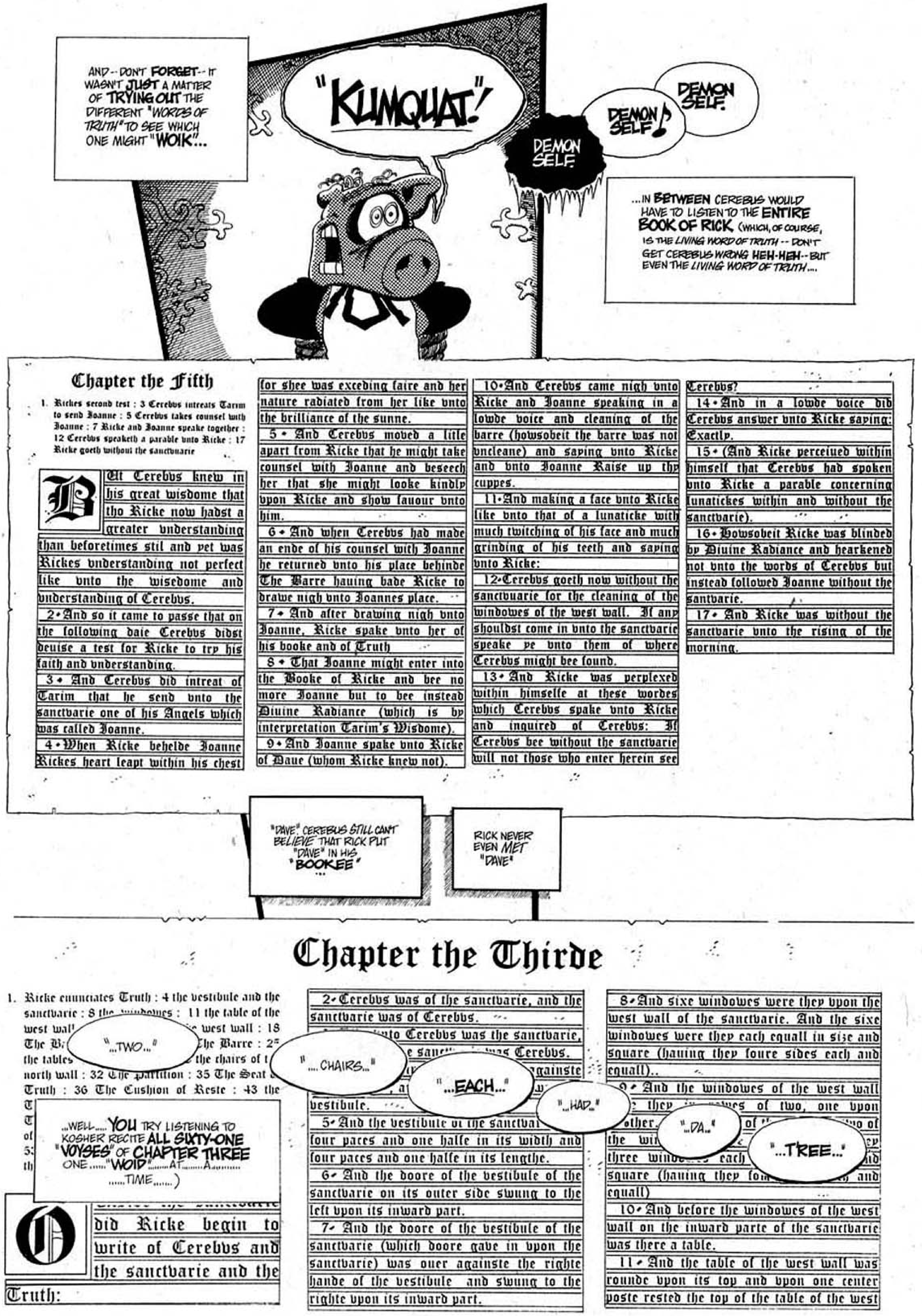


(IT WAS THE ANVIL THAT TOLD CEREBUS THE WHOLE THING WAS GETTING A LITTLE OUT OF HAND.)
HEYY!
WHE'E YA GOIN' MOSHIE?
OH! UH...
MOSHER DESIREST TO CHECK AND SEE IF THOSE RIVETS LOSHIE LEFT IN THE FAHNACE OF ETOYNAL FIRE HATH HEATETH UPPETH SUFFICIENTLY...
OHH...
SO HOW THEY DOIN'?
OH.
THEY PASSETH MUSTER.
SSSSSS
YING
ZIP
CLANG CLANG CLANG
MOSHIE! STOP! T'INK WHUT Y'DOEEN!
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP
MOSHER IS THINKETHING UPON WHATSOBE HE DOETH:
ZIP
THAT SOBE WHY MOSHER SMILETH
CLANG CLANG CLANG
(IT WAS THE WHIPPING RED-HOT RIVETS AT EACH OTHER THAT TOLD CEREBUS THESE WISE FELLOWS WERE CAPABLE OF KILLING EACH OTHER AND (MORE IMPORTANTLY) (THUS) LEAVING CEREBUS TO STARVE TO DEATH ON THE BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD!)
RED HOT RIVET IN MOY UNDA-WAYRE!
JUMP HOP HOP JUMP
SAY, WHUT WUZ DA NAYME UV DA BAYND WHUT FOIST PUHFOAMED "RED-HOT RIVET IN MOY UNDAWAYRE"?
NO... IT WASN'T "SHRIEK"
(IT WAS SOME BAYND LOIK DAT, THOUGH)
WAST IT: "FIRE-TONGS CRUSHETH THY SEPTUM" PERADVENTURE?
NO. "FIRE-TONGS CRUSHETH THY SEPTUM" WUZ DA NAME OF "SHRIEK'S" PUBLISHEEN' COMPNEE'. DEY HELD ALL O' "SHRIEK'S" COPYRIGH...
SCORCH
CRUNCH
NYUNG NYUNG NYUNG
UNCH UNCH
(AS A LOW-FLYING RIVET GRAZED CEREBUS' SCALP)...
(...CEREBUS FIGURED HE BETTER DO SOMETHING...)
(...QUICK!)
CLANG CLANG CLANG
"SPECKLED!"
(YELLED CEREBUS)



NOW (TO THIS DAY) CEREBUS HAS NO IDEA IF THERE EVEN IS SUCH A THING AS A "SPECKLED HERRING."
(CEREBUS REALLY HAS TO MAKE A POINT OF LOOKING IT UP SOMETIME)
BUT (THE THING WAS) IT SEEMED TO WORK! THE THREE WISE FELLOWS JUST FROZE...
(...RIGHT IN MID-SCHISM...)
OW.
OW.
OW.
...THE RED-HOT RIVET...
CLANK
...FOUND ITS WAY OUT OF LOSHIE'S UNDERWEAR
OW.
OW.
OW.
HERE.
HOLDEST THOU THIS.
IN FACT... "SPECKLED HERRING" WORKED LIKE A CHARM.
SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP


W.
OW.
OW.
OW.
OW.
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.♪
DEMON SELF.
PAF PAF.. PAF
A BAD LUCK CHARM...! (...HOW BAD A BAD LUCK CHARM?)
A BAD LUCK CHARM SO BAD THAT..(EVIDENTLY)... NOT ONLY DID IT POISON "SPECKLED HERRING" AS A "WORD OF TRUTH"...
(AS SUMMER BECAME FALL AND THE TEMPERATURE IN THE "SANCT-VARRY" STARTED TO DROP AGAIN)
"SWORDFISH"!
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.♪
DEMON SELF.
IT POISONED EVERY OTHER "WORD OF TRUTH" CEREBUS COULD THINK OF, TOO!
"SHOELACES"!
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.♪
SAY, MOSHIE.. DESE FIREY TONGS IS REALLY STAHTIN' TA HOIT.♪
SHMEKOW
PULLETH THE HANDLES APAHT, LAME-BRAIN.
MWOOOOAH♪
DAT FEELS A LOT♪ BETTAH!
NYUK NYUK NYUK



AND -- DON'T FORGET -- IT WASN'T JUST A MATTER OF TRYING OUT THE DIFFERENT "WORDS OF TRUTH" TO SEE WHICH ONE MIGHT "WOIK"...
"KUMQUAT!"
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF♪
DEMON SELF.
...IN BETWEEN CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO LISTEN TO THE ENTIRE BOOK OF RICK (WHICH, OF COURSE, IS THE LIVING WORD OF TRUTH -- DON'T GET CEREBUS WRONG HEH-HEH -- BUT EVEN THE LIVING WORD OF TRUTH....
Chapter the Fifth
1. Rickes second test : 3 Cerebvs intreats Tarim to send Joanne : 5 Cerebvs takes counsel with Joanne : 7 Ricke and Joanne speake together : 12 Cerebvs speaketh a parable vnto Ricke : 17 Ricke goeth without the sanctvarie
But Cerebvs knew in his great wisdome that tho Ricke now hadst a greater vnderstanding than beforetimes stil and yet was Rickes vnderstanding not perfect like vnto the wisedome and vnderstanding of Cerebvs.
2• And so it came to passe that on the following daie Cerebvs didst deuise a test for Ricke to try his faith and vnderstanding.
3• And Cerebvs did intreat of Tarim that he send vnto the sanctvarie one of his Angels which was called Joanne.
4• When Ricke beheld Joanne Rickes heart leapt within his chest for shee was exceding faire and her nature radiated from her like vnto the brilliance of the sunne.
5• And Cerebvs moved a litle apart from Ricke that he might take counsel with Joanne and beseech her that she might looke kindly vpon Ricke and show favour vnto him.
6• And when Cerebvs had made an ende of his counsel with Joanne he returned vnto his place behinde The Barre hauing bade Ricke to drawe nigh vnto Joannes place.
7• And after drawing nigh vnto Joanne, Ricke spake vnto her of his booke and of Truth
8• That Joanne might enter into the Booke of Ricke and bee no more Joanne but to bee instead Diuine Radiance (which is by interpretation Tarim's Wisdome).
9• And Joanne spake vnto Ricke of Daue (whom Ricke knew not).
10• And Cerebvs came nigh vnto Ricke and Joanne speaking in a lowde voice and cleaning of the barre (howsobeit the barre was not vncleane) and saying vnto Ricke and vnto Joanne Raise up thy cuppes.
11• And making a face vnto Ricke like vnto that of a lunaticke with much twitching of his face and much grinding of his teeth and saying vnto Ricke:
12• Cerebvs goeth now without the sanctvuarie for the cleaning of the windowes of the west wall. If any shouldst come in vnto the sanctvarie speake ye vnto them of where Cerebvs might bee found.
13• And Ricke was perplexed within himselfe at these wordes which Cerebvs spake vnto Ricke and inquired of Cerebvs: If Cerebvs bee without the sanctvarie will not those who enter herein see Cerebvs?
14• And in a lowde voice did Cerebvs answer vnto Ricke saying: Exactly.
15• (And Ricke perceived within himself that Cerebvs had spoken vnto Ricke a parable concerning lunatickes within and without the sanctvarie).
16• Howsobeit Ricke was blinded by Diuine Radiance and hearkened not vnto the words of Cerebvs but instead followed Joanne without the santvarie.
17• And Ricke was without the sanctvarie vnto the rising of the morning.
"DAVE." CEREBUS STILL CAN'T BELIEVE THAT RICK PUT "DAVE" IN HIS "BOOKEE"...
RICK NEVER EVEN MET "DAVE"
Chapter the Thirde
1. Ricke enunciates Truth : 4 the vestibule and the sanctvarie : 8 the
west wall
The Barre
the tables
north wall : 32 The Partition : 35 The Seat
Truth : 36 The Cushion of Reste : 43 the
"...TWO..."
"...CHAIRS..."
"...EACH..."
"...HAD..."
"...DA..."
"...TREE..."
...WELL.... YOU TRY LISTENING TO KOSHER RECITE ALL SIXTY-ONE "VOYSES" OF CHAPTER THREE ONE......"WOID"......AT......A......TIME......)
did Ricke begin to write of Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and the Truth:
2• Cerebvs was of the sanctvarie, and the sanctvarie was of Cerebvs.
vestibule.
four paces and one halfe in its width and four paces and one halfe in its lengthe.
6• And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctvarie on its outer side swung to the left upon its inward part.
7• And the doore of the vestibule of the sanctvarie (which doore gave in upon the sanctvarie) was over againste the righte hande of the vestibule and swung to the righte upon its inward part.
8• And sixe windowes were they upon the west wall of the sanctvarie. And the sixe windowes were they each equall in size and square (hauing they foure sides each and equall)..
9• And the windowes of the west wall
equall)
10• And before the windowes of the west wall on the inward parte of the sanctvarie was there a table.
11• And the table of the west wall was rounde upon its top and upon one center poste rested the top of the table of the west

wall.

12· And the center poste of the table of the west wall was rounde like vnto a cylinder. Like vnto a cylinder was the center poste of the table of the west wall.

13· And the base of the table of the west wall was round like vnto the top of the table of the west wall albeit smaller was the base of the table of the west wall than the top of the table.

14· And there were two chairs ouer againste the windowes of the west wall to the north side going northward of the table of the west wall was there one chair and to the south side going southward of the table of the west wall was there an other chair.

15· And each of the chairs ouer againste the windowes of the west wall had each of them a backe vpon them.

16· And the backes of the chairs of the west wall were they both square (like vnto the doore and the windowes) vpon their downward side; and rounde (like vnto the top of the table and the base of the table of the west wall) vpon their upward side.

17· And the backes of the chairs of the west wall rested vpon two small postes like vnto cylinders (tho not so large as the centerposte of the table of the west wall) which ioined the backes of the chairs to the seates of the chairs of the west wall. Like vnto the small postes were the legges of the chairs of the west wall. And four legges had each chair being round like vnto the two small postes.

18· Standing froward of the South Wall was The Barre behinde which stood Cerebvs (stood hee vpon boxes of vnfinished wood hauing many splintres which vexed and troubled him sorely)

19· And the length of The Barre was eighteen paces. Eighteen paces was the length of The Barre standing froward of the South Wall.

20· And before The Barre of the South Wall stood there sixe stooles.

21· And the stooles of The Barre were taller than the chairs of the table of the west wall. Like vnto the chairs of the west wall were the stooles of The Barre excepte hauing they no backes and being they taller and the seates of the stooles of The Barre being round like vnto the top of the table of the west wall.

22· And like vnto the legges of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the legges of the stooles of The Barre and round.

23· And the stooles of The Bar[...] sixe in n[...]mbre [...] stooles c[...]

24· An[...] stooles of The Barre were vpon Cerebvses right hande, and three of the stooles of The Barre were vpon Cerebvses left hande.

25· And ouer againste the north wall were there three tables. Three tables were there ouer againste the north wall.

26· Like vnto the table of the west wall were the three tables of the north wall excepte that the three tables of the north wall were taller than the table of the west wall and the tops of the three tables of the north wall were of smaller circumference than the top of the table of the west wall.

27· But the centre postes of the three tables of the north wall were alike vnto the centre poste of the table of the west wall in their circumference; and the bases of the tables of the north wall were alike vnto the base of the table of the west wall.

28· And each of the three tables of the north wall had they two chairs each. Two chairs each had the three tables of the north wall.

29· And each of the three tables of the north wall had they one chair vpon their east side running eastward; and each of the three tables of the north wall had they one chair vpon their west side running westward.

30· Like unto the stooles of The Barre were the chairs of the tables of the north wall, excepte that the chairs of the tables of the north wall had they backes which in the stooles of The Barre were lacking thereof.

31· Like vnto the backes of the chairs of the table of the west wall were the backes of the chairs of the tables of the north wall.

32· And vpon the north wall of the sanctvarie, eastward of the three tables of the north wall was The Partition.

33· And The Partition was foure paces in its width and was halfe of one hands width in its depth and The Partition was attached to the north wall and ascended to the full height of the north wall and was attached to the ceiling of the sanctvarie.

34· And The Partition stood out from the north wall rvnning southward foure paces.

35· Eastward of The Partition ouer againste the north wall (two paces eastward) was the Seate of Truth, hewen of the finest timbres and of square beames.

36· Vpon the backe of the Seate of Truth was the Cushion of Reste, rounde and woven of the finest silke and embroidered with threade of blew and scarlett and purple.

37· And vpon the Seate of Truth sat Ricke with his Booke iudging al matters as they pertained to Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and Truth.

38· It was vpon the Seate of Truth that Ricke was first told of Goe On and Beate It and Scramme by Cerebvs, that Ricke might write his booke of Cerebvs and the sanctvarie and Truth.

[...]· Likewise [...] Ricke vpon the [...] Truth [...] did call [...] Queene of [...] to test R[...] his faith.

40· Still likewise was Ricke upon the Seate of Truth when Cerebvs was taken by his Daemon Selfe and sought to imprison Ricke in the depths of the Infinitie Serpents realm.

41· Ricke was of the Seate of Truth and the Seate of Truth was of Ricke.

42· Like vnto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like vnto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

43· Eastward of the Seate of Truth was the Table of the Foure.

44· And the Table of the Foure stood on the left hande of Ricke when he sat vpon the Seat of Truth.

45· Like vnto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall was the Table of the Foure excepte that the Table of the Foure was shorter than either the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. Also was the Table of the Foure greater in the circumference of its top than the table of the west wall or the three tables of the north wall. In all other respects was the Table of the Foure like



vnto the table of the west wall and the three tables of the north wall.

46· Of the Table of the Foure was it that Ricke saw his vision of the ende of daies of Cerebvs and of the sanctvarie and of Trvth in the latter daies.

47· And Ricke spake not vnto Cerebvs of his vision of the latter daies for such was it giuen vnto Ricke of the Seate of Truth that Ricke onely should see these things.

48· Like vnto Ricke was the Seate of Truth and like vnto the Seate of Truth was Ricke.

49· And ouer againste the south wall eastward of the Barre (which side of the Barre being of a strait line with the Partition) and standing before the Seate of Truth was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries.

50· And the Tableaux of the Sanctuaries spoke to the Seate of Truth and to Ricke of all things concerning Cerebvs and the sanctuarie and the Truth.

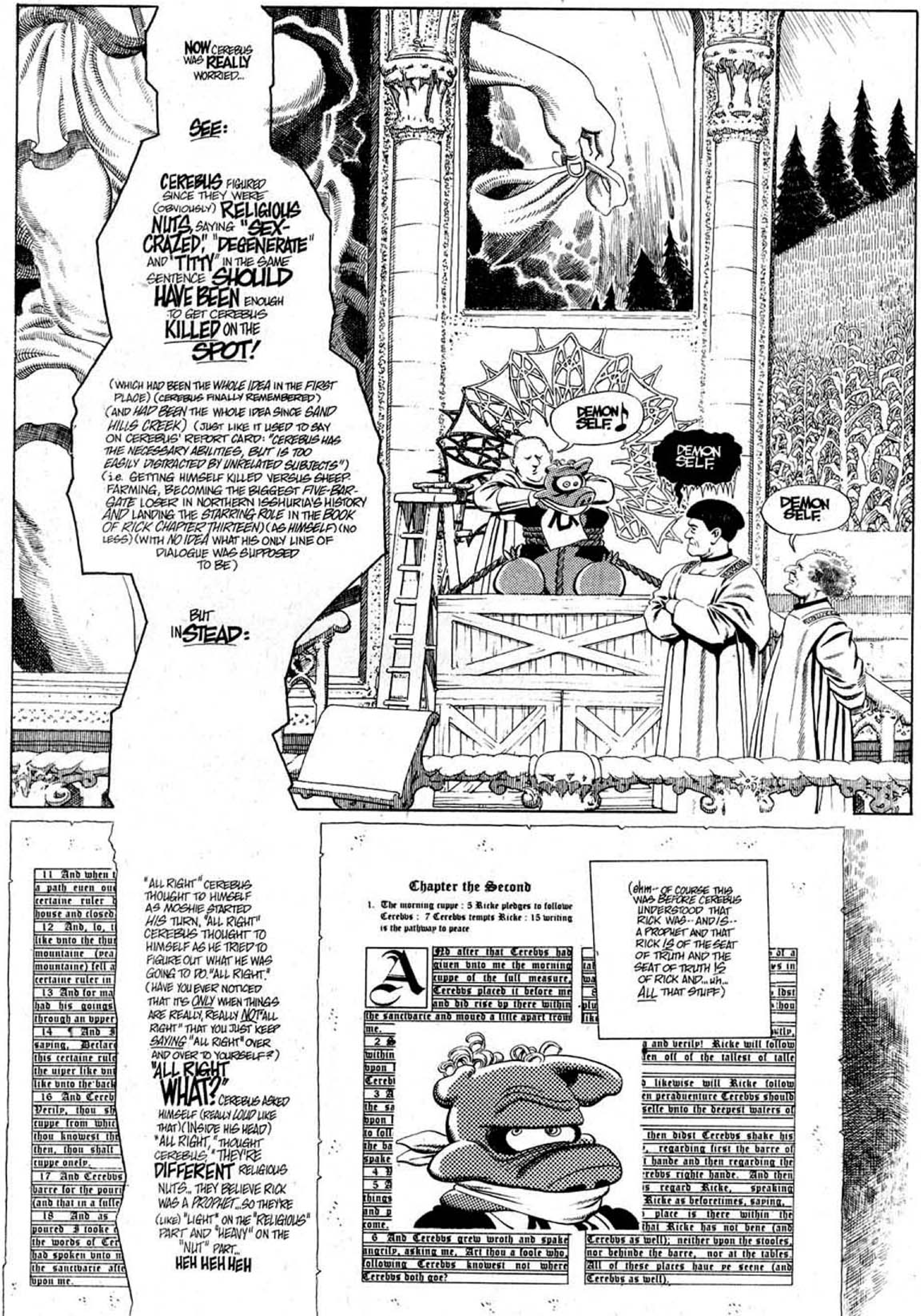
51· Of foure parts was the Tableux of the Sanctuaries and of the Tableux of the Sanctuaries was there foure parts.

52· Of the firste part of the Tableaux of the Sanctuaries was the Seate of the Left Hande standing at the corner of the west wall and of the south wall froward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation [...] of the Infinitie Serpent for the Seate [...] Left Hande was the Infinitie [...] Seate.

[...] And to the ri[...] of the Left Hande stood the [...] Wood. froward of the Table of the Foure and hauing as its righte interpretation one of the chairs of the Table of the Foure. And the interpretation was of the Infinitie Serpent for the wood of the Boxe of the Wood were the soules of those held by the Infinite Serpent. And the interpretation was also of Tarim for the wood of the Boxe of the Wood held likewise the soules



AFTER ONE PARTICULARLY EXCRUTIATING "KOSHIE TURN" (HE KEPT LOSING HIS PLACE IN CHAPTER THREE AND) (AAAAAAAAAGHHHH!) (STARTING OVER AGAIN AT THE BEGINNING) WHEN HE FINALLY FINISHED ASKED THE "WORD OF TRUTH" QUESTION AND TOOK CEREBUS' GAG OFF CEREBUS JUST BUST OUT WITH:
LISTEN! YOU'VE GOT THE WRONG GUY!
SERIOUSLY! FRED IS JUST A RUN-OF-THE-MILL SEX-CRAZED CRIMINAL DEGENERATE TITTY-BAR OWNER!
DO YOU HAVE ANY ADVOYCE♪ FOR A FELLA LOOKIN' TA GET INTA DAT LINE O' WOIK?
SHMAK
OW!!
MOSHER HEARDEST THAT.



NOW CEREBUS WAS REALLY WORRIED...
SEE:
CEREBUS FIGURED SINCE THEY WERE (OBVIOUSLY) RELIGIOUS NUTS, SAYING "SEX-CRAZED," "DEGENERATE" AND "TITTY" IN THE SAME SENTENCE SHOULD HAVE BEEN ENOUGH TO GET CEREBUS KILLED ON THE SPOT!
(WHICH HAD BEEN THE WHOLE IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE) (CEREBUS FINALLY REMEMBERED) (AND HAD BEEN THE WHOLE IDEA SINCE SAND HILLS CREEK) (JUST LIKE IT USED TO SAY ON CEREBUS' REPORT CARD: "CEREBUS HAS THE NECESSARY ABILITIES, BUT IS TOO EASILY DISTRACTED BY UNRELATED SUBJECTS") (i.e. GETTING HIMSELF KILLED VERSUS SHEEP FARMING, BECOMING THE BIGGEST FIVE-BAR-GATE LOSER IN NORTHERN ISSHURIA'S HISTORY AND LANDING THE STARRING ROLE IN THE BOOK OF RICK CHAPTER THIRTEEN) (AS HIMSELF) (NO LESS) (WITH NO IDEA WHAT HIS ONLY LINE OF DIALOGUE WAS SUPPOSED TO BE)
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
BUT INSTEAD:
"ALL RIGHT" CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF AS MOSHIE STARTED HIS TURN. "ALL RIGHT" CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF AS HE TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT HE WAS GOING TO DO. "ALL RIGHT." (HAVE YOU EVER NOTICED THAT IT'S ONLY WHEN THINGS ARE REALLY, REALLY NOT "ALL RIGHT" THAT YOU JUST KEEP SAYING "ALL RIGHT" OVER AND OVER TO YOURSELF?)
"ALL RIGHT WHAT?" CEREBUS ASKED HIMSELF (REALLY LOUD LIKE THAT) (INSIDE HIS HEAD)
"ALL RIGHT," THOUGHT CEREBUS, "THEY'RE DIFFERENT RELIGIOUS NUTS... THEY BELIEVE RICK WAS A PROPHET... SO THEY'RE (LIKE) "LIGHT" ON THE "RELIGIOUS" PART AND "HEAVY" ON THE "NUT" PART...
HEH HEH HEH
Chapter the Second
1. The morning cuppe : 5 Ricke pledges to followe Cerebvs : 7 Cerebvs tempts Ricke : 15 writing is the pathway to peace
AND after that Cerebvs had giuen vnto me the morning cuppe of the full measure, Cerebvs placed it before me and did rise vp there within the sanctvarie and moued a litle apart from me.
(ehm-- OF COURSE THIS WAS BEFORE CEREBUS UNDERSTOOD THAT RICK WAS-- AND IS-- A PROPHET AND THAT RICK IS OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH AND THE SEAT OF TRUTH IS OF RICK AND... uh... ALL THAT STUFF)
6 And Cerebvs grew wroth and spake angrily, asking me, Art thou a foole who, following Cerebvs knowest not where Cerebvs doth goe?
Cerebvs as well); neither vpon the stooles, nor behinde the barre, nor at the tables. All of these places haue ye seene (and Cerebvs as well).


ALL RIGHT-- SO THE THING TO DO WITH RELIGIOUS NUTS (IF YOU WANT THEM TO KILL YOU) (CEREBUS FIGURED) IS TO PERSUADE THEM THAT YOU'RE TOO EVIL TO LIVE!
UNDERAGE?
THEY WERE ALL UNDERAGE! CANDY? THE BLONDE?
COOKIE.
COOKIE! (SORRY) FRED WON HER IN A CARD GAME ...
... WHEN SHE WAS TEN!
Chapter the Thirteenth
1. Ricke addresseth the Three Wise Fellowes : 4 Binding Cerebvs : 12 Feeding Cerebvs : 14 Unbinding Cerebvs
T Three Wise Fellowes shall serue Cerebvs in the daies when it come to e that the Prophet Ricke departed from this earth:
NOTHING DOING. ...SO...
2·Ye shall knowe Cerebvs when thou seest three fingers vpon his righte hande and three fingers v al likewise knowe Cerebvs hree toes vpon his right foo vpon his left. A finger for and for each wise fellowe a
...SOOOO... CEREBUS WOULD JUST HAVE TO BE MORE EVIL.
3·Wher ned that he whom thou has surety the One Cerebvs then bind him with strong cords and bear him vnto the sanctvarie which thou hast built..
4·Bind him vnto his place behinde the barre and recite in this booke from the fir last.
5· And u n ende of reciting inq
6· Wilt th servants the worde o sed us of the Prophet
7· Then And if he speake vnto
ALL THE WAY THROUGH LOSHIE'S TURN CEREBUS TRIED TO FIGURE OUT WHAT COULD BE MORE EVIL THAN WINNING A TEN-YEAR-OLD GIRL IN A CARD GAME?
8· Then hearken ye vnto him and doe as he commaundeth thee.
9· he worde of truth s Daemon Selfe te vnto him again m the first worde
10· Forsake not a v orsake thee in the latter daies. Recite ye vnto Cerebvs each in thy turne from the first dawning of the daie euen vnto the setting of the sunne inqviring of him each time that thou has made an ende
11·Wilt thou now speake vnto thy servants the worde of truth which was promised us of the Prophet Ricke?
12· Feede Cerebvs of thy bountie good victuals and healthie (and a litle wine for his stomaches sake) keeping him bound vntil hee speake vnto thee that worde of truth that al might be fulfilled according to the worde of Ricke which is come vnto thee.
13·And when it come to passe that Cerebvs hath spoken vnto thee that worde which shalbe to all men and in the which all men should be commaunded in bringing an ende to this age which hath ouerturned all righteousness after the maner of the deuill and the viper and the scorpion
14· By that worde shal Cerebvs unbind himselfe and unbind the spirit of all men who followe in the worde of Ricke and the worde of Cerebvs.
15· Then shalt thou execute iudgement in ridding the earth of deuills and vipers and
IT WAS PRETTY EVIL (SO CEREBUS WILL JUST GIVE YOU THE "PUNCHLINE")
THE WORST PART WAS TRYING TO GET THE DIAPER BACK ON AFTER!
(SPIT-SPITTY-SPUH-TOO)
(HISSY HSSSSS)
(SNORT-SNORTY-SUH-NORT)

Chapter the Firste

1. The first morning : 4 Cerebvs rebukes Ricke : 5 Parable of the Certaine Ruler : 15 Ricke seeks explanation : 16 Cerebvs counsells Ricke to haue patience.

A N... morning was Ce... mee in the san... hee spake unt...;

STILL NOTHING DOING.

2 Seekest thou stronge drinke? And answering vnto Cerebvs I saide, Whatsoeuer shall bee sufficient vnto Cerebvs, le... sufficient vnto Ricke.

3 Then ... wroth and spake vnto ...; Seeke not the cuppe fr... has drunke. Rather, bee ... owne cuppe.

(AND THAT WAS ABOUT AS EVIL AS CEREBUS COULD GET WITHOUT MAKING HIMSELF SICK)

4 See... ment at his rebuke, hee ... vnto mee with mildnesse, saying in a parable;

5 There was a certaine ruler, who thot to make himselfe great in the eies of his friend throu... es of exceding drunkenness...

SO. THAT LEFT "PLAN ..."

6 And it ... ss that tho this certaine rule... himselfe to be a wonder and an astonishment to his friend;

7 Euen so was his friend wroth with him instead and pitied him and said inwardly, My friend the certaine ruler who lieth ... seth him...

8 ... like vnto ... vnto the ... k vp this ...

9 ... ning grea... and atri... all saue ... who coul... like vnto...



10 ... ruler had bene gone away from the certaine ruler many daies, the certaine ruler was shoveling ...

11 And ... had made a path eu... use, the certaine ... is owne house and ... him.

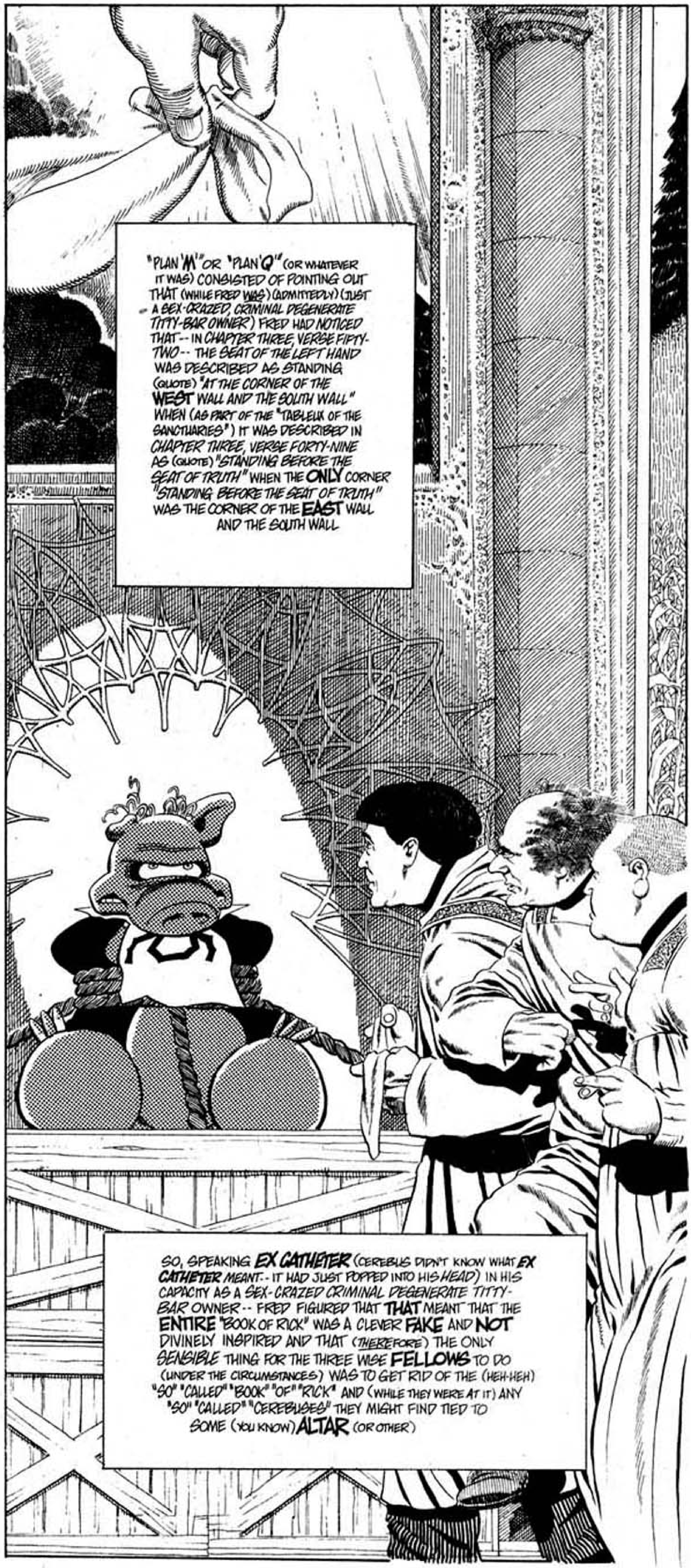
"PLAN 'WHAT'?" "PLAN 'M'?" "PLAN 'Q'"? (CEREBUS WAS RUNNING OUT OF LETTERS IN A HURRY!)

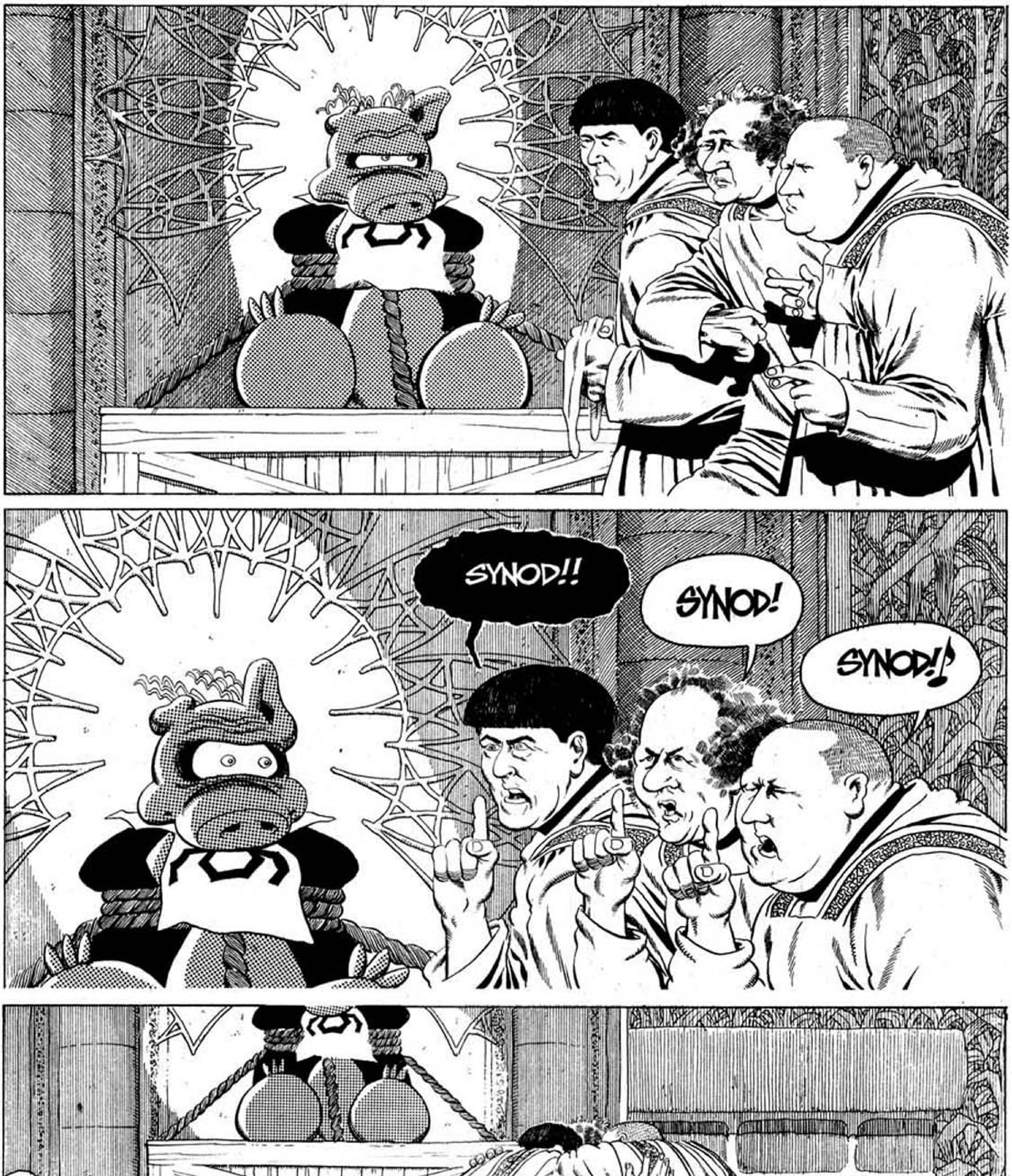
12 And, lo, there came a great sounde like vnto the thunder of many waters and a mountaine (yea, a mountaine vpon a mountaine) fell and in falling, sealed vp the certaine ruler in his house.

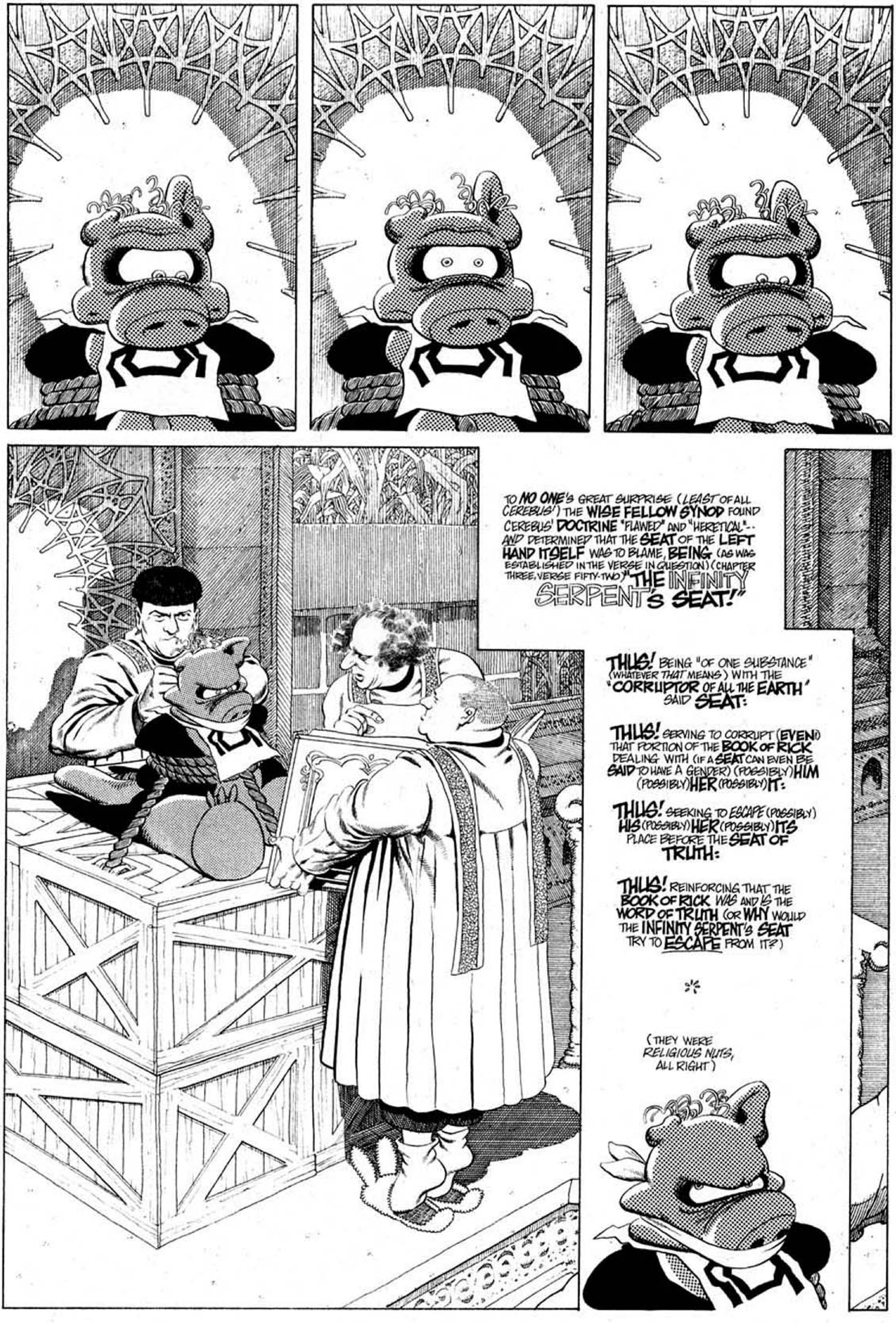
13 And for many daies this certaine ruler had his goings-out and his comings-in through an vpper windowe in his house.

14 And I inquired vnto Cerebvs, saying, Declare vnto mee the parable of this certaine ruler and of his friend and of the uiper like vnto a scorpion hauing a face like vnto the backe ende of a dogge.

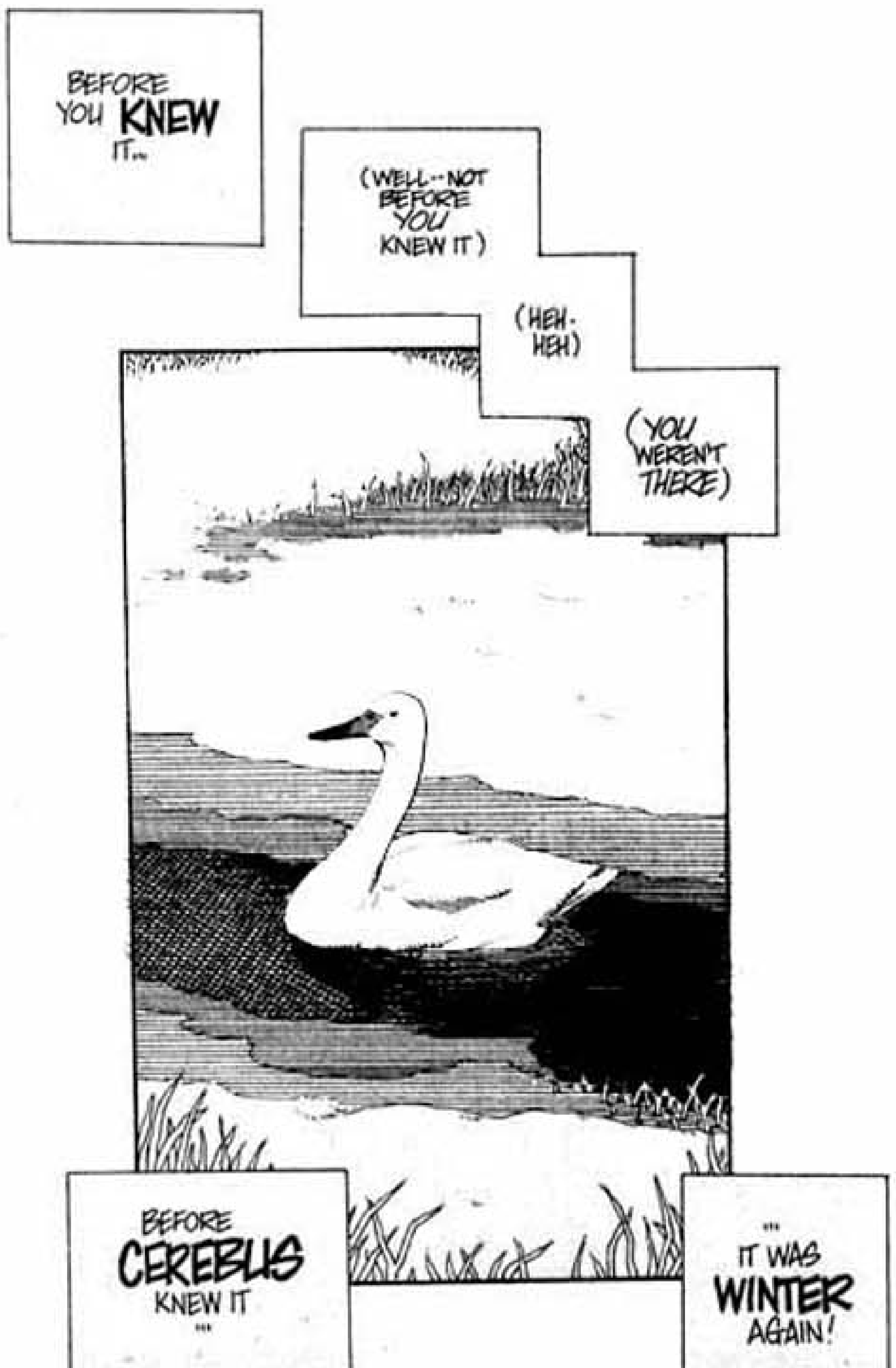
16 And Cerebvs answered mee, saying; Verily, thou shalt not drinke from the cuppe from which Cerebvs drinkes vntill thou knowest the meaning of this. Vntil then, thou shalt drinke from thine owne

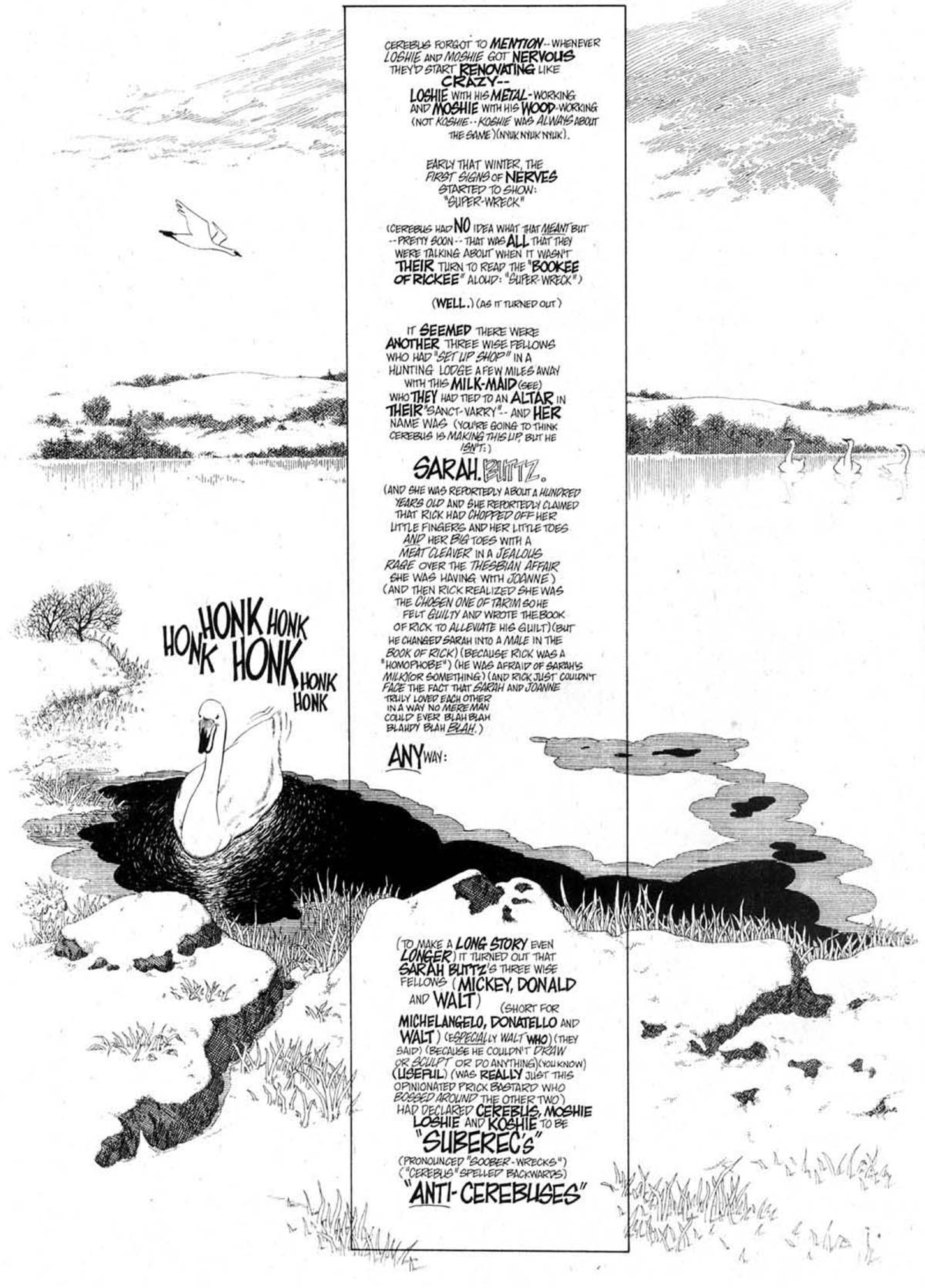



SYNOD!!
SYNOD!
SYNOD!

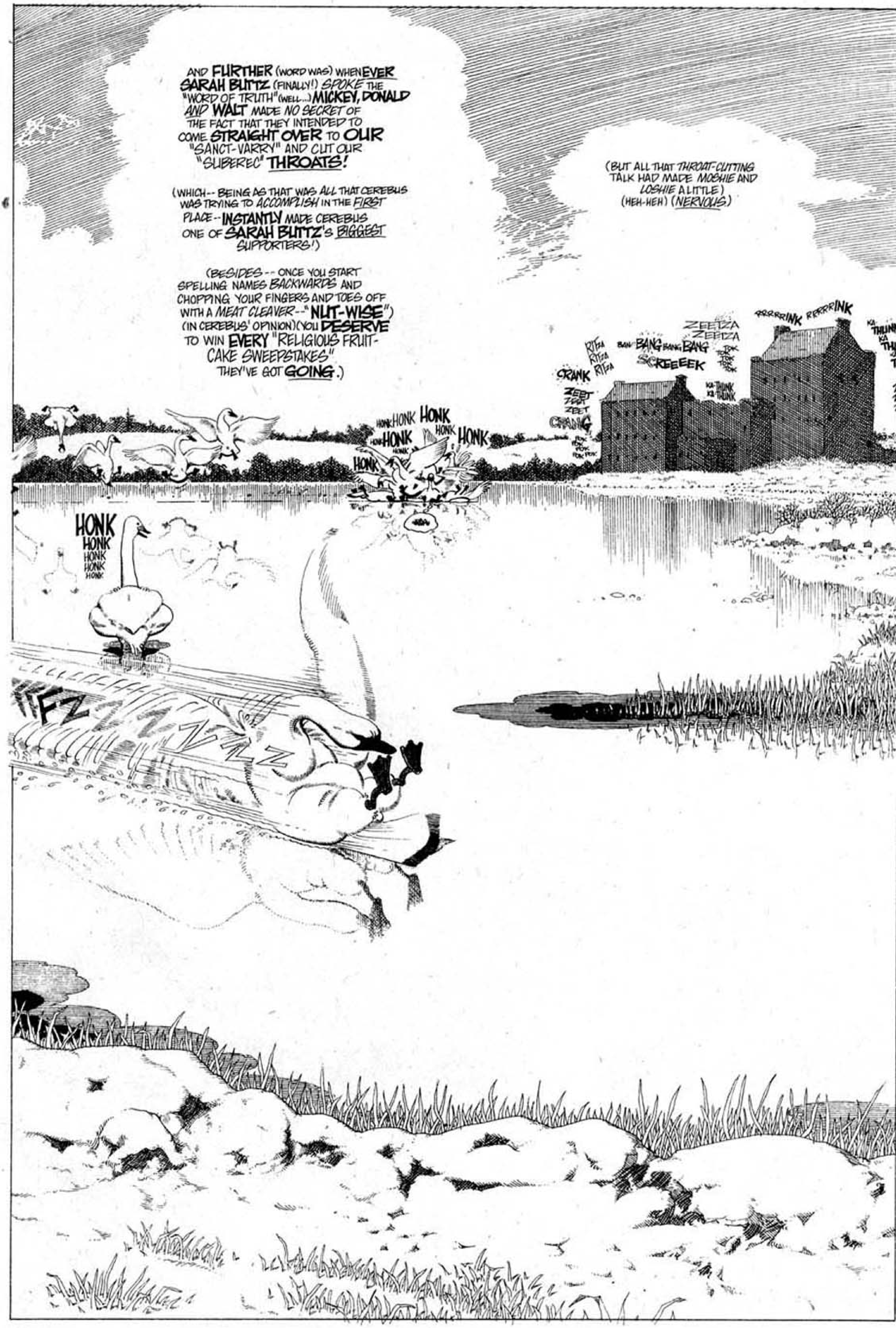

TO NO ONE'S GREAT SURPRISE (LEAST OF ALL CEREBUS') THE WISE FELLOW SYNOD FOUND CEREBUS' DOCTRINE "FLAWED" AND "HERETICAL"-- AND DETERMINED THAT THE SEAT OF THE LEFT HAND ITSELF WAS TO BLAME, BEING (AS WAS ESTABLISHED IN THE VERSE IN QUESTION) (CHAPTER THREE, VERSE FIFTY-TWO) "THE INFINITY SERPENT'S SEAT!"
THUS! BEING "OF ONE SUBSTANCE" (WHATEVER THAT MEANS) WITH THE "CORRUPTOR OF ALL THE EARTH" SAID SEAT:
THUS! SERVING TO CORRUPT (EVEN) THAT PORTION OF THE BOOK OF RICK DEALING WITH (IF A SEAT CAN EVEN BE SAID TO HAVE A GENDER) (POSSIBLY) HIM (POSSIBLY) HER (POSSIBLY) IT:
THUS! SEEKING TO ESCAPE (POSSIBLY) HIS (POSSIBLY) HER (POSSIBLY) ITS PLACE BEFORE THE SEAT OF TRUTH:
THUS! REINFORCING THAT THE BOOK OF RICK WAS AND IS THE WORD OF TRUTH (OR WHY WOULD THE INFINITY SERPENT'S SEAT TRY TO ESCAPE FROM IT?)
(THEY WERE RELIGIOUS NUTS, ALL RIGHT)


SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP
?
BY THE WAY...
WHAT DIDDEST THOU UNTO HIS HAIR?
YUH LIKE IT?
I THOAT I'D-- FLUFF IT UP A LITTLE...
YOU KNOW-- LOIK A HALO!
IT LOOKS AS IF... TWO LITTLE SHEEPS WENT FER A STROLL ACROSST HIS SCALP♪
AN' FELL IN!♪
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEKOW

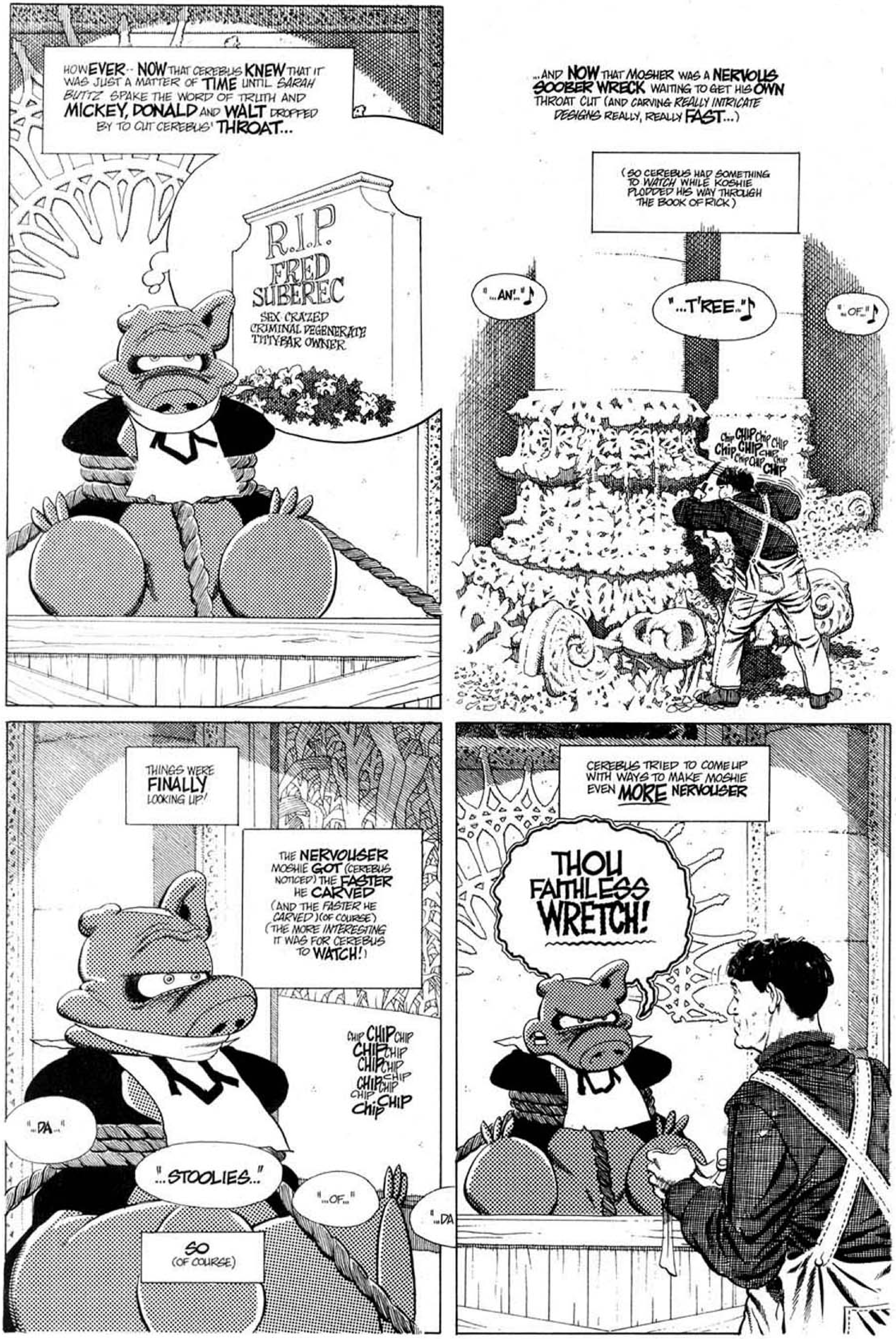

BEFORE YOU KNEW IT...
(WELL...NOT BEFORE YOU KNEW IT)
(HEH. HEH)
(YOU WEREN'T THERE)
BEFORE CEREBUS KNEW IT ...
... IT WAS WINTER AGAIN!



CEREBUS FORGOT TO MENTION -- WHENEVER LOSHIE AND MOSHIE GOT NERVOUS THEY'D START RENOVATING LIKE CRAZY--
LOSHIE WITH HIS METAL-WORKING AND MOSHIE WITH HIS WOOD-WORKING (NOT KOSHIE -- KOSHIE WAS ALWAYS ABOUT THE SAME) (NYUK NYUK NYUK).
EARLY THAT WINTER, THE FIRST SIGNS OF NERVES STARTED TO SHOW: "SUPER-WRECK"
(CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA WHAT THAT MEANT BUT -- PRETTY SOON -- THAT WAS ALL THAT THEY WERE TALKING ABOUT WHEN IT WASN'T THEIR TURN TO READ THE "BOOKEE OF RICKEE" ALOUD: "SUPER-WRECK")
(WELL.) (AS IT TURNED OUT)
IT SEEMED THERE WERE ANOTHER THREE WISE FELLOWS WHO HAD "SET UP SHOP" IN A HUNTING LODGE A FEW MILES AWAY WITH THIS MILK-MAID (SEE) WHO THEY HAD TIED TO AN ALTAR IN THEIR "SANCT-VARRY" -- AND HER NAME WAS (YOU'RE GOING TO THINK CEREBUS IS MAKING THIS UP, BUT HE ISN'T:)
SARAH. BUTTZ.
(AND SHE WAS REPORTEDLY ABOUT A HUNDRED YEARS OLD AND SHE REPORTEDLY CLAIMED THAT RICK HAD CHOPPED OFF HER LITTLE FINGERS AND HER LITTLE TOES AND HER BIG TOES WITH A MEAT CLEAVER IN A JEALOUS RAGE OVER THE THESBIAN AFFAIR SHE WAS HAVING WITH JOANNE) (AND THEN RICK REALIZED SHE WAS THE CHOSEN ONE OF TARIM SO HE FELT GUILTY AND WROTE THE BOOK OF RICK TO ALLEVIATE HIS GUILT) (BUT HE CHANGED SARAH INTO A MALE IN THE BOOK OF RICK) (BECAUSE RICK WAS A "HOMOPHOBE") (HE WAS AFRAID OF SARAH'S MILK (OR SOMETHING) (AND RICK JUST COULDN'T FACE THE FACT THAT SARAH AND JOANNE TRULY LOVED EACH OTHER IN A WAY NO MERE MAN COULD EVER BLAH BLAH BLAHDY BLAH BLAH.)
ANYWAY:
HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK
(TO MAKE A LONG STORY EVEN LONGER) IT TURNED OUT THAT SARAH BUTTZ'S THREE WISE FELLOWS (MICKEY, DONALD AND WALT) (SHORT FOR MICHELANGELO, DONATELLO AND WALT) (ESPECIALLY WALT WHO) (THEY SAID) (BECAUSE HE COULDN'T DRAW OR SCULPT OR DO ANYTHING) (YOU KNOW) (USEFUL) (WAS REALLY JUST THIS OPINIONATED PRICK BASTARD WHO BOSSED AROUND THE OTHER TWO) HAD DECLARED CEREBUS, MOSHIE LOSHIE AND KOSHIE TO BE "SUBEREC'S"
(PRONOUNCED "SOOBER-WRECKS") ("CEREBUS" SPELLED BACKWARDS)
"ANTI-CEREBUSES"



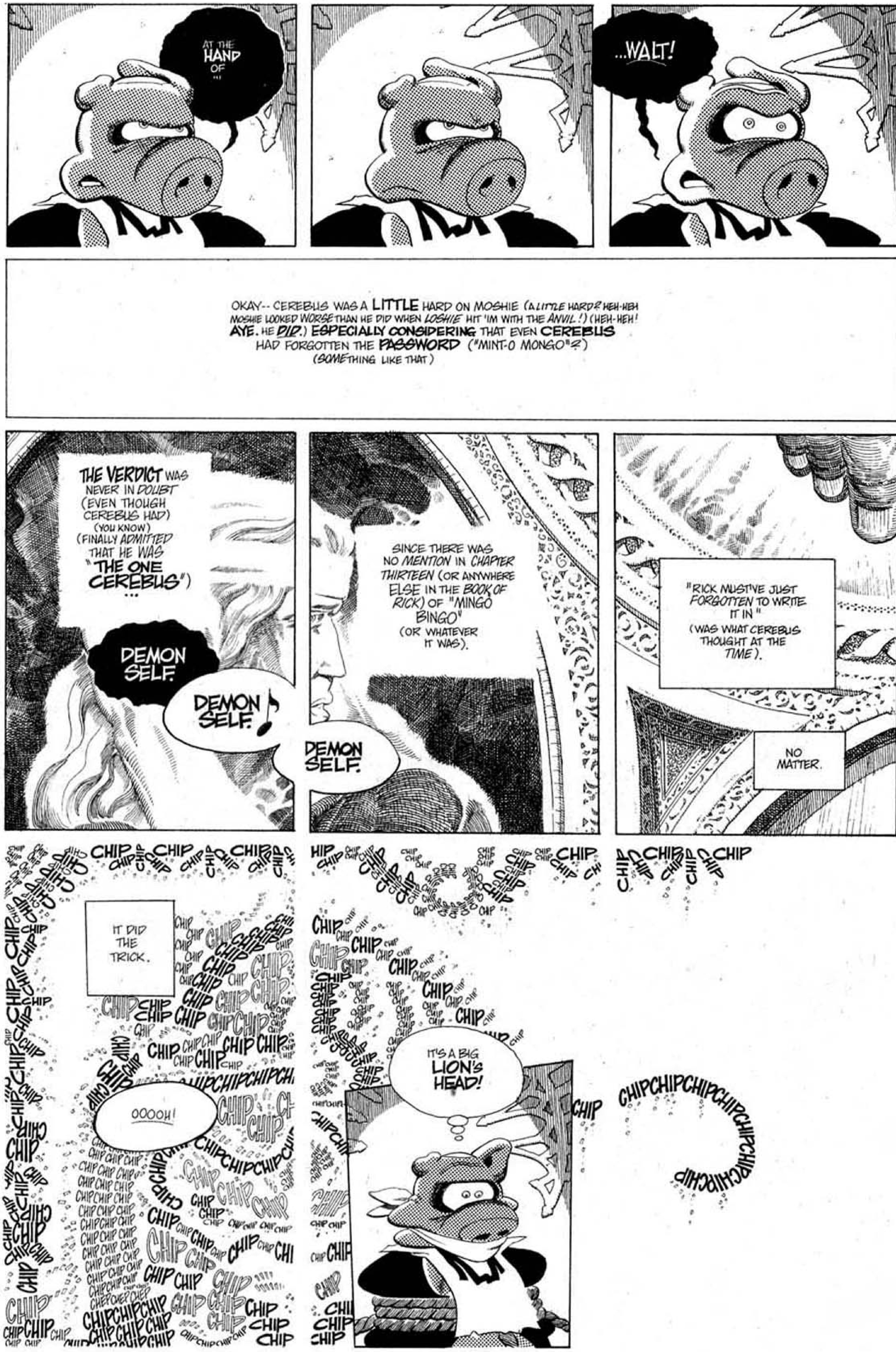
AND FURTHER (WORD WAS) WHENEVER SARAH BUTTZ (FINALLY!) SPOKE THE "WORD OF TRUTH" (WELL...) MICKEY, DONALD AND WALT MADE NO SECRET OF THE FACT THAT THEY INTENDED TO COME STRAIGHT OVER TO OUR "SANCT-VARRY" AND CUT OUR "SUBEREC" THROATS!
(WHICH-- BEING AS THAT WAS ALL THAT CEREBUS WAS TRYING TO ACCOMPLISH IN THE FIRST PLACE-- INSTANTLY MADE CEREBUS ONE OF SARAH BUTTZ'S BIGGEST SUPPORTERS!)
(BESIDES-- ONCE YOU START SPELLING NAMES BACKWARDS AND CHOPPING YOUR FINGERS AND TOES OFF WITH A MEAT CLEAVER--"NUT-WISE") (IN CEREBUS' OPINION) (YOU DESERVE TO WIN EVERY "RELIGIOUS FRUIT-CAKE SWEEPSTAKES" THEY'VE GOT GOING.)
(BUT ALL THAT THROAT-CUTTING TALK HAD MADE MOSHIE AND LOSHIE A LITTLE) (HEH-HEH) (NERVOUS.)
RRRRRINK RRRRRINK
ZEETZA ZEETZA
BANG BANG BANG
SCREEEEK
CRANK
ZEET ZEET ZEET
CRANG
KA-THUNK KA-THUNK
HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK
HONK HONK HONK HONK HONK
FZZZZZ



HOWEVER-- NOW THAT CEREBUS KNEW THAT IT WAS JUST A MATTER OF TIME UNTIL SARAH BUTTZ SPAKE THE WORD OF TRUTH AND MICKEY, DONALD AND WALT DROPPED BY TO CUT CEREBUS' THROAT...
R.I.P. FRED SUBEREC SEX-CRAZED CRIMINAL DEGENERATE TITTY-BAR OWNER
...AND NOW THAT MOSHER WAS A NERVOUS SOOBER WRECK WAITING TO GET HIS OWN THROAT CUT (AND CARVING REALLY INTRICATE DESIGNS REALLY, REALLY FAST...)
(SO CEREBUS HAD SOMETHING TO WATCH WHILE KOSHIE PLODDED HIS WAY THROUGH THE BOOK OF RICK)
"...AN'..."
"...T'REE..."
"...OF..."
Chip CHIP Chip Chip Chip CHIP CHIP Chip Chip Chip CHIP
THINGS WERE FINALLY LOOKING UP!
THE NERVOUSER MOSHIE GOT (CEREBUS NOTICED) THE FASTER HE CARVED (AND THE FASTER HE CARVED) (OF COURSE) (THE MORE INTERESTING IT WAS FOR CEREBUS TO WATCH!)
CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP Chip CHIP
"...DA..."
"...STOOLIES..."
"...OF..."
"...DA
SO (OF COURSE)
CEREBUS TRIED TO COME UP WITH WAYS TO MAKE MOSHIE EVEN MORE NERVOUSER
THOU FAITHLESS WRETCH!



IT WAS CEREBUS' FIRST TIME SPEAKING IN THAT WEIRD BOOK OF RICK LANGUAGE AND (HAVING LISTENED TO IT NONSTOP FOR MONTHS) CEREBUS WAS PRETTY GOOD AT IT (IFSOBEIT THAT CEREBUS DOTH SPEAK IN VERITIES OF HIMSELF)
PERCEIVEST THOU NOT THAT A MILK MAID HATH USURPED THY "WORD OF TRUTH"? ...
...HATH USURPED THY "WORD OF TRUTH" FOR THE SAKE OF THY TRANSGRESSIONS? AND FOR THE SAKE OF THINE INIQUITY? AND THAT THE ONE CEREBUS IS HELPLESS TO RESTORE THY WORD UNTO THEE?
FOR--OF A SURETY--THOU HAST FORGOTTEN THINE OWN "WORDS OF TRUTH" WHICH THOU WAST TO SPEAK UNTO CEREBUS!
THINE OWN WORD WHICH HAD BEEN PROMISED UNTO CEREBUS BY THE PROPHET RICK IN A DREAM--AND WHICH WOULD BE SPOKEN UNTO CEREBUS BY HE-WHO-WAS-TO-BRING-UNTO-CEREBUS-THE-BOOK!
WAP WAP WAP
(HEH-HEH CEREBUS ALMOST SAID: "BOOKEE")
AND NOW.
FOR THY TRANSGRESSIONS' SAKE..
IN THY FORGETTING ...
...AND IN THY FORSAKING ...
... OF THOSE WORDS WHICH WERE PROMISED UNTO CEREBUS ...
... BY THE PROPHET RICK:
... OF A SURETY ...
... THOU ...
AND THE ONE CEREBUS
MUST SOON
DIE THE DEATH!
GULP.
AT THE HAND
OF
MICKEY.
AT THE HAND
OF
DONALD.



AT THE HAND OF ...
...WALT!
OKAY-- CEREBUS WAS A LITTLE HARD ON MOSHIE (A LITTLE HARD? HEH-HEH MOSHIE LOOKED WORSE THAN HE DID WHEN LOSHIE HIT 'IM WITH THE ANVIL!) (HEH-HEH! AYE. HE DID.) ESPECIALLY CONSIDERING THAT EVEN CEREBUS HAD FORGOTTEN THE PASSWORD ("MINT-O MONGO"?) (SOMETHING LIKE THAT)
THE VERDICT WAS NEVER IN DOUBT (EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS HAD) (YOU KNOW) (FINALLY ADMITTED THAT HE WAS "THE ONE CEREBUS") ...
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
SINCE THERE WAS NO MENTION IN CHAPTER THIRTEEN (OR ANYWHERE ELSE IN THE BOOK OF RICK) OF "MINGO BINGO" (OR WHATEVER IT WAS).
"RICK MUST'VE JUST FORGOTTEN TO WRITE IT IN" (WAS WHAT CEREBUS THOUGHT AT THE TIME).
NO MATTER.
IT DID THE TRICK.
OOOOH!
IT'S A BIG LION'S HEAD!
CHIP CHIP CHIP

SO! CEREBUS FOR **EXACTLY** TWO-AND-A-HALF **DAYS** (WITH ONE EAR) (NYUK NYUK NYUK) (ON THE *DOOR*-- *LISTENING* FOR THE ARRIVAL OF **SARAH BUTTZ**'S THROAT-SCULPTING COMMITTEE) GOT TO ENJOY THE **FRUITS** OF HIS **GENUINELY-DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-TORMENT** OF *MOSHER* -- *REWARDED* BY A **SILENT SYMPHONY** OF *FLYING WOODCHIPS* -- (MOSHIE'S HAMMER AND CHISEL **VIRTUALLY** A BLUR)

WHEN SUDDENLY

(WITHOUT WARNING)

DISASTER LOOMED:

WORD **ARRIVED** (VIA AN UNDERCOVER AGENT OF THE **M.M.U.**) **(THE)** (NON-ALIGNED) **(MILK MAID UNDERGROUND)** THAT **EXTREME-DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-NERVOUSNESS** HAD PROVEN ITSELF (AS A CONDITION) TO BE **NOT UNIQUE** TO OUR **OWN** (BE-IT-EVER-SO-HUMBLE) **'SANCT-VARRY"**

(FAR FROM IT)

ACCORDING TO OUR (EVIDENTLY **ALWAYS**) RELIABLE HIGH-PLACED **M.M.U.** SOURCE **WALT** (WHO, WORD WAS, HAD BEEN **CHAIN-SMOKING UP**WARDS OF **EIGHTY-FIVE UN**FILTERED CIGARETTES A **DAY**) (AND IF **THAT** ISN'T A **CLEAR** EXAMPLE OF **DEMON-SELF-INSPIRED-NERVOUSNESS** CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW **WHAT** IS) HAD BEEN **SEIZED** (*RIGHT* IN THE MIDDLE OF CHAPTER THREE VERSE FIFTY-SEVEN) BY A **COUGHING** FIT **SO** SEVERE ("**HOW** SEVERE?" YOU *QUERY?*) A **COUGHING** FIT **SO** SEVERE THAT IT **DISLODGED** HIS LEFT LUNG -- **SO** EXPLOSIVELY ("**HOW** EXPLOSIVELY?" YOU *QUERY?*) **SO EXPLOSIVELY** THAT IT HAD BEEN **EXPELLED CLEAR** OUT OF HIS *CHEST CAVITY* -- **CLEAR UP**, UP THROUGH HIS *WINDPIPE* -- **CLEAR PAST** HIS *SARCOPHAGUS* -- AND **CLEAR OUT OF HIS MOUTH** WHERE IT CAME TO **REST**: HALF **IN** (OUR SOURCE ASSURED US) AND HALF ***OUT!***

FOR AN HOUR OR TWO (BY HOOKING WALT'S *RAPIDLY STIFFENING* ARMS AROUND THEIR RESPECTIVE NECKS AND *"WALKING"* HIM AROUND IN TIGHT LITTLE CIRCLES BEFORE THE ALTAR) *MICKEY* AND *DONALD* HAD MANAGED TO *PERSUADE* THE LOCAL *CEREBITES* THAT WALT WAS *"JUST RESTING HIS EYES"* AND WAS *"GETTING READY"* TO **FULLY INFLATE** THE (MOSTLY) *SHINY BLACK* AND (PARTLY) *SHINY PINK*

WORSHIP BALLOON™

WHICH WALT HAD... (PRAISE RICK!)... JUST NOW *CREATED* IN THE NAME OF *SARAH BUTTZ* (REPLICAS OF WHICH WOULD) (MICKEY AND DONALD ASSURED THE ASSEMBLY) (BE DISTRIBUTED) (FOR A NOMINAL FREE WILL OFFERING X TO ALL THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL AND) (PRAISE SARAH!) (PATIENT BOYS AND GIRLS AND MUMS AND DADS IN THE *AUDIENCE*)



THE "JIG" (HOWEVER) WAS DEFINITELY "UP" WHEN IT CAME WALT'S TURN TO RECITE THE "BOOKEE" IN SARAH BUTZ'S EAR.

DONALD (EVIDENTLY) GAVE A GAME TRY AT VENTRILIQUISM BUT BETWEEN THE FACT THAT (APPARENTLY) DONALD HAD THIS REALLY DISTINCTIVE VOICE THAT EVERYONE (LIKE) KNEW...

...THE FACT THAT THAT VOICE WASN'T EVEN REMOTELY LIKE WALT'S VOICE (WHICH EVERYONE ALSO KNEW)...

...THE FACT THAT WALT'S HEAD WAS LEANING AGAINST THE BOOKEE AT THIS WEIRD ANGLE...

...THE FACT THAT WALT'S EYES WERE CLOSED...

...THE FACT THAT WALT WAS TURNING THIS BLUISH-GRAY COLOUR...

...AND THE FACT THAT WALT'S MOUTH WAS (LIKE OBVIOUSLY) SO PACKED FULL OF "WORSHIP BALLOON™" THAT THE ONLY LIPS YOU COULD SEE MOVING IN THE ENTIRE SANCTUARY WERE DONALD'S...



WELL!

THE **CEREBITES** (OR--IN **THIS** CASE) THE **SARAHBITES WERE** RELIGIOUS NUTS (TRUE) BUT THEY **WEREN'T** (YOU KNOW) **COMPLETELY STUPID:**

SO WHAT FEW "MUMS" THERE **WERE** IN THE CROWD ALL DECIDED (PRETTY MUCH AT THE SAME *MOMENT*) TO TAKE WHAT **FEW** "BOYS AND GIRLS" THERE **WERE** IN THE CROWD *OUTSIDE* TO (YOU KNOW) PLAY.

WHICH (PRETTY MUCH) LEFT **ONLY** THE "**DADS**" (AND A *BUNCH OF AXE HANDLES* AND *CROWBARS* AND OTHER "*INSTRUMENTS*" OF THE) (WATTAYACALL) (**BLUNT** "PERSUASION")

AND (OF COURSE) *SARAH* AND *MICKEY* AND *DONALD* AND (*THE-WISE-FELLOW-FORMERLY-KNOWN-AS-WALT*)

SO (THE WAY THE AGENT OF M.M.U. TOLD IT): THE "DADS" (EVIDENTLY) STARTED ASKING **MICKEY** AND **DONALD** SOME **VERY, VERY, VERY** SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT SORT OF (YOU KNOW) **TIMETABLE** MICKEY AND DONALD WERE ENVISIONING IN ESTABLISHING AN **ON-SALE DATE**... AND EVEN **MORE** SPECIFIC QUESTIONS ABOUT "NOMINAL FREE WILL OFFERING PER UNIT COST" VIS-A-VIS **THE WORSHIP BALLOON**™ (**REPLICAS**™) AND... (WELL)...

EITHER DONALD WAS ONE OF THOSE GUYS WHO LETS HIS **WALLET** DO A LITTLE TOO MUCH OF HIS **THINKING** FOR HIM...OR HE PICKED A VERY, VERY BAD TIME TO **SOUND** LIKE ONE OF THOSE GUYS...BECAUSE HE JUST **UPPED** AND NAMED A **PRICE** THAT (EVEN FOR A GENUINE *REPLICA* OF A MANIFESTATION OF THE *LIVING WORD* OF THE *PROPHET RICK*) WAS *SO FAR OUTSIDE* THE AMOUNT THAT THE *AVERAGE SARAHBITE FAMILY* HAD BUDGETED FOR "*MISCELLANEOUS RELIGIOUS ICONS (SLASH) FAITH-BASED INTERIOR-DECORATING EXPENDITURES*" THAT THE "DADS" (WITHOUT A WORD) **JUST JUMPED ON SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND JUST STARTED**

JUST

STARTED



LISTEN

TELLING THE WHOLE STORY (YOU KNOW) OUT LOUD LIKE THIS FOR THE FIRST TIME --

CEREBUS JUST REALIZED (JUST THIS MINUTE) THAT THIS WHOLE PART OF THE STORY IS REALLY, REALLY GROSS!!

(Y'KNOW?)

(JUST LET CEREBUS WRITE A LITTLE... NOTE... TO HIMSELF... HERE:)

("DEEEAR... CERR....E...BUS. FOR...."MEMMM....OIRS". VOLUUUME .... THRREEEE ......")

("SKIP.")

("..ENN.... TIIIRE.")

("SAAAA...RAHH....")

("...MICK-EEEE........")

("... DON.... ALLLLLLD...")

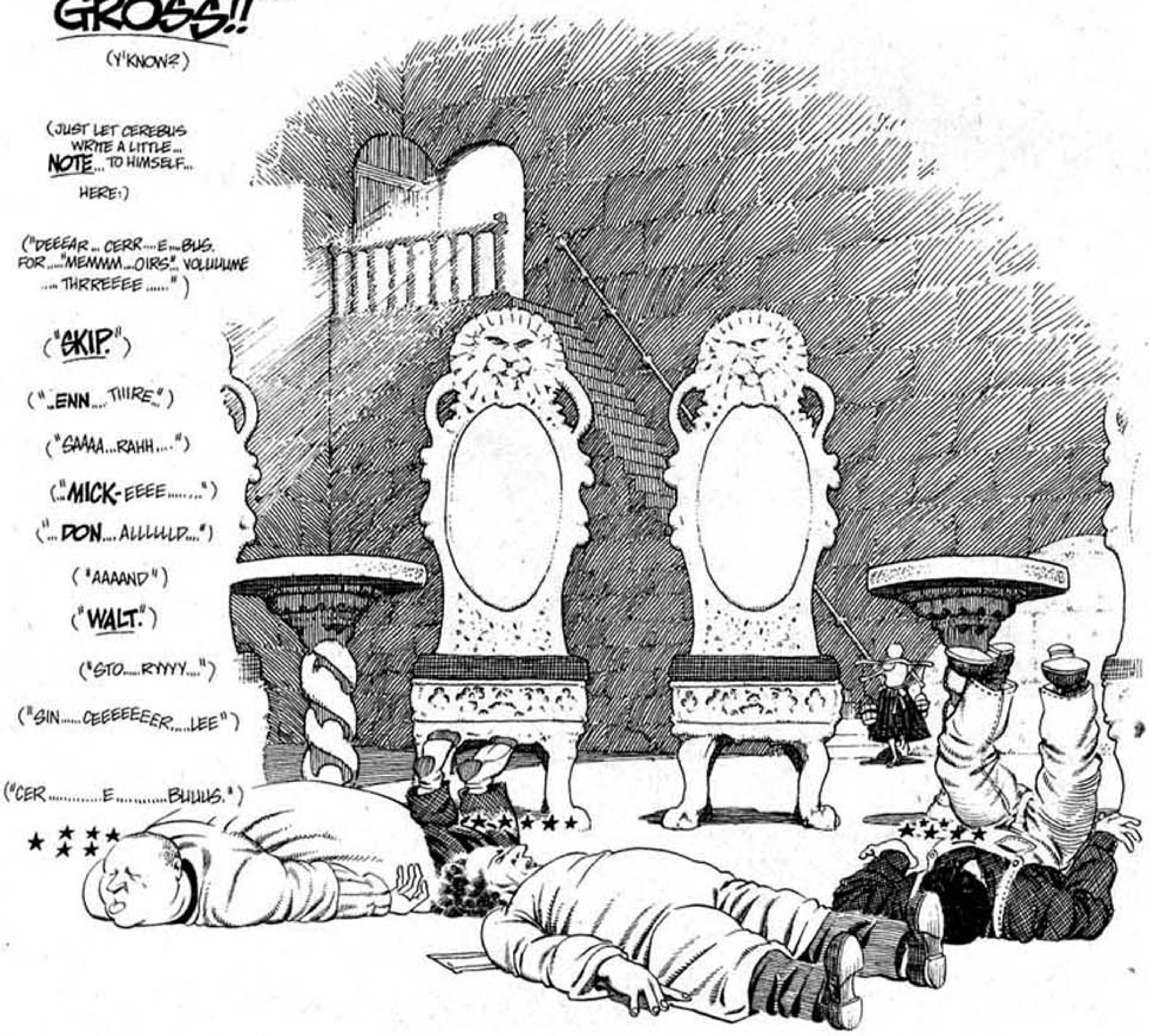
("AAAAND")

("WALT.")

("STO.....RYYYY....")

("SIN......CEEEEEEER.....LEE")

("CER..............E.............BUUUS.")




ANYWAY...
AFTER THE THREE WISE FELLOWS HAD RECOVERED FROM THE AGENT OF M.M.U.'S VISIT, THERE WAS QUITE A CELEBRATION (MOSHIE EVEN DRANK HALF A GLASS OF WINE!) BECAUSE WE WERE (WITH THE SUDDEN DEMISE OF SARAH AND MICKEY AND DONALD AND WALT) BACK TO BEING THE ONLY GAME IN TOWN ("SANCT-VARRY"-WISE)...
"...AN'..."♪
"...DAT..."♪
LOSHIE AND MOSHIE'S NERVOUSNESS EVAPORATED... SO THAT WAS THE END OF ALL THE RENOVATIONS -- AND EVERYTHING WENT BACK TO NORMAL
"...FOIST..."♪
"...MOAHNING..."♪
"...WAS..."♪
"...CEREBUS♪..." (NYUK-NYUK DAT'S YOU)♪
"...WIT..."
"...ME..."♪
"...IN..."
"...DA..."
"...SANCT..."♪
"...VARRY..."♪
WITH NOTHING FOR CEREBUS TO WATCH AND NOTHING FOR CEREBUS TO DO (BESIDES LISTENING TO THE BOOKEE OF RICKEE)

SO.

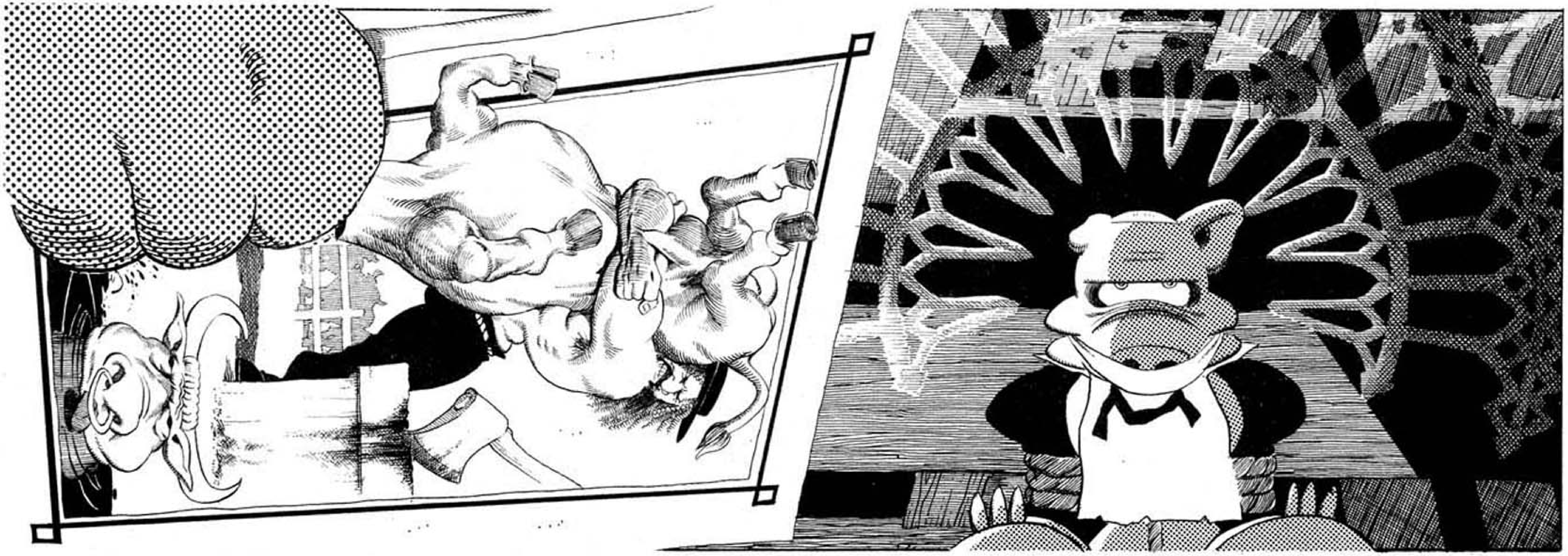
CEREBUS ENDED UP **THINKING** A LOT AND **ONE** OF THE THINGS CEREBUS THOUGHT ABOUT WAS "**WHAT** DOES THIS **REMIND** CEREBUS OF?" AND CEREBUS **REALIZED** THAT IT REMINDED HIM OF THAT NIGHT IN ONE OF THE **TAVERNS** IN NORTHERN ISSHURIA (WHEN CEREBUS WAS STILL PLAYING FIVE-BAR-GATE AND TAKING BRIBES TO STAY IN SOMEONE **ELSE**'S TAVERN) AND CEREBUS WAS **RE-READING** (FOR, LIKE, THE **TENTH** TIME) "ISSUE" FIFTY OF **RABBI** (WHICH HAD JUST COME OUT THAT DAY AND WHICH WAS—**INSTANTLY.** —**THE. GREATEST. "ISSUE." EVER!**:)

"FIST OF TABERNACLES"

(WHEREIN) (AS YOU'LL RECALL) (THE BAD GUYS **DISGUISED** THEMSELVES AS **BULLOCKS** AND **RAMS** AND **MALE LAMBS** TO **FOOL** RABBI, BUT **RABBI** TURNED THE TABLES ON 'EM, **TRAPPING** 'EM IN **GABERDINE**, *RABBI'S RED, MARTIAL SPHERE OF STERN JUDGEMENT* AND—OVER THE COURSE OF **SEVEN DAYS**—**CHOPPING THEIR HEADS OFF** (SEVENTY-ONE "BULLOCKS", FIFTEEN "RAMS", A HUNDRED AND FIVE "MALE LAMBS") **AND WRINGING** EVERY **DROP OF BLOOD** OUT OF 'EM, **POURING** IT ON THE GROUND LIKE **WATER!**) (NOW **THAT**'S **GREAT WRITING!**)

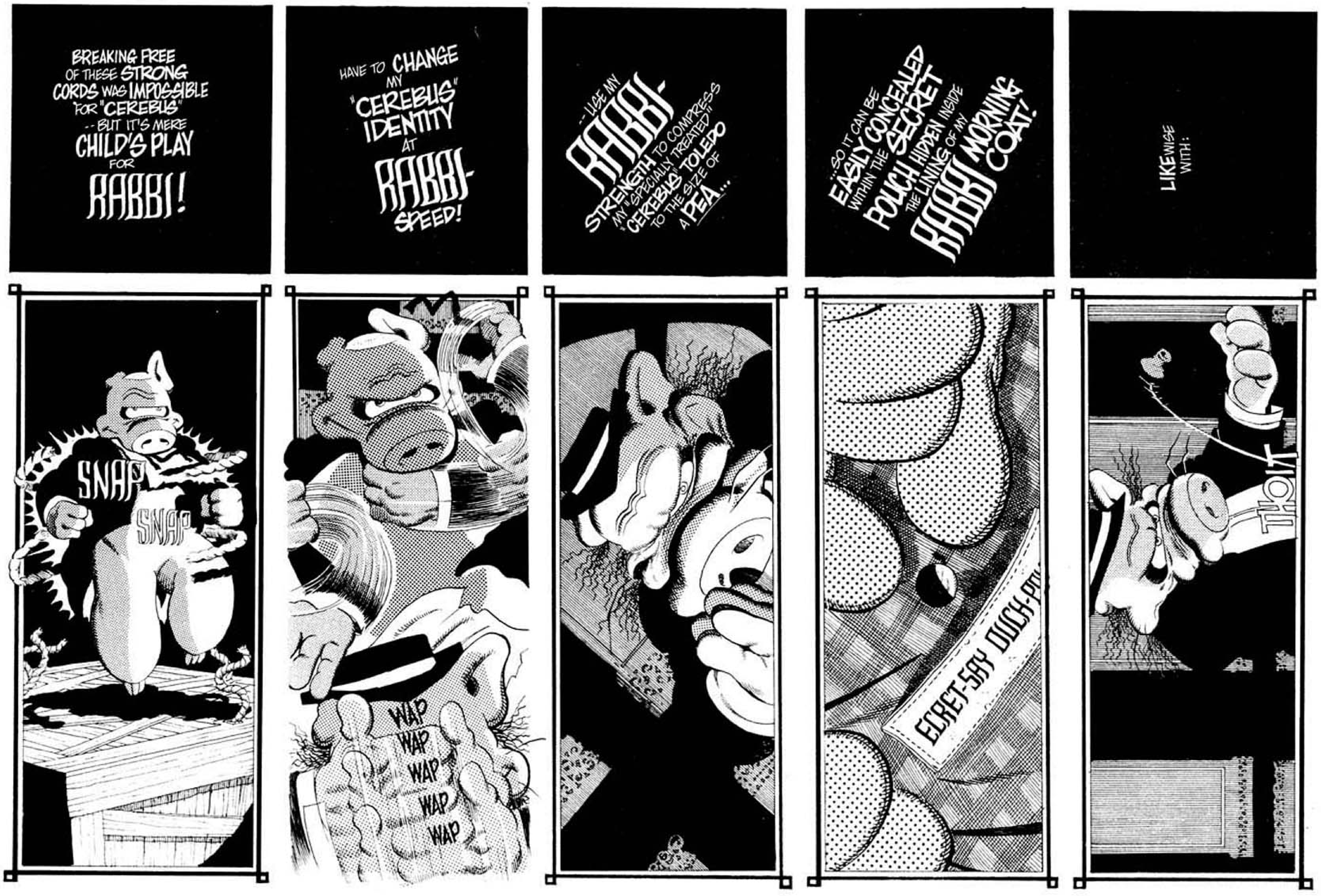
THAT WAS THE NIGHT CEREBUS HAD FIRST *REALIZED* THAT HE WAS *RICH*-- RICH *ENOUGH* TO *BUY* ALL THE *SEX* HE *WANTED*...... AND (SINCE CEREBUS *NEVER BOUGHT* SEX) THAT NIGHT WAS WHEN CEREBUS REALIZED THAT CEREBUS DIDN'T *"MISS SEX"* AS MUCH AS HE *THOUGHT* HE DID. AND (AS SOON AS HE REALIZED *THAT*) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE *MISSED "MISSING SEX"*. AND (AS SOON AS HE REALIZED *THAT*) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE DIDN'T *REALLY "MISS MISSING SEX"* (BECAUSE IF HE *DID* REALLY *"MISS MISSING SEX"*, PRETTY SOON HE WOULD *JUST "MISS SEX"* AND—IF HE *ACTUALLY DID JUST "MISS SEX"* HE WOULD GO RIGHT OUT AND *BUY SOME*, RIGHT?). SO (AS SOON AS CEREBUS REALIZED *THAT*) CEREBUS REALIZED THAT, *ACTUALLY*, IN*STEAD* OF *MISSING "MISSING SEX"*, CEREBUS *MISSED "MISSING MISSING SEX"* AND REALIZED THAT *"MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX"* WAS *SO FAR REMOVED* FROM *"MISSING SEX"* THAT IT WAS HARDLY WORTH *THINKING ABOUT* (SEE) BECAUSE *EVEN IF* CEREBUS REALLY *APPLIED* HIMSELF TO GOING FROM *"MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX"* TO *"MISSING MISSING SEX"* AND THEN APPLIED HIMSELF TO GOING FROM *"MISSING MISSING SEX"* TO *JUST "MISSING SEX"* CEREBUS *REALIZED* IT *STILL* WOULDN'T BE *ENOUGH* BECAUSE CEREBUS WOULD *STILL* HAVE TO *GET UP* TO GO *SHOPPING* TO BUY SOME SEX AND (SINCE IT TOOK A *LOT OF EFFORT*) (A *LOT OF EFFORT*) TO GET BACK TO *ACTUALLY "MISSING SEX"* (THE ODDS WERE) BY THE TIME CEREBUS *GOT* TO THE LOCAL *SEX RETAIL OUTLET* (a.k.a. THE WHOREHOUSE) CEREBUS WOULD *PROBABLY* BE RIGHT BACK TO *"MISSING MISSING SEX"* OR (EVEN WORSE) *"MISSING MISSING MISSING SEX"*. SO (THAT WHOLE NIGHT) CEREBUS JUST LAY IN HIS BUNK, READING THE SAME ISSUE OF *RABBI* OVER AND OVER AND OVER AGAIN WHILE *PICTURING* CEREBUS GETTING *OUT* OF HIS BUNK AND DIGGING A THOUSAND CROWNS (OR SO) OUT OF HIS HIDDEN EIGHTY-THOUSAND-CROWN *"STASH"* AND GOING TO THE LOCAL SEX RETAIL OUTLET AND HIRING (SAY) FIVE OR SIX BEAUTIFUL YOUNG GIRLS AND HAVING THEM ALL PILE ON TOP OF CEREBUS SO CEREBUS WAS (LIKE) BURIED BENEATH BEAUTIFUL NAKED GIRLS! NOW, THE *WEIRD* THING *WAS* -- BECAUSE CEREBUS ONLY MISSED *"MISSING SEX"* (INSTEAD OF *"MISSING SEX"*) AS SOON AS CEREBUS WOULD PICTURE HIMSELF UNDER A BIG PILE OF BEAUTIFUL NAKED GIRLS, THAT WAS ALL CEREBUS *NEEDED* AND THEN CEREBUS COULD GO BACK TO RE-READING *RABBI* AND FORGET THE BIG PILE OF NAKED GIRLS UNTIL THE NEXT TIME HE NEEDED THEM.

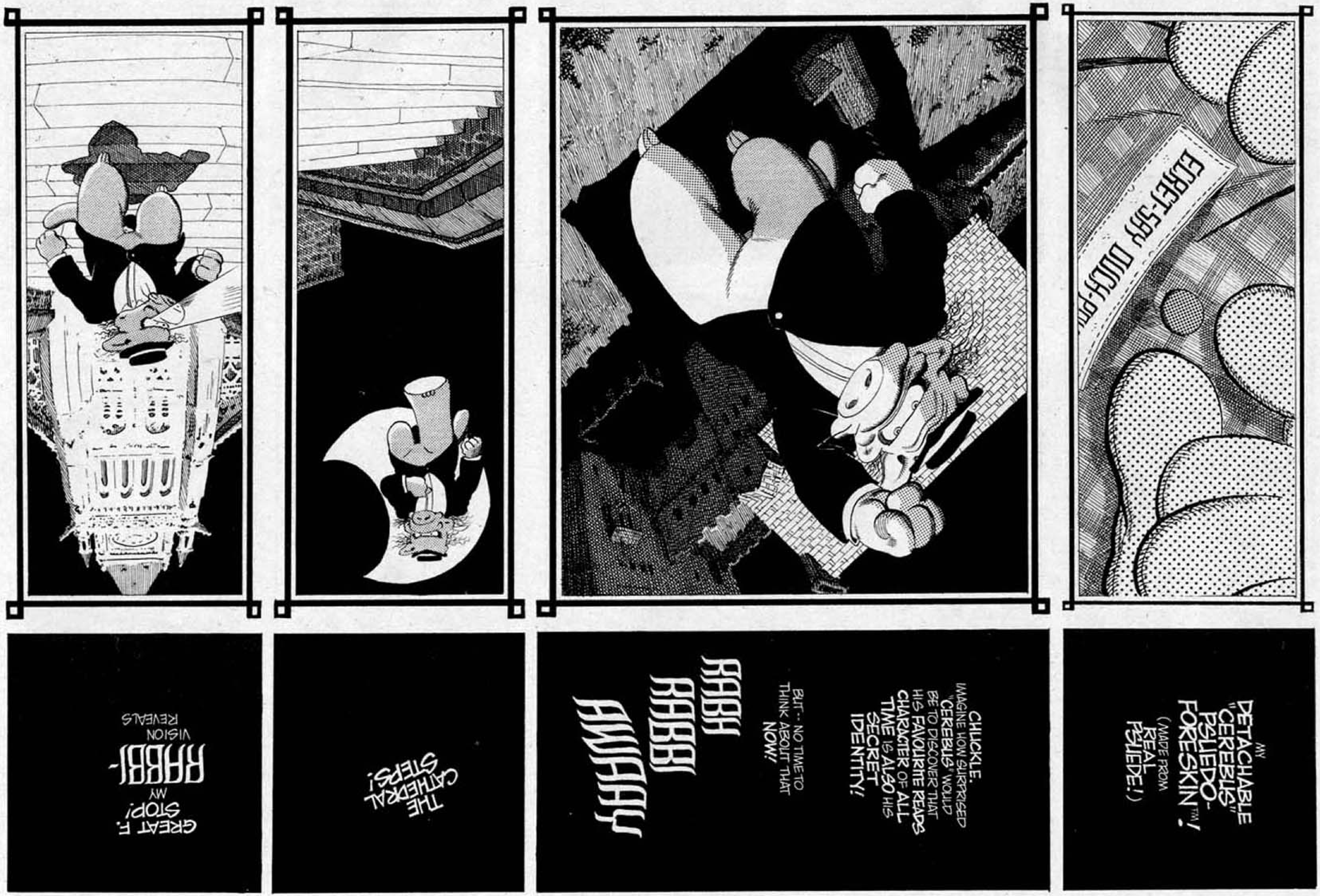


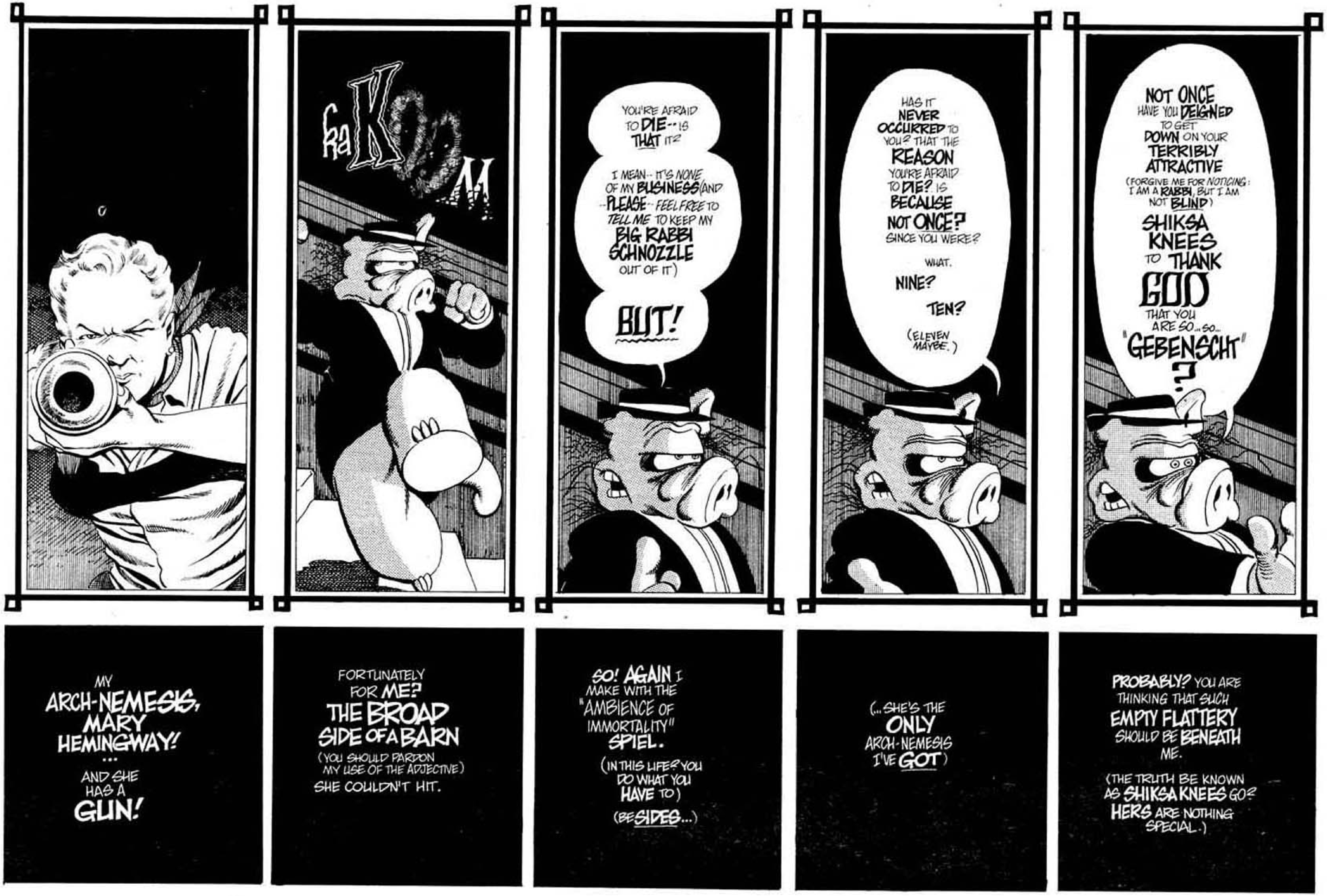


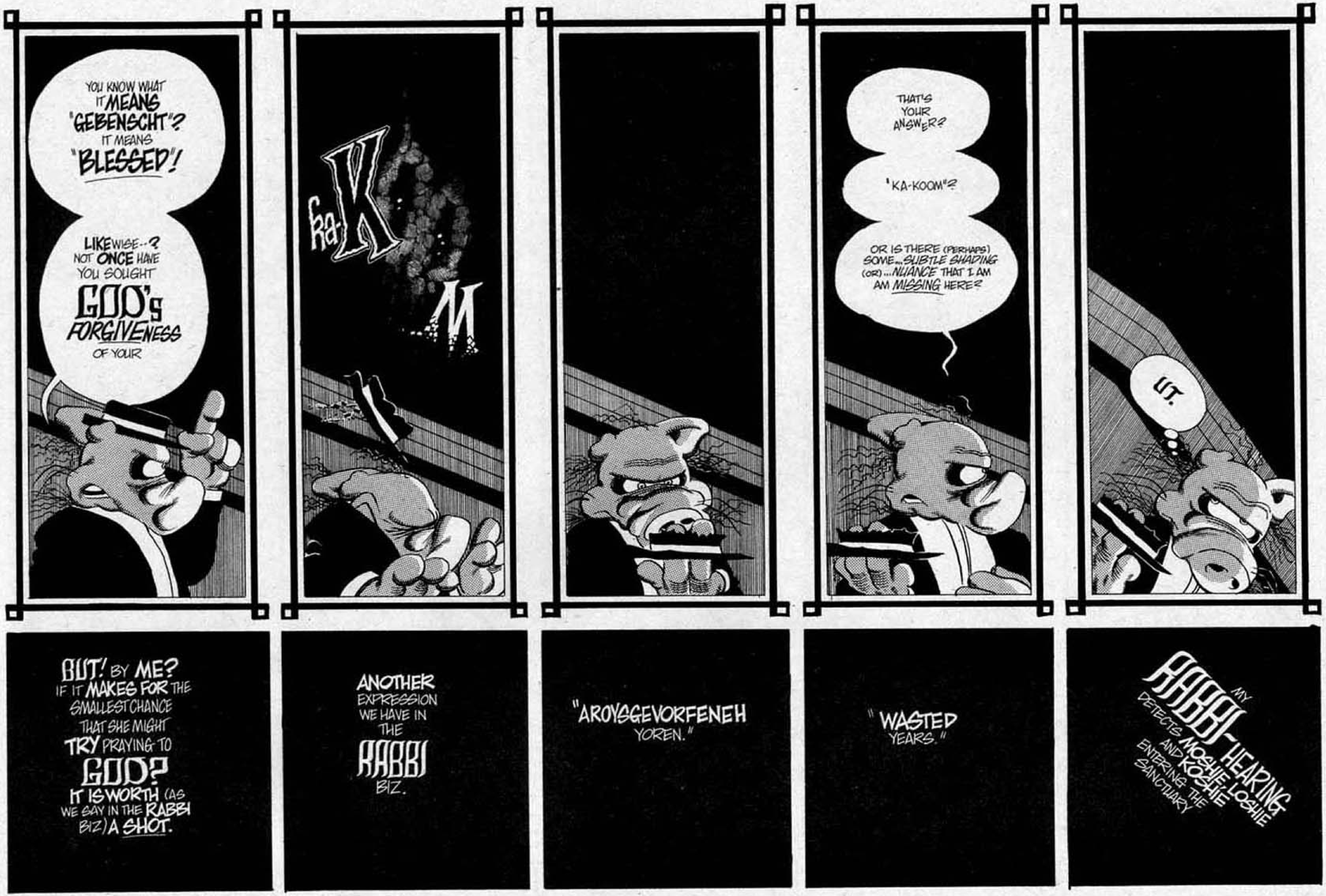
HOW DID IT REMIND CEREBUS OF THE NIGHT THAT CEREBUS FIGURED OUT THAT A BIG PILE OF NAKED BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN CEREBUS' HEAD WAS BETTER (NOT TO MENTION CHEAPER!) THAN AN ACTUAL BIG PILE OF NAKED, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS? ... WELL.... BECAUSE THE MORE CEREBUS TRIED TO THINK OF A WAY TO ESCAPE FROM THE SANCTUARY AND FROM MOSHIE AND LOSHIE AND KOSHIE, THE MORE CEREBUS WOULD WONDER WHAT (EXACTLY) WAS CEREBUS PLANNING TO ESCAPE TO? AND ALL CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS THAT CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO GO LOOKING FOR ANOTHER TAVERN TO LIVE IN.... THAT IS... BASICALLY A ROOF OVER CEREBUS' HEAD AND FOOD TO EAT AND WATER TO DRINK AND A PLACE FOR CEREBUS TO... YOU KNOW.... (PISS AND CRAP) WHEN HE NEEDED TO. BUT (CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE HAD ALL THAT RIGHT IN THE SANCTUARY. THE ONLY THING CEREBUS DIDN'T HAVE WAS ACCESS TO UNLIMITED QUANTITIES OF BOOZE, BUT THEN (CEREBUS REALIZED) WHO COULD SAY THAT HE COULD FIND IT, ANYWAY, NOW THAT EVERY TAVERN SEEMED TO BE CHANGING THE RULES? AND (BESIDES) WHENEVER CEREBUS REMEMBERED HIS LAST (KA-THOOM!) HANGOVER, CEREBUS WAS FORCED TO ADMIT WHAT A GOOD THING IT WAS FOR CEREBUS THAT CEREBUS WAS BOUND WITHIN THE SANCTUARY BECAUSE (LET'S FACE IT, CEREBUS WOULD SAY TO HIMSELF) EVEN IF CEREBUS DID MANAGE TO ESCAPE FROM THE SANCTUARY, AND EVEN IF CEREBUS DID MANAGE TO FIND AN OLD-FASHIONED CIRINIST TAVERN WHERE THE ALCOHOL WAS FREE AND THERE WAS NO "LAST CALL"...... WELL..... EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS WOULD ONLY INTEND TO HAVE ONE OR TWO.... LITTLE.... SCOTCHES -- PRETTY SOON, CEREBUS WOULD HAVE THREE OR NINE PINTS OF SCOTCH AND CEREBUS WOULD PASS OUT AND WHEN CEREBUS WOKE UP...... WELL...... IF CEREBUS THOUGHT HE HAD BEEN "OUT OF PRACTICE" WITH HIS DRINKING IN "FRED'S TAVERN" (AND HE HAD) WHOOOOOOOAH, BROTHER! JUST IMAGINE WHAT THAT HANGOVER WOULD BE LIKE! SO CEREBUS — INSTANTLY — WENT FROM TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW TO ESCAPE... TO (INSTEAD) BEING JUST FINE THE WAY HE WAS....... THE SAME THING AS THAT NIGHT THAT HE JUST READ RABBI "ISSUE" FIFTY OVER.... AND OVER.... AND OVER... AND OVER WHILE PICTURING HIMSELF ON THE BOTTOM OF A PILE OF NAKED, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS: CEREBUS IS JUST FINE THE WAY HE IS. ALL CEREBUS HAD TO DO WAS IMAGINE THE HANGOVER HE WOULD SOON HAVE IF HE DID ESCAPE IN ORDER TO BE HAPPY NOT ESCAPING. AND WHAT MADE IT EVEN BETTER WAS THAT ANYONE ELSE WOULD THINK CEREBUS WAS CRAZY: "WHAAAAT? YOU JUST SAT AND READ RABBI? INSTEAD OF GOING OUT AND BUYING A PILE OF NAKED, BEAUTIFUL GIRLS TO LIE ON TOP OF YOU?" OR "WHAAAAT? INSTEAD OF TRYING TO ESCAPE, YOU DECIDED IT WAS A GOOD THING TO BE ALL TIED UP?" COMPARED TO THE HANGOVER CEREBUS COULD STILL REMEMBER? IT WAS A GREAT THING. JUST LISTEN TO HOW RELAXED CEREBUS IS WHEN HE TALKS ABOUT IT.... THAT FIRST TIME THAT CEREBUS REALIZED THAT CEREBUS IS JUST FINE THE WAY HE IS. HEH·HEH..... AND LOOK AT YOU. THIS IS THE MOST RELAXED YOU'VE BEEN SINCE YOU GOT HERE. SEE? YOU'RE JUST FINE THE WAY YOU ARE, TOO.


YOU'RE NOT ANY MORE RELAXED THAN USUAL? REALLY? CEREBUS FINDS THAT HARD TO BELIEVE -- MAYBE BECAUSE THIS IS CEREBUS' FAVOURITE PART OF THE STORY, SO IT MAKES CEREBUS FEEL RELAXED JUST THINKING ABOUT IT (YOU'RE SURE YOU DON'T FEEL ANY MORE RELAXED THAN USUAL?........ HUNH.)
WELL. ANYWAY, CEREBUS GOT REALLY RELAXED AT THAT POINT. SO RELAXED THAT (IT SEEMED TO CEREBUS) THERE WAS NO REAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN BEING AWAKE AND BEING ASLEEP-- SO THAT EITHER CEREBUS WAS AWAKE ALL THE TIME OR (WHEN CEREBUS FELL ASLEEP) CEREBUS WAS DREAMING THAT CEREBUS WAS BOUND WITHIN THE SANCTUARY LISTENING TO THE BOOK OF RICK. IN FACT, IT GOT TO THE POINT WHERE CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO TILT HIS HEAD BACK JUST TO FIGURE OUT IF CEREBUS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE AWAKE OR ASLEEP (IF CEREBUS' HEAD HIT THE BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD, THEN THAT MEANT A) IT WAS NIGHT TIME B) CEREBUS WAS LYING DOWN AND C) CEREBUS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE ASLEEP).
SEE-- THE REASON CEREBUS IS TELLING YOU ALL THIS IS BECAUSE CEREBUS JUST KNOWS YOU'RE GOING TO THINK THAT THIS NEXT PART WAS A DREAM BUT CEREBUS SWEARS TO YOU THAT CEREBUS WAS AWAKE THE WHOLE TIME-- IN FACT THE VERY FIRST THING CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF WAS:
NOT A DREAM!
NOT A HOAX!
NOT AN IMAGINARY TALE!

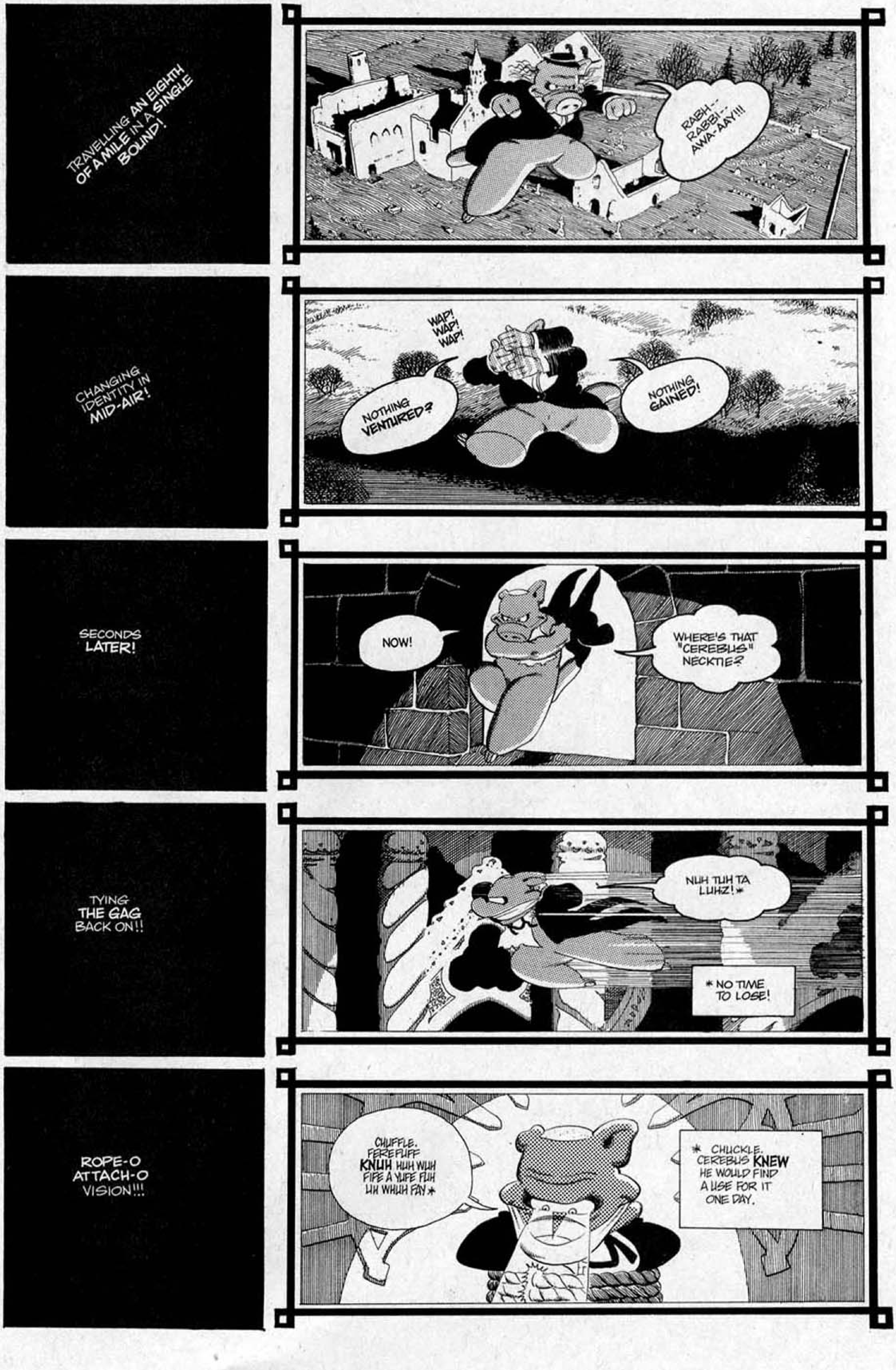

BREAKING FREE OF THESE STRONG CORDS WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR "CEREBUS" -- BUT IT'S MERE CHILD'S PLAY FOR RABBI!
SNAP
SNAP
HAVE TO CHANGE MY "CEREBUS" IDENTITY AT RABBI-SPEED!
WAP
WAP
WAP
WAP
WAP
-- USE MY RABBI-STRENGTH TO COMPRESS MY "SPECIALLY TREATED" "CEREBUS" TOLEDO TO THE SIZE OF A PEA...
...SO IT CAN BE EASILY CONCEALED WITHIN THE SECRET POUCH HIDDEN INSIDE THE LINING OF MY RABBI MORNING COAT!
ECRET-SAY OUCH-PO
LIKEWISE WITH:
THOIT


GREAT F. STOP! MY RABBI-VISION REVEALS
THE CATHEDRAL STEPS!
CHUCKLE. IMAGINE HOW SURPRISED "CEREBUS" WOULD BE TO DISCOVER THAT HIS FAVOURITE READS CHARACTER OF ALL TIME IS ALSO HIS SECRET IDENTITY!
BUT-- NO TIME TO THINK ABOUT THAT NOW!
RABA RABBI AWAAY
MY DETACHABLE "CEREBUS" PSUEDO-FORESKIN™!
(MADE FROM REAL PSUEDE!)
ECRET-SAY DUCH-PO


kaKOOM
YOU'RE AFRAID TO DIE-- IS THAT IT?
I MEAN-- IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS (AND --PLEASE-- FEEL FREE TO TELL ME TO KEEP MY BIG RABBI SCHNOZZLE OUT OF IT)
BUT!
HAS IT NEVER OCCURRED TO YOU? THAT THE REASON YOU'RE AFRAID TO DIE? IS BECAUSE NOT ONCE? SINCE YOU WERE?
WHAT.
NINE?
TEN?
(ELEVEN MAYBE.)
NOT ONCE HAVE YOU DEIGNED TO GET DOWN ON YOUR TERRIBLY ATTRACTIVE
(FORGIVE ME FOR NOTICING: I AM A RABBI, BUT I AM NOT BLIND)
SHIKSA KNEES TO THANK GOD THAT YOU ARE SO... SO... "GEBENSCHT" ?
MY ARCH-NEMESIS, MARY HEMINGWAY! ... AND SHE HAS A GUN!
FORTUNATELY FOR ME? THE BROAD SIDE OF A BARN (YOU SHOULD PARDON MY USE OF THE ADJECTIVE) SHE COULDN'T HIT.
SO! AGAIN I MAKE WITH THE "AMBIENCE OF IMMORTALITY" SPIEL.
(IN THIS LIFE? YOU DO WHAT YOU HAVE TO)
(BESIDES...)
(...SHE'S THE ONLY ARCH-NEMESIS I'VE GOT)
PROBABLY? YOU ARE THINKING THAT SUCH EMPTY FLATTERY SHOULD BE BENEATH ME.
(THE TRUTH BE KNOWN AS SHIKSA KNEES GO? HERS ARE NOTHING SPECIAL.)



YOU KNOW WHAT IT MEANS "GEBENSCHT"? IT MEANS "BLESSED"!
LIKEWISE...? NOT ONCE HAVE YOU SOUGHT GOD's FORGIVENESS OF YOUR
BUT! BY ME? IF IT MAKES FOR THE SMALLEST CHANCE THAT SHE MIGHT TRY PRAYING TO GOD? IT IS WORTH (AS WE SAY IN THE RABBI BIZ) A SHOT.
ka-K M
ANOTHER EXPRESSION WE HAVE IN THE RABBI BIZ.
"AROYSGEVORFENEH YOREN."
THAT'S YOUR ANSWER?
'KA-KOOM'?
OR IS THERE (PERHAPS) SOME...SUBTLE SHADING (OR)...NUANCE THAT I AM AM MISSING HERE?
"WASTED YEARS."
UT.
MY RABBI-HEARING DETECTS MOSHIE LOSHIE AND KOSHIE ENTERING THE SANCTUARY

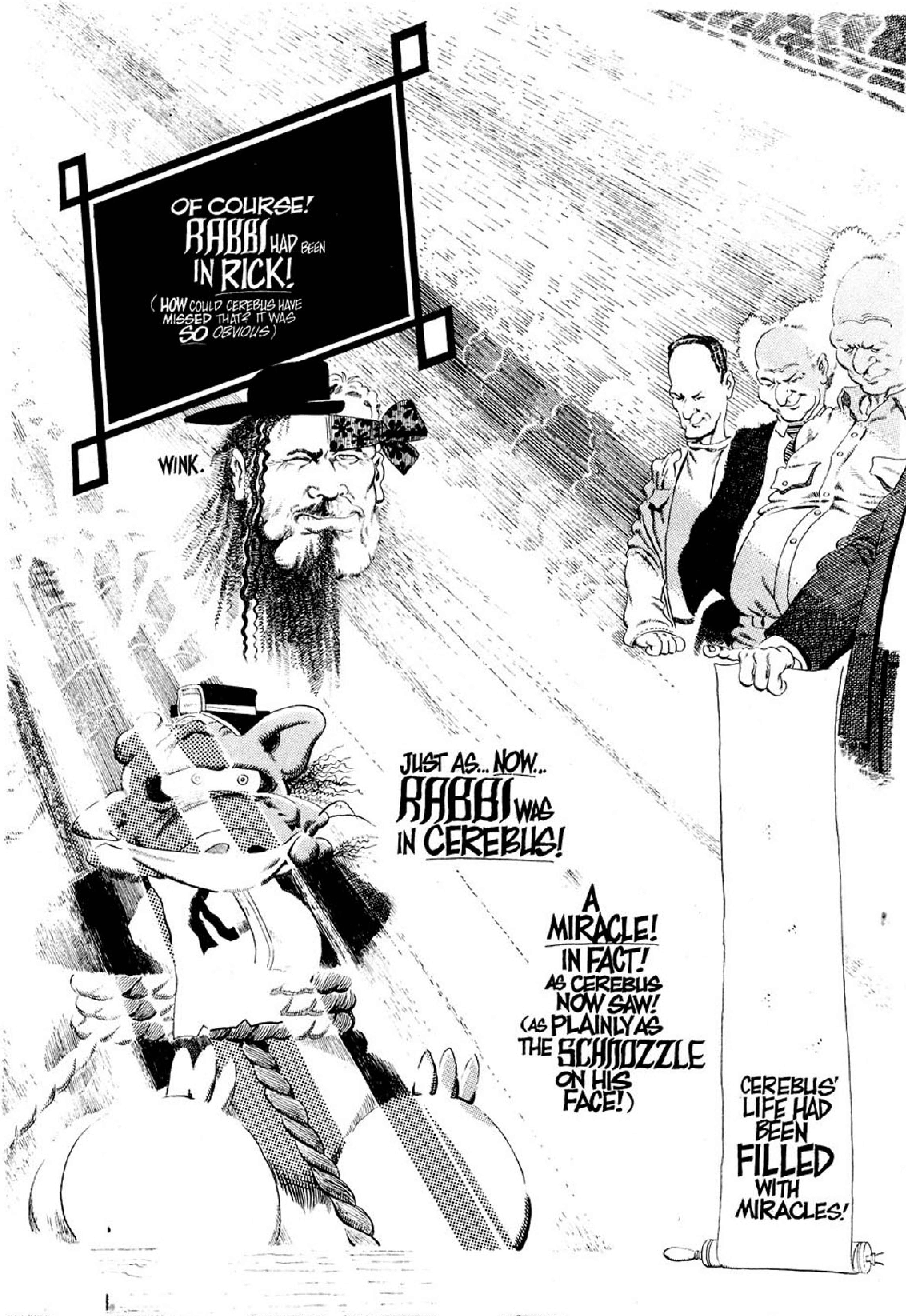

TRAVELLING AN EIGHTH OF A MILE IN A SINGLE BOUND!
RABH-- RABBI-- AWA-AAY!!!
CHANGING IDENTITY IN MID-AIR!
WAP! WAP! WAP!
NOTHING VENTURED?
NOTHING GAINED!
SECONDS LATER!
NOW!
WHERE'S THAT "CEREBUS" NECKTIE?
TYING THE GAG BACK ON!!
NUH TUH TA LUHZ! *
* NO TIME TO LOSE!
ROPE-O ATTACH-O VISION!!!
CHUFFLE. FERE FUFF KNUH HUH WUH FIFE A YUFE FUH UH WHUH FAY *
* CHUCKLE. CEREBUS KNEW HE WOULD FIND A USE FOR IT ONE DAY.

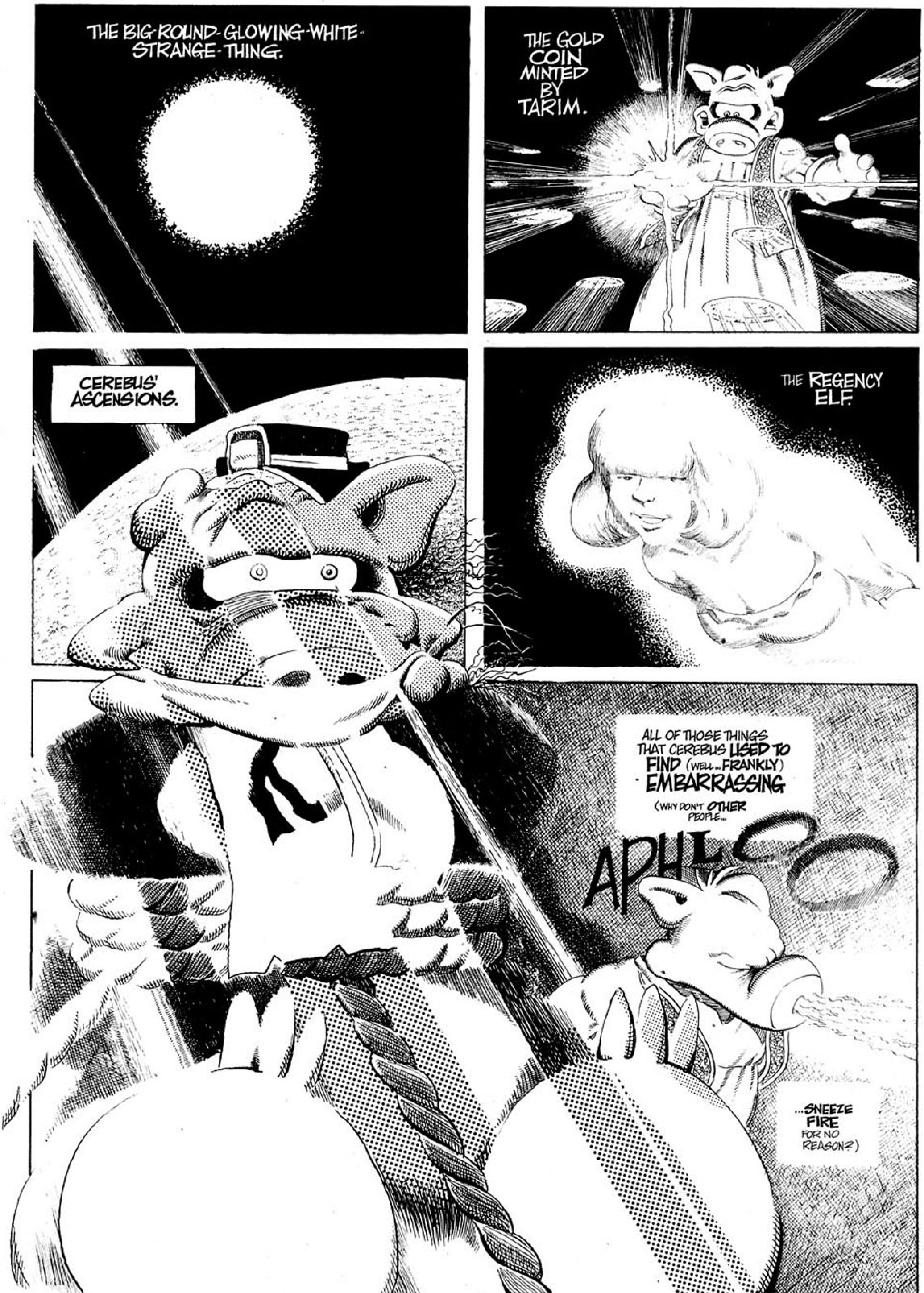


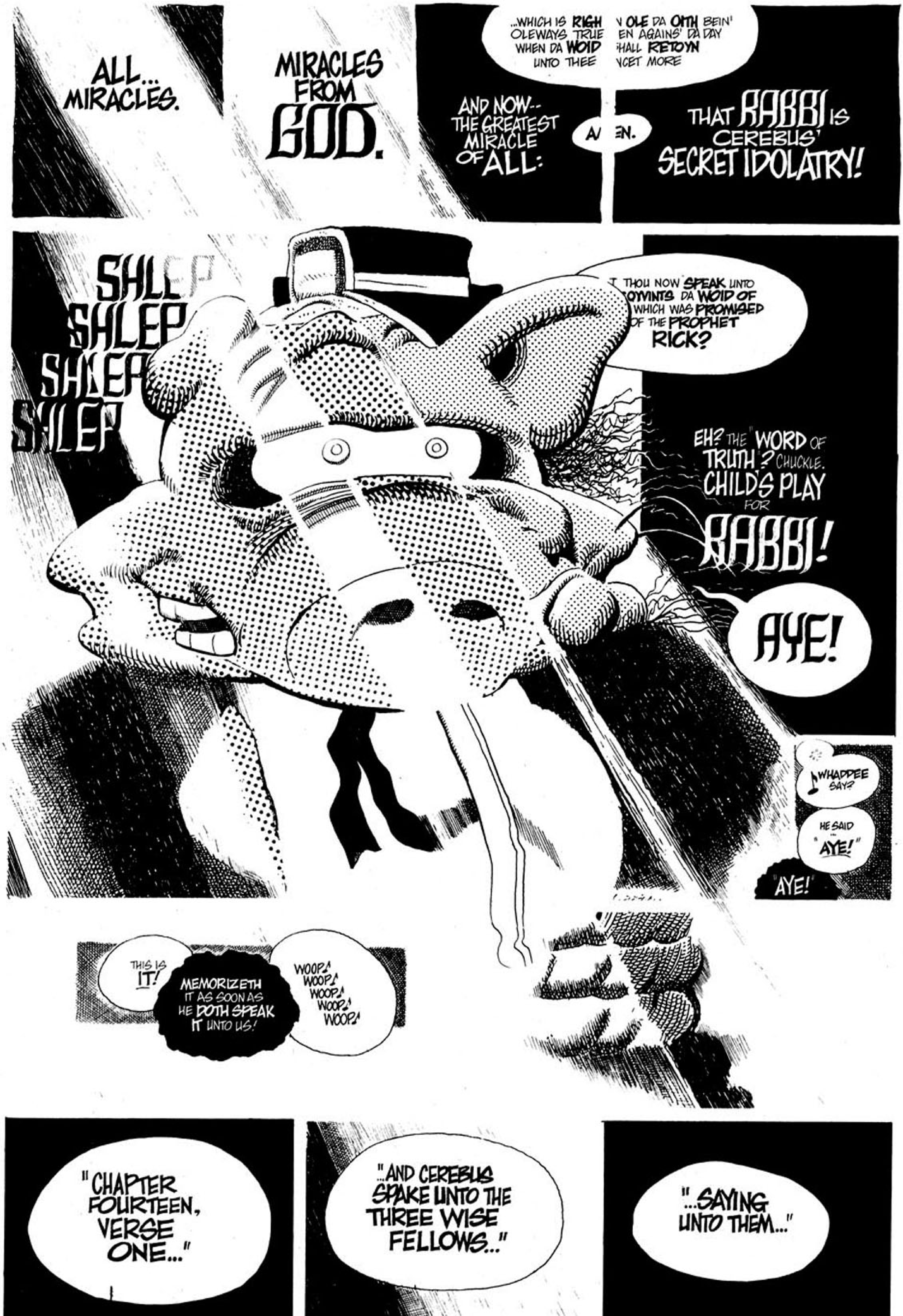
LISTEN.
CREAM CHEESE.
HEARKEN THOU UNTO MOSHER.
WHAT DIDDEST THOU UNTO HIS HAIR?
CHUCKLE. THAT WAS CUTTING IT CLOSE ...
...EVEN FOR RABBI!
TUDDLE-DUMP
OHHHHH DAT!♪
WINK
I SHAVED IT OLE OFF ...
... SO'S♪ HE'D LOOK MORE LIKE ME!♪
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEK
OW!


YOU DON'T BELIEVE CEREBUS.
NONO... THAT'S OKAY. IF IT HADN'T HAPPENED TO CEREBUS..
HEH-HEH CEREBUS WOULDN'T BELIEVE IT, EITHER.
(ESPECIALLY THE 'ROPE-O ATTACH-O VISION' PART)
BUT IT DID HAPPEN--BY SOME MIRACLE ...
NOW!

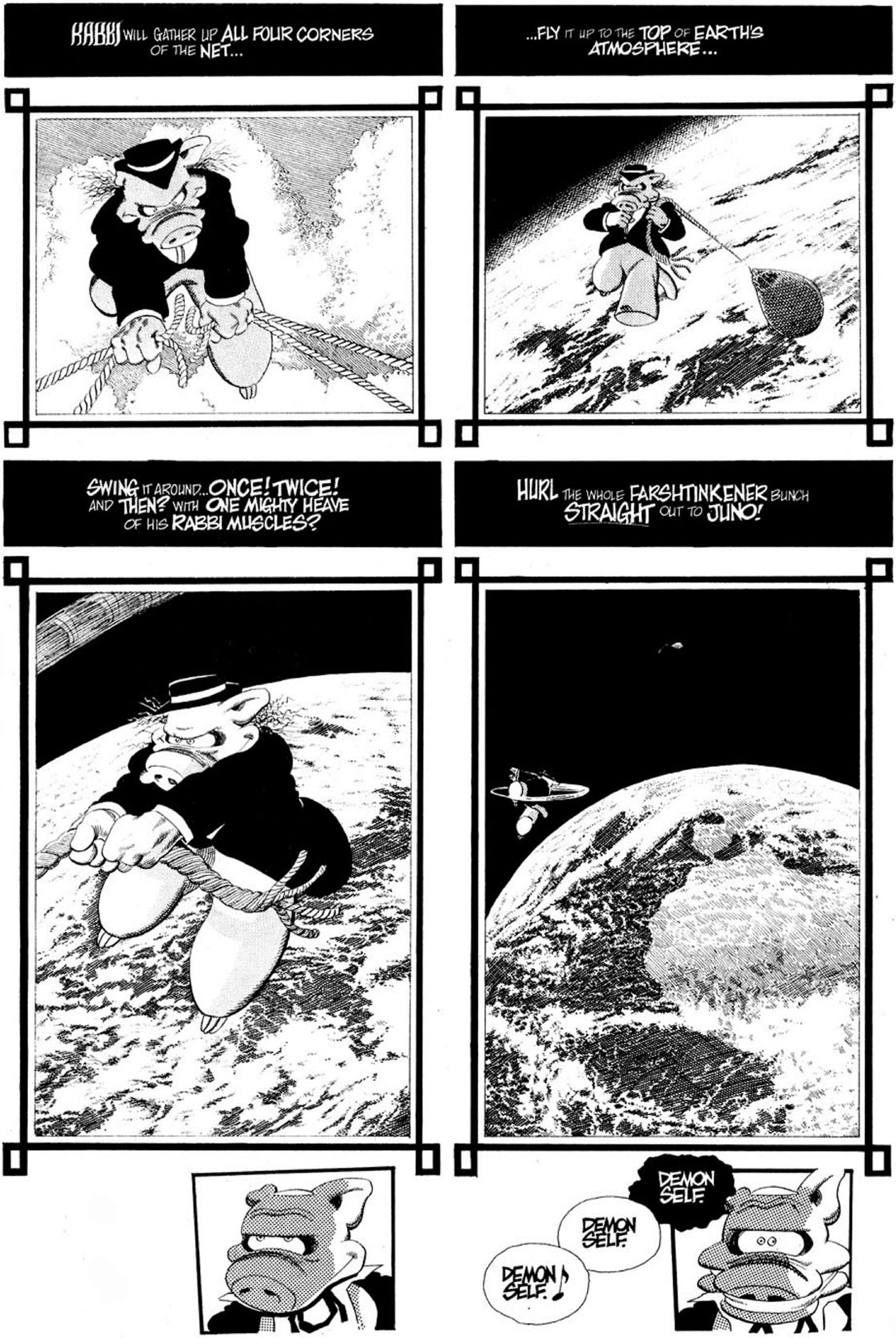

NOW! CEREBUS UNDERSTOOD EVERYTHING!
EVERYTHING!
RABBI's "OATH OF POWER" (WHICH HAD BEEN GIVEN TO HIM) (YOU MAY RECALL) (BY THE BEN-GURIONS OF THE GALAXY): (WHEN HE WAS JUST A LITTLE RABBI)
"IN DARKEST NIGHT, IN BRIGHTEST DAY, NO EVIL SHALL STAND IN HIS WAY! LET THOSE WHO WILL NOT EVIL SHUN BEWARE HIS POWER OUR GOD IS ONE!"
AND HOW IT WAS THE SAME AS RICK 12:10:
10• Hee is one God, indivisible, having one Name and one Face •and one Aspect which is God.•


OF COURSE! RABBI HAD BEEN IN RICK!
(HOW COULD CEREBUS HAVE MISSED THAT? IT WAS SO OBVIOUS)
WINK.
JUST AS... NOW... RABBI WAS IN CEREBUS!
A MIRACLE! IN FACT! AS CEREBUS NOW SAW! (AS PLAINLY AS THE SCHNOZZLE ON HIS FACE!)
CEREBUS' LIFE HAD BEEN FILLED WITH MIRACLES!


THE BIG-ROUND-GLOWING-WHITE-STRANGE-THING.
THE GOLD COIN MINTED BY TARIM.
CEREBUS' ASCENSIONS.
THE REGENCY ELF.
ALL OF THOSE THINGS THAT CEREBUS USED TO FIND (WELL...FRANKLY) EMBARRASSING
(WHY DON'T OTHER PEOPLE...
APHLOOO
...SNEEZE FIRE FOR NO REASON?)


ALL... MIRACLES.
MIRACLES FROM GOD.
AND NOW-- THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF ALL:
...WHICH IS RIGH N OLE DA OITH BEIN' OLEWAYS TRUE EN AGAINS' DA DAY WHEN DA WOID SHALL RETOYN UNTO THEE NCET MORE
A EN.
THAT RABBI IS CEREBUS' SECRET IDOLATRY!
SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP
T THOU NOW SPEAK UNTO OYVINTS DA WOID OF WHICH WAS PROMISED OF THE PROPHET RICK?
EH? THE "WORD OF TRUTH"? CHUCKLE. CHILD'S PLAY FOR RABBI!
AYE!
WHADDEE SAY?
HE SAID "AYE!"
"AYE!"
THIS IS IT!
MEMORIZETH IT AS SOON AS HE DOTH SPEAK IT UNTO US!
WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!
"CHAPTER FOURTEEN, VERSE ONE..."
"...AND CEREBUS SPAKE UNTO THE THREE WISE FELLOWS..."
"...SAYING UNTO THEM..."


"THIS!"...
"...LOOKEST LIKE UNTO A JOB FOR"...
RABBI!
DEI GRATIA REX
CEREBUS TRIED EXPLAINING TO THEM RABBI's FOOLPROOF PLAN:
AND THEN?
WHEN ALL THE CIRINISTS ARE STANDING ON THE FISHNET?
THAT RABBI WILL WEAVE AT RABBI-SPEED? (FOUR MILES AROUND?) OUT OF SOLID IRON STRANDS? THAT RABBI WILL HAVE COMPRESSED USING HIS MIGHTY RABBI FINGERS?

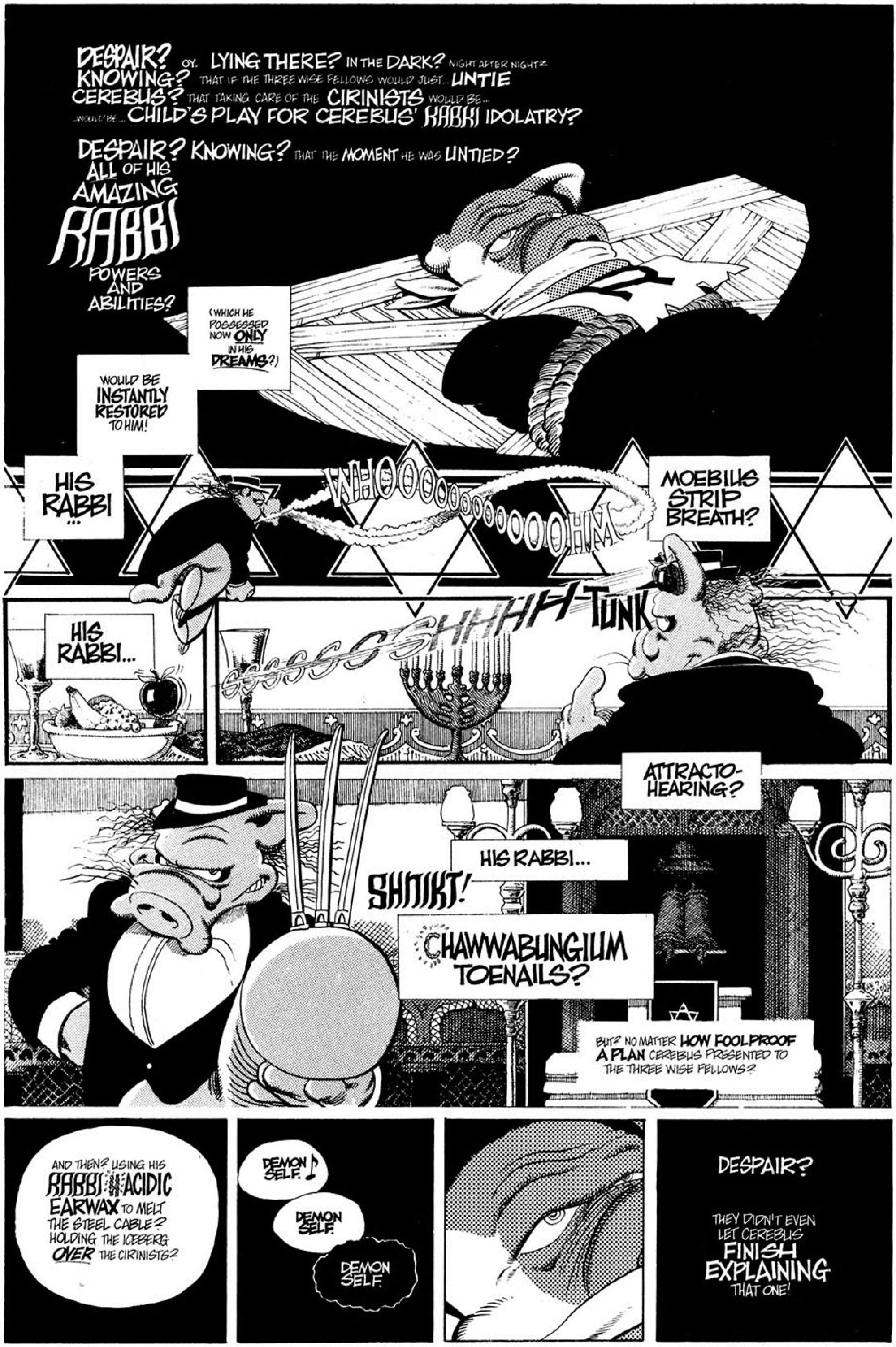

RABBI WILL GATHER UP ALL FOUR CORNERS OF THE NET...
...FLY IT UP TO THE TOP OF EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE...
SWING IT AROUND...ONCE! TWICE! AND THEN? WITH ONE MIGHTY HEAVE OF HIS RABBI MUSCLES?
HURL THE WHOLE FARSHTINKENER BUNCH STRAIGHT OUT TO JUNO!
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.



AFTER JACOB KURTZBERG'S ORIGINAL COVER TO AVENGERS 25 — (OR "JACK KIRBY" IF YOU PREFER) (BY ME HE'S JACOB KURTZBERG) (MAY GOD REST HIS SOUL)



IMMORTALITY?
IMMORTALITY IS LIKE A NICE PIECE CH'ALLEH: PERFECT SYMMETRICAL BRAIDS. PERFECT CRUST. NOT TOO LIGHT. NOT TOO CRISPY. AND INSIDE? EVER SO
WHILE SHE TRIED TO
kaKOOM
BLOW CEREBUS' HEAD OFF!
KAPWEENG!
FORTUNATELY? ALWAYS? NOW? (IN HIS DREAMS?) CEREBUS WAS IN HIS RABBI IDOLATRY! SO!
EVEN WHEN SHE (BY CHANCE) HIT CEREBUS? IT WAS NO MORE THAN A... MINOR ANNOYANCE... LIKE A... A...
...A ZEBUB IN CEREBUS' EAR.
OOM
KAPWEENG!
OF COURSE, BY THAT POINT, WHAT CEREBUS REALLY WANTED TO SAY TO MARY ERNESTWAY WAS "IMMORTALITY YOU WANT? HERE! YOU HAVE CEREBUS' WARTS! YOU HAVE CEREBUS' PAYESS FOR A SHEITL! YOU HAVE CEREBUS' MORNING COAT! YOU HAVE CEREBUS' (YOU SHOULD EXCUSE THE FIRST SYLLABLE) PORKPIE HAT!"
KAPWEENG
kaKOOM
BUT...THEN...THAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A FARBISSNER CEREBUS AND A BALBATISHER RABBI!
(AS CEREBUS IS SURE YOU WILL AGREE)
APOLOGIES TO HARVEY (CHUGA-CHUGACHUG) KURTZMAN FOR THE OUTRIGHT THEFT (NOT ONCE BUT THREE TIMES) OF HIS KAPWEENG! SOUND EFFECT (AY BOO) (CHUGA-CHUGACHUG) (REST HIS SOUL ALSO)


DESPAIR? OY. LYING THERE? IN THE DARK? NIGHT AFTER NIGHT? KNOWING? THAT IF THE THREE WISE FELLOWS WOULD JUST... UNTIE CEREBUS? THAT TAKING CARE OF THE CIRINISTS WOULD BE... ...WOULD BE... CHILD'S PLAY FOR CEREBUS' RABBI IDOLATRY?
DESPAIR? KNOWING? THAT THE MOMENT HE WAS UNTIED? ALL OF HIS AMAZING RABBI POWERS AND ABILITIES?
(WHICH HE POSSESSED NOW ONLY IN HIS DREAMS?)
WOULD BE INSTANTLY RESTORED TO HIM!
HIS RABBI...
WHOOOOOOOOOOOOOHM
MOEBIUS STRIP BREATH?
HIS RABBI...
SSSSSSSHHHHH
TUNK
ATTRACTO-HEARING?
HIS RABBI...
SHNIKT!
CHAWWABUNGIUM TOENAILS?
BUT? NO MATTER HOW FOOLPROOF A PLAN CEREBUS PRESENTED TO THE THREE WISE FELLOWS?
AND THEN? USING HIS RABBI ACIDIC EARWAX TO MELT THE STEEL CABLE? HOLDING THE ICEBERG OVER THE CIRINISTS?
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DEMON SELF.
DESPAIR?
THEY DIDN'T EVEN LET CEREBUS FINISH EXPLAINING THAT ONE!

AND THEN! JUST LIKE THAT! CEREBUS HAD IT! THE FOOLPROOF PLAN TO GET THE THREE WISE FELLOWS TO UNTIE CEREBUS! ..... (SEE)....

ONE DAY (WHEN IT WAS KOSHIE'S TURN TO RECITE THE BOOK OF RICK) KOSHIE SUDDENLY DEVELOPED A CASE OF THE HICCUPS! .....(SEE)....

WELL! FOR THE BETTER PART OF THE MORNING MOSHIE AND LOSHIE HAD LISTENED TO KOSHIE STRUGGLE HIS WAY THROUGH THE FIRST CHAPTER..... (SEE).....

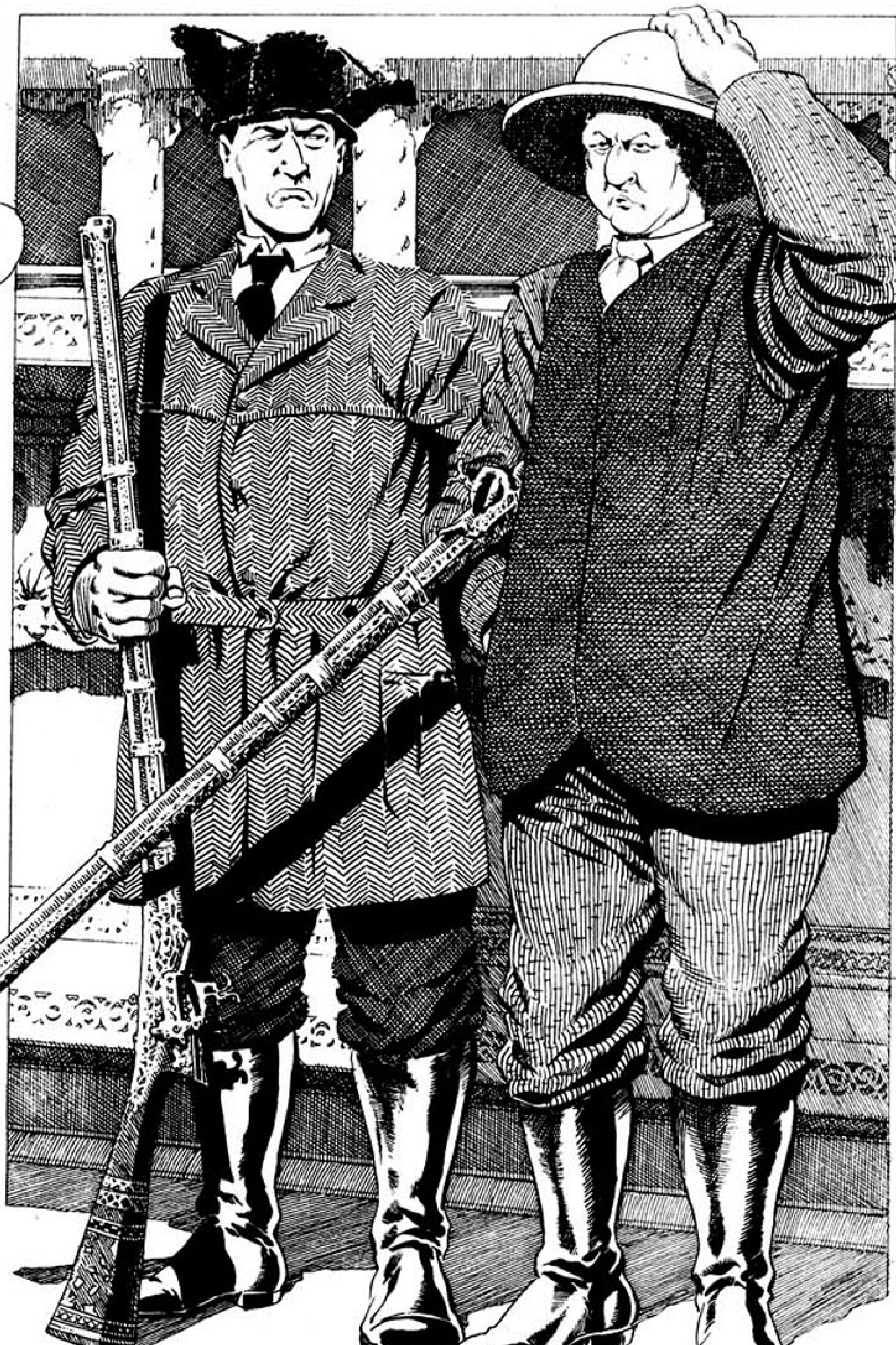


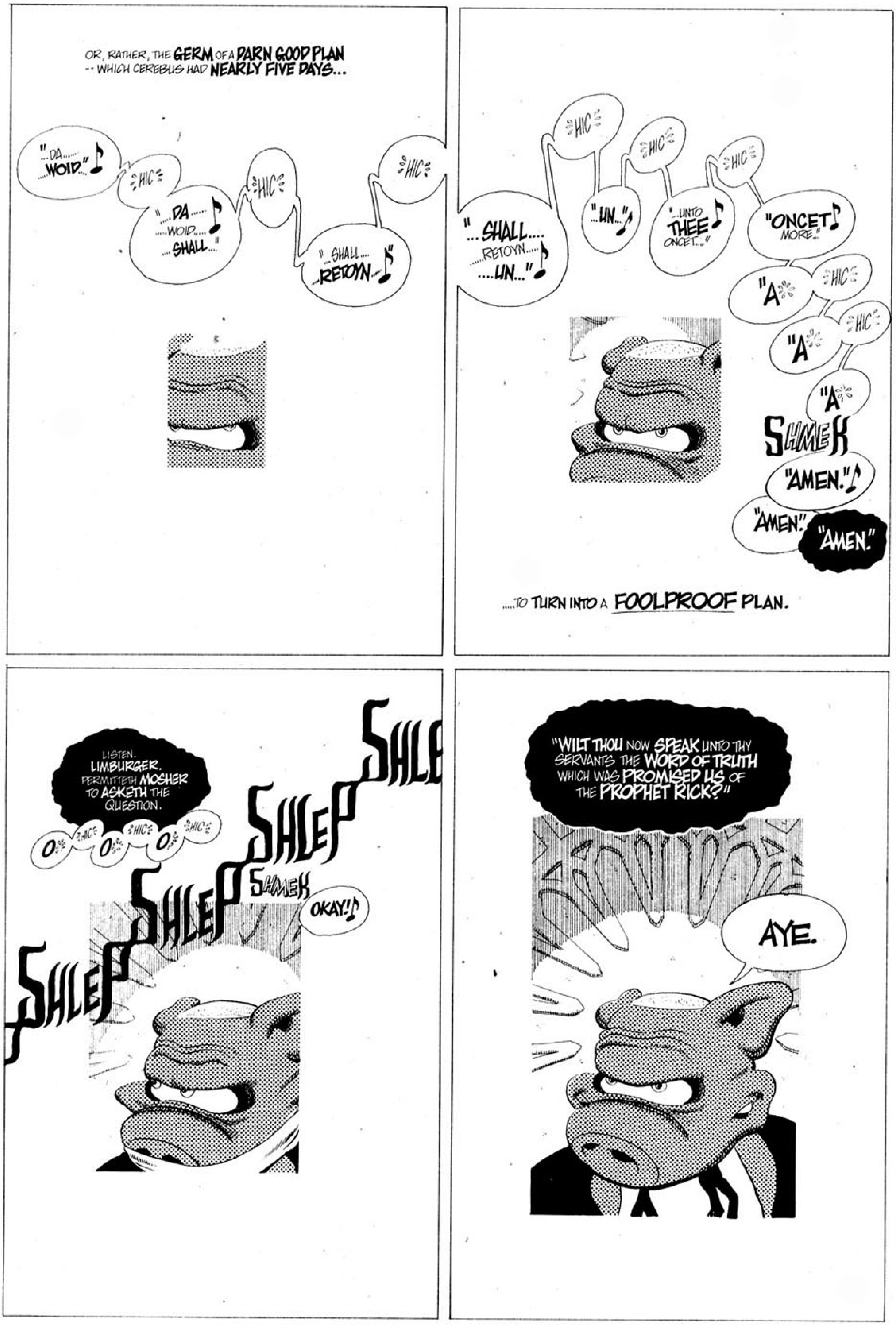
...WHEN THEY REALIZED THAT THEY COULD GO OFF TO ONE OF THE HUNTING LODGES WITH THEIR WIVES AND HAVE A NICE FOUR- OR FIVE-DAY VACATION AND STILL MAKE IT BACK BEFORE KOSHIE FINISHED HIS TOIN (--ER-- TURN) -- WHICH (UNDER THE CIRCUMSTANCES) --

"MOANEEN ...WUZ..." HIC "...MOANEEN... ...WUZ" HIC "...MOANEEN ...WUZ"

...WAS A DARN GOOD PLAN!

(AND THEN -- SEEING MOSHIE AND LOSHIE IN THEIR HUNTING OUTFITS WAS WHAT GAVE CEREBUS A DARN GOOD PLAN OF HIS OWN!)





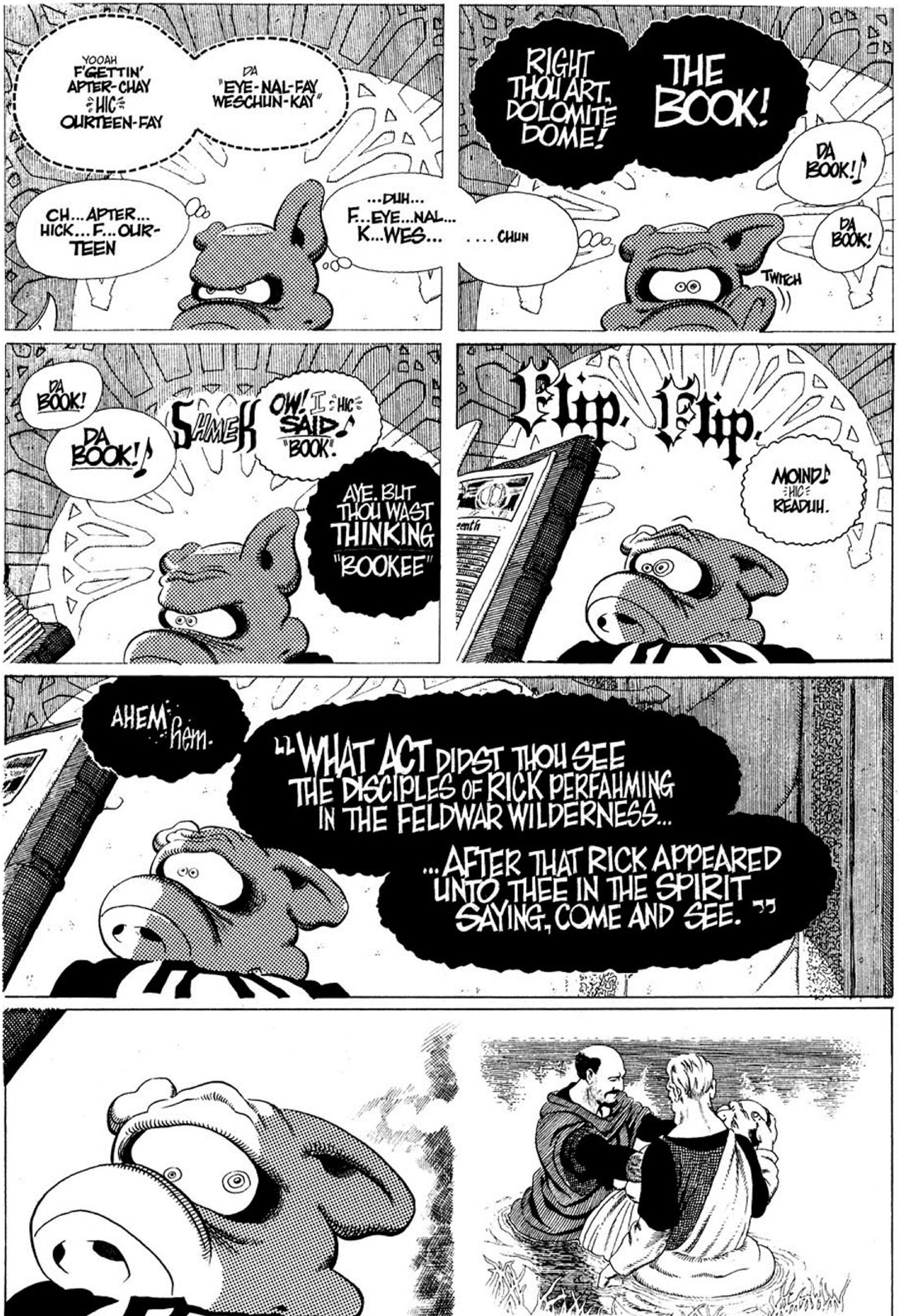
OR, RATHER, THE GERM OF A DARN GOOD PLAN -- WHICH CEREBUS HAD NEARLY FIVE DAYS...
"...DA... ...WOID..."
HIC
"...DA... ...WOID... ...SHALL..."
HIC
"...SHALL... ...RETOYN..."
HIC
"...SHALL... ...RETOYN... ...UN..."
HIC
"...UN..."
HIC
"...UNTO THEE ONCET..."
HIC
"ONCET MORE..."
"A"
HIC
"A"
HIC
"A"
SHMEK
"AMEN."
"AMEN."
"AMEN."
...TO TURN INTO A FOOLPROOF PLAN.
LISTEN. LIMBURGER. PERMITTETH MOSHER TO ASKETH THE QUESTION.
O
HIC
O
HIC
O
HIC
SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLEP SHLE
SHMEK
OKAY!
"WILT THOU NOW SPEAK UNTO THY SERVANTS THE WORD OF TRUTH WHICH WAS PROMISED US OF THE PROPHET RICK?"
AYE.



WHADDEE SAY?
HE SAYETH... "AYE."
NOT HIC AGAIN!
SHMEK
WAIDAMINNIT, MOSH! KOSHIE'S RIGHT! T'REE YEARS WE BIN WAITIN' FUH DA WOID UH TRUTH
HITTIN' OUR MARKS AN' DOIN' OWAH BEST "DEY WUZ ASTONIED AT 'IZ DOCTRINE" POSES
AN' EVERY DARN TIME
HOW MANY HUNTING LODGES ARE THERE?
!
!
?
HUNDREDS!
THOUSANDS!
HIC
DOZENS?

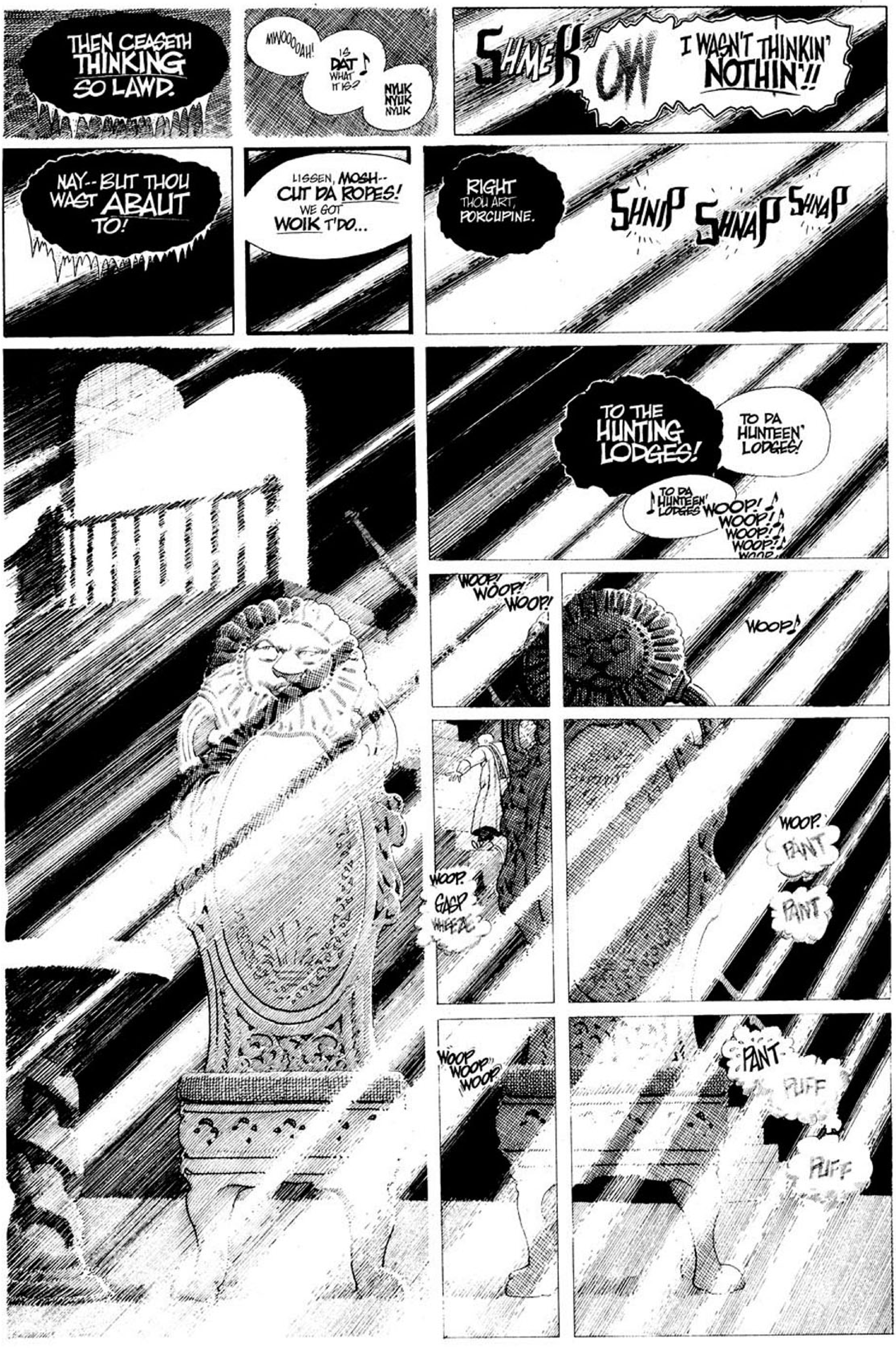

CEREBUS QUICKLY OUTLINED HIS FOOLPROOF PLAN-- GET ALL OF CEREBUS' MARRIED FOLLOWERS TO CHECK INTO HUNTING LODGES AND HAVE ALL OF THEM SIMULTANEOUSLY DECIDE TO GO ON HUNTING TRIPS. HAVE THEM ASSEMBLE IN THE MIDDLE OF A BIG OPEN FIELD AT LEAST A HUNDRED YARDS FROM ANYTHING--TREES, SHRUBS, ROCKS--THAT COULD BE USED FOR "COVER"
SINCE IT'S AGAINST CIRINIST LAW FOR ANY GROUP TO CONSIST OF LESS-THAN-HALF WOMEN--THAT WILL BRING THE CIRINIST ENFORCERS TO INVESTIGATE AND BREAK THINGS UP! ALL CEREBUS' FOLLOWERS HAVE TO DO IS STAY PUT AND SHOOT EVERY CIRINIST BEFORE SHE CAN GET WITHIN CROSSBOW RANGE!
"BUT," (LOSHIE WANTED TO KNOW), "WHAT HAPPENS IF THE CIRINISTS USE GUNS AGAINST US?"
"THAT," (SAID CEREBUS), "IS THE FOOLPROOF PART...."
SINCE EVEN THE BEST WOMAN SHOOTER IS BARELY GOING TO BE AS GOOD AS A BELOW AVERAGE MAN THERE'S NO WAY THE CIRINISTS CAN GET WITHIN RANGE WHERE THEY CAN HIT US WITHOUT FIRST GETTING SHOT THEMSELVES!
THE IMPORTANT THING IS TO PICK A SPOT WITH NO "COVER" WITHIN THE SHOOTING RANGE OF THE AVERAGE MAN
THE PLAINS OF SARAH!
THAT'S JUST WHAT MOSHER WAS THINKING, PORCUPINE!
YOOZEEN GUNS! HIC AGAINS' MUDDERS?
...BUT HIC
...BUT HIC
DATS DYBBUK-HIC OLICAL!
KOSHIE'S RIGHT. IT'S...IT'S A HOYNIOUS PLAN.
WHY... IT-- IT VOYGITH ON THE MEPHISTOPHLEAN.

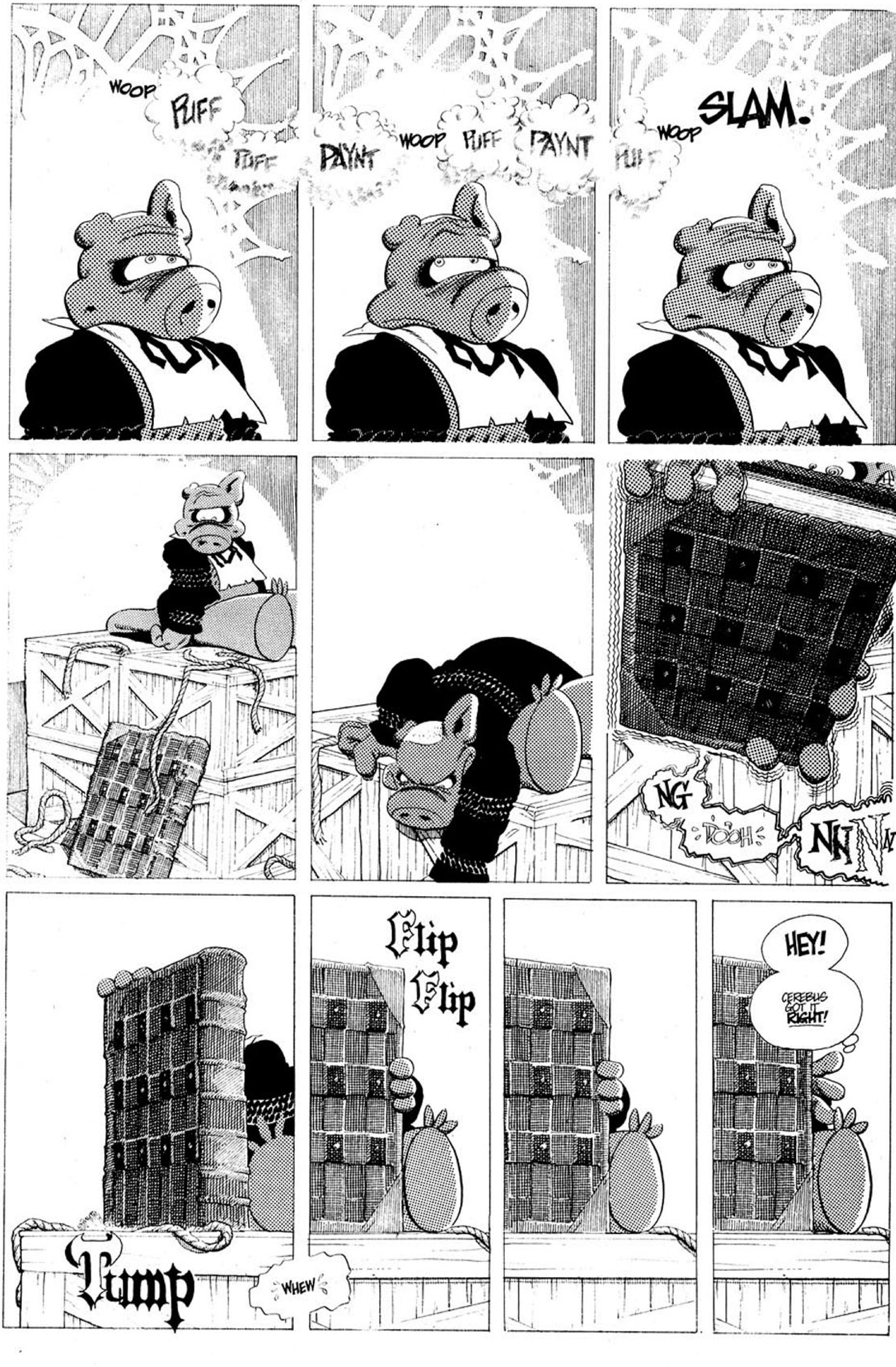

BUT!
IS IT THE WORD OF TRUTH?
BOY! IF IT AIN'T I DON'T KNOW :HIC: WHAT IS!♪
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHOOAH SOUNDS LOIK IT T'ME.
PERMITTETH MOSHER TO MAKETH IT ANONYMOUS AND...
...TO UNBIND THE ONE CEREBUS!
WAIT, MOSH! ACCOADING TO RICK THOYTEEN: FOAHTEEN, HE'S SUPPOSED TO UNBIND HIMSELF!
IZZAT SO?
THOU "JOT-AND-TITTLE" LEGALIST! ... DOEST THOU BELIEVE ALSO IN "SALVATION BY WORKS?"
?
ACTUALLY, I DO. YEAH.
AND DOEST THOU BELIEVE THAT THIS IS LIKE UNTO A HARD FIST?
GULP YEAH ...
AND DOEST THOU BELIEVE THAT THY SINUSES ART PROTECTED BY SOFT CARTILAGE?
UHHH...
WELL?
UNBOIND DA ONE CEREBUS!
PERMITTETH MOSHER TO CONGRATULATE THEE ON THE ACHIEVEMENT OF THY NEWFOUND STATE OF ENLIGHTEN-MENT.
WAIT!♪ MOSHIE!♪
NOW WHO SEEKEST AFTER A FACEFUL OF MOSHER'S ETERNAL VERITIES?


YOOAH F'GETTIN' APTER-CHAY HIC OURTEEN-FAY
DA "EYE-NAL-FAY WESCHUN-KAY"
CH...APTER... HICK...F...OUR-TEEN
...DUH... F...EYE...NAL... K...WES... ....CHUN
RIGHT THOU ART, DOLOMITE DOME!
THE BOOK!
DA BOOK!
DA BOOK!
TWITCH
DA BOOK!
DA BOOK!
SHMEK
OW! I HIC SAID "BOOK".
AYE. BUT THOU WAST THINKING "BOOKEE"
Flip. Flip.
MOIND! HIC READUH.
AHEM hem.
"WHAT ACT DIDST THOU SEE THE DISCIPLES OF RICK PERFAHMING IN THE FELDWAR WILDERNESS...
...AFTER THAT RICK APPEARED UNTO THEE IN THE SPIRIT SAYING, COME AND SEE."



THEY WERE ...
... DROWNING GUYS?
VERILY!
THOU HAST SPOKEN THE WORD OF TRUTH!
TUMP
VERILY! DHOU AHT DA ONE TRUE CEREBUS!
VERILY! BIMBOS A LA MODEE, HERE I COME! NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEKOW!
MMMM
LISSEN, YOUSE!
QUIT TRAIPS-PASSEEN IN MOY MIND!


THEN CEASETH THINKING SO LAWD.
MWOOOOAH!
IS DAT WHAT IT IS?
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEK'OW
I WASN'T THINKIN' NOTHIN'!!
NAY--BUT THOU WAST ABAUT TO!
LISSEN, MOSH-- CUT DA ROPES! WE GOT WOIK T'DO...
RIGHT THOU ART, PORCUPINE.
SHNIP SHNAP SHNAP
TO THE HUNTING LODGES!
TO DA HUNTEEN' LODGES!
TO DA HUNTEEN' LODGES WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!
WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!
WOOP!
WOOP. GASP WHEEZE
WOOP. PANT
PANT
WOOP WOOP WOOP
PANT
PUFF
PUFF


WOOP
PUFF
PUFF
PAYNT
WOOP
PUFF
PAYNT
PUFF
WOOP
SLAM.
NG
POOH
NNN
Tump
WHEW
Flip
Flip
HEY!
CEREBUS GOT IT RIGHT!



Chapter the Fourteenth

1. Ricke appears vnto Cerebvs : 3 Ricke taketh up Cerebvs : 4 The baptizing of the disciples : 5 The signe of the latter daies : 6 Cerebvs returnes to his place : 8 Inquiring of Cerebvs : 11 The One True Cerebvs

THe Prophet Ricke fulfilling the promise hee had made in the sanctvarie appeared vnto Cerebvs in the spirit speaking vnto Cerebvs and saying:

2. The waters abound with the new and faithful but as yet the fishers are few. Come and see.

3. Then Ricke taketh up Cerebvs in the spirit and setteth him upon the waters and, lo

4. Cerebvs beheld Ricke in the Feldwar wilderness baptizing disciples in the Name of the One God (howsobeit Ricke himselfe baptized not but his disciples:)

5. And Cerebvs marueiled and perceiued not what hee saw (that it might be a signe in the latter daies vnto him).

6. And Cerebvs returned vnto his place after hauing bene shown that baptism which Rick's disciples perfourmed in the Feldwar wildernesse.

7. And this shalbe the signe in the latter daies: that thou Wise Fellowes shalt conceal from Cerebvs this final chapter in this booke.

8. And when it seemeth vnto thee, thou Wise Fellowes, that Cerebvs hath spoken vnto thee that worde of truth which shalbe to all men and in the which all men shall be commaunded then shalt thou inquire of Cerebvs speaking vnto him and saying:

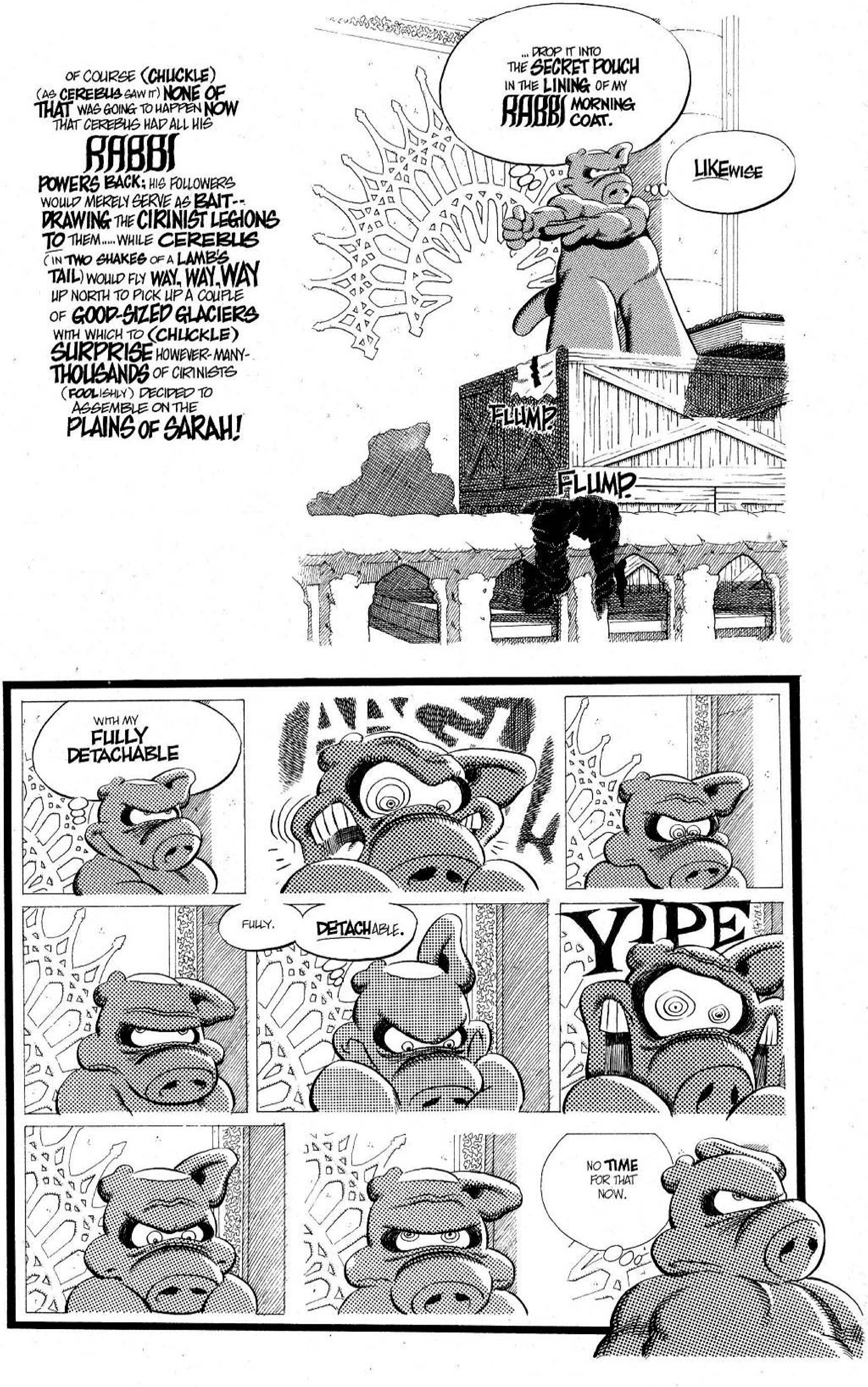
9. What acte didst thou see the disciples of Ricke perfourming in the Feldwar wildernesse after that Ricke appeared vnto thee in the spirit saying Come and see. And if Cerebvs doth answer vnto thee

10. Drowning guys.

11. Then of a surety is hee the One True Cerebvs and of a surety is his worde the worde of truth. Unbind him and follow him in all that hee commaundeth thee that thy daies may bee long vpon the earth and that all might bee fulfilled which hath been spoken of in this booke by the Prophet Ricke. Amen.

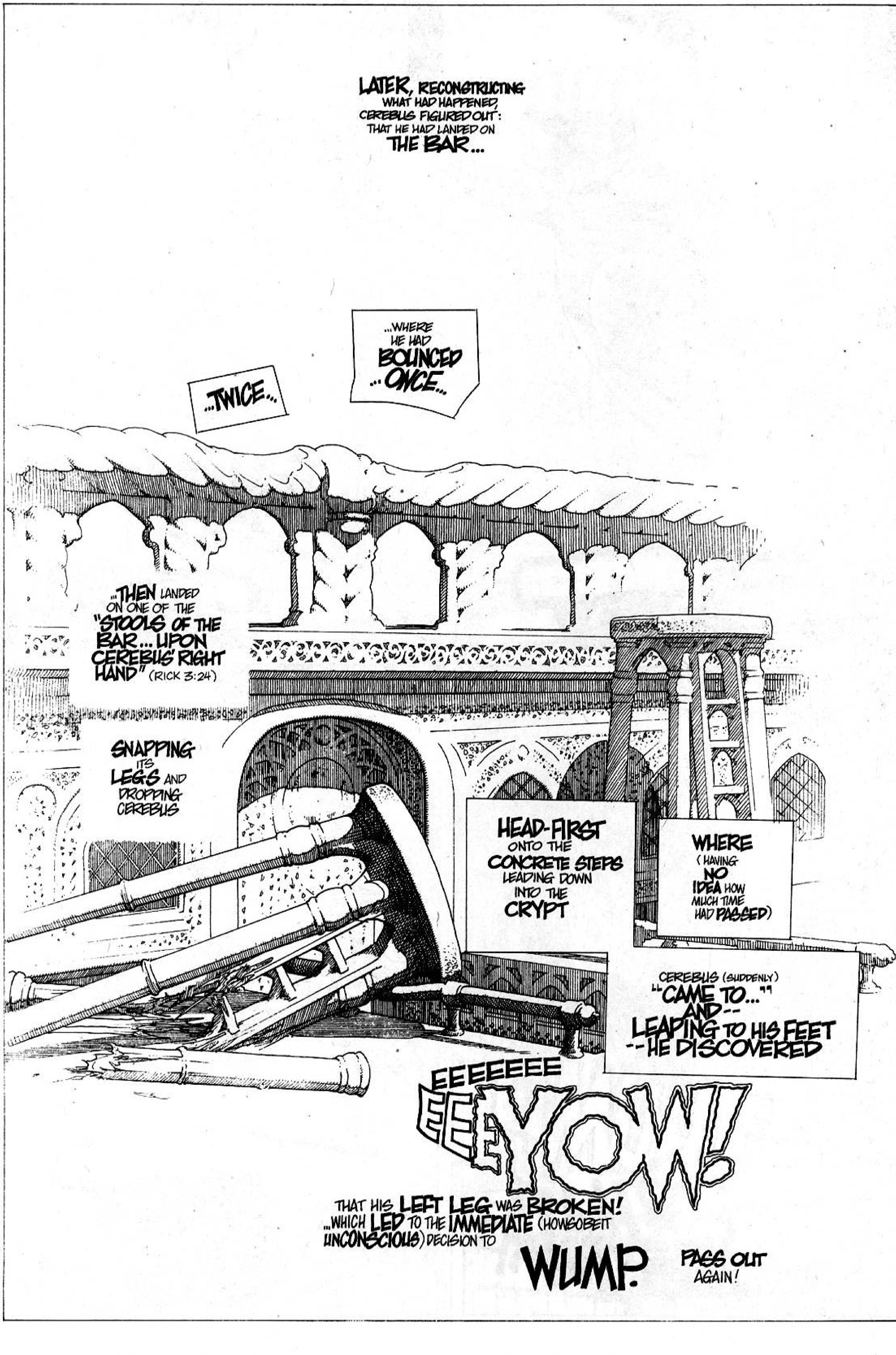

AT THE TIME, THE FACT THAT CEREBUS HAD GOTTEN THE "DROWNING GUYS" ANSWER RIGHT HAD SEEMED MUCH LESS IMPORTANT
THAN CEREBUS' CERTAINTY THAT...
(NOW THAT HE WAS FREE AGAIN)
... ALL OF HIS RABBI POWERS HAD BEEN RESTORED TO HIM:
HIS RABBI LOGARITHM AND ANTILOGARITHM VISION!
HIS RABBI HERNIOPLASTY TOUCH!
HIS RABBI MEGALOCEPHALIC EXPANDO-CRANIUM!
HIS RABBI LEVOROTATORY AND DEXTROROTATORY BREATH!
HIS RABBI
WELL.
YOU GET THE IDEA.

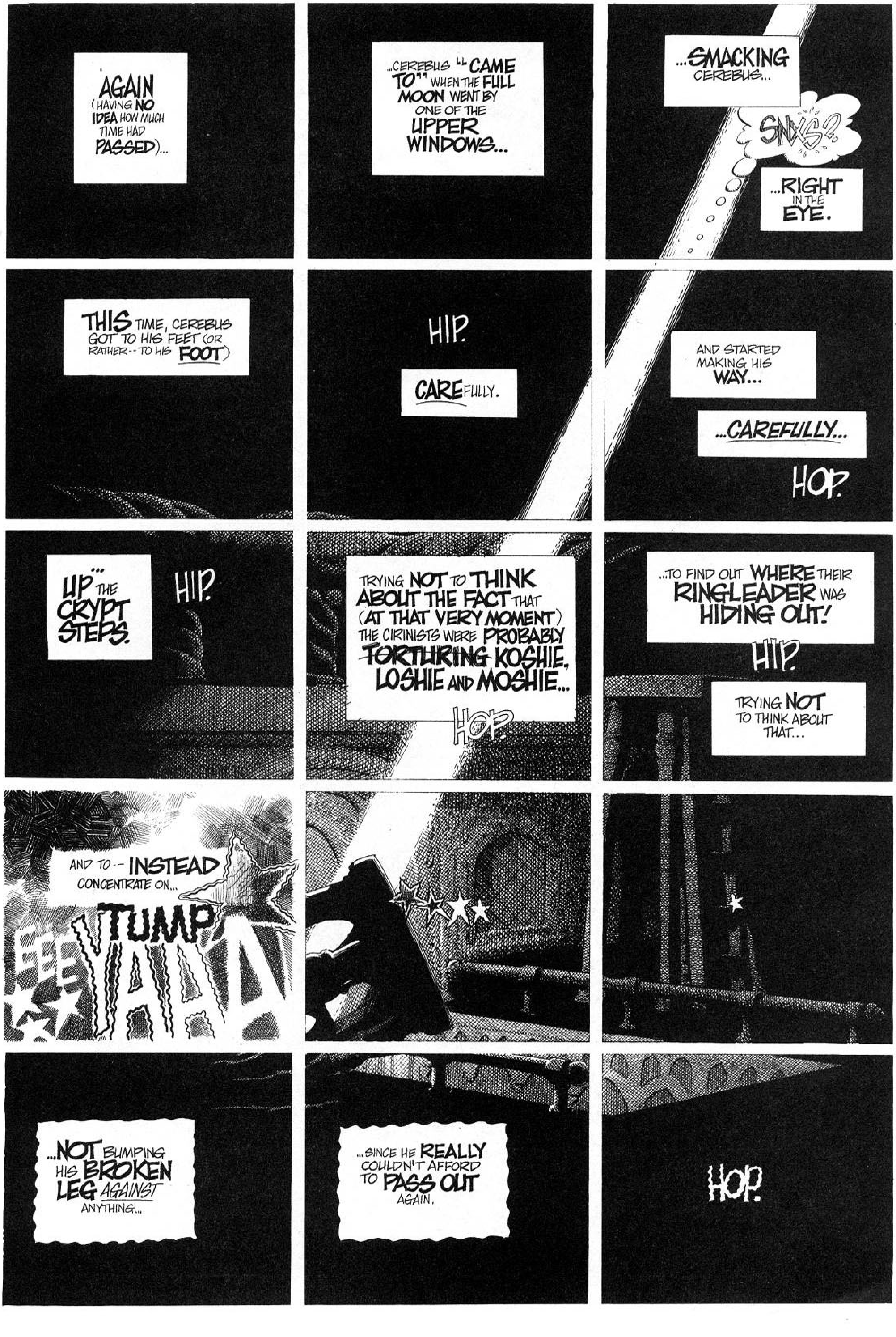

NO TIME TO LOSE!
WAP WAP WAP WAP WAP
SEE. THE WORD OF TRUTH HADN'T BEEN THE WORD OF TRUTH AT ALL! SEE. THE WAY CEREBUS FIGURED IT, IT HAD BEEN SO LONG SINCE THE LAST WAR THERE PROBABLY WASN'T ANYONE LEFT ALIVE (BESIDES CEREBUS) WHO KNEW BUPKES OR (EVEN) MAKKES FROM MILITARY STRATEGY
(SEE. IF YOU JUST STICK A FEW HUNDRED GUYS OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF A FIELD ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS SURROUND THEM WITH SUPERIOR NUMBERS) (WHICH THE CIRINISTS HAD) (AND STARVE THEM OUT BY CUTTING THEIR SUPPLY LINES...) ...OF COURSE KNOWING THE CIRINISTS
IT WAS FAR MORE LIKELY THAT THEY WOULD JUST SEND TWO OR THREE (OR SIX OR EIGHT OR TWELVE) DIVISIONS ACROSS THE FIELD-- SACRIFICE A FEW THOUSAND CIRINISTS TO KILL A FEW HUNDRED GUYS -- LEAVE ALL THE CORPSES RIGHT WHERE THEY FELL TO ROT CLEAN DOWN TO THEIR SKELETONS -- WAIT UNTIL THE BONES WERE BLEACHED WHITE BY THE SUN--BUILD A PARK AROUND THEM--AND TURN IT INTO A TOURIST ATTRACTION
JUST TO (YOU KNOW) MAKE A POINT
COMPRESS MY SPECIALLY-TREATED TOLEDO TO THE SIZE OF A PEA.

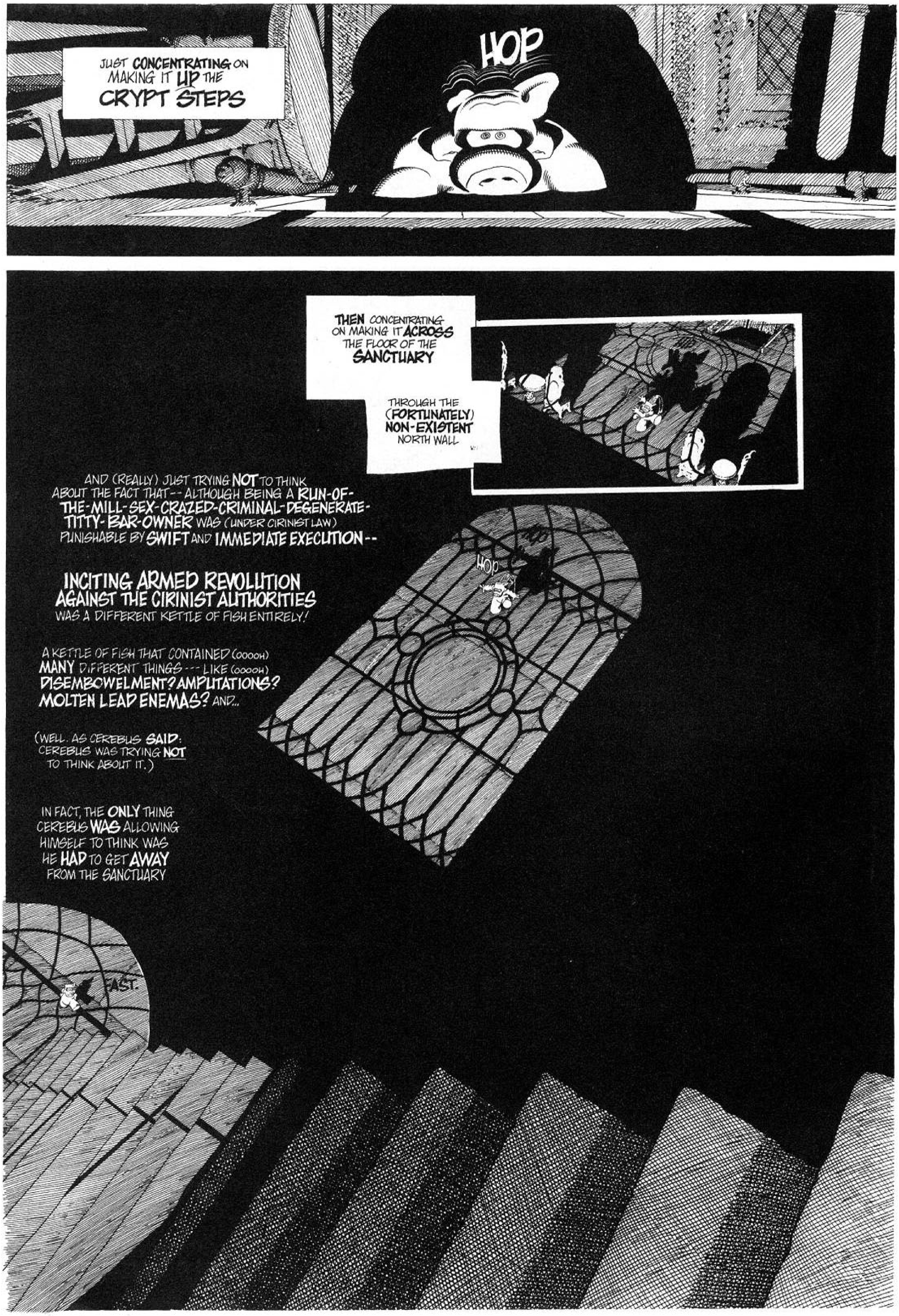

OF COURSE (CHUCKLE) (AS CEREBUS SAW IT) NONE OF THAT WAS GOING TO HAPPEN NOW THAT CEREBUS HAD ALL HIS RABBI POWERS BACK; HIS FOLLOWERS WOULD MERELY SERVE AS BAIT-- DRAWING THE CIRINIST LEGIONS TO THEM..... WHILE CEREBUS (IN TWO SHAKES OF A LAMB'S TAIL) WOULD FLY WAY, WAY, WAY UP NORTH TO PICK UP A COUPLE OF GOOD-SIZED GLACIERS WITH WHICH TO (CHUCKLE) SURPRISE HOWEVER-MANY-THOUSANDS OF CIRINISTS (FOOLISHLY) DECIDED TO ASSEMBLE ON THE PLAINS OF SARAH!
...DROP IT INTO THE SECRET POUCH IN THE LINING OF MY RABBI MORNING COAT.
LIKEWISE
FLUMP
FLUMP
WITH MY FULLY DETACHABLE
FULLY.
DETACHABLE.
YIPE
NO TIME FOR THAT NOW.


THIS...
LOOKEST LIKE UNTO A JOB FOR
RABBI!
...RABH...
...RABBI...
...AWAY!
LEAP!

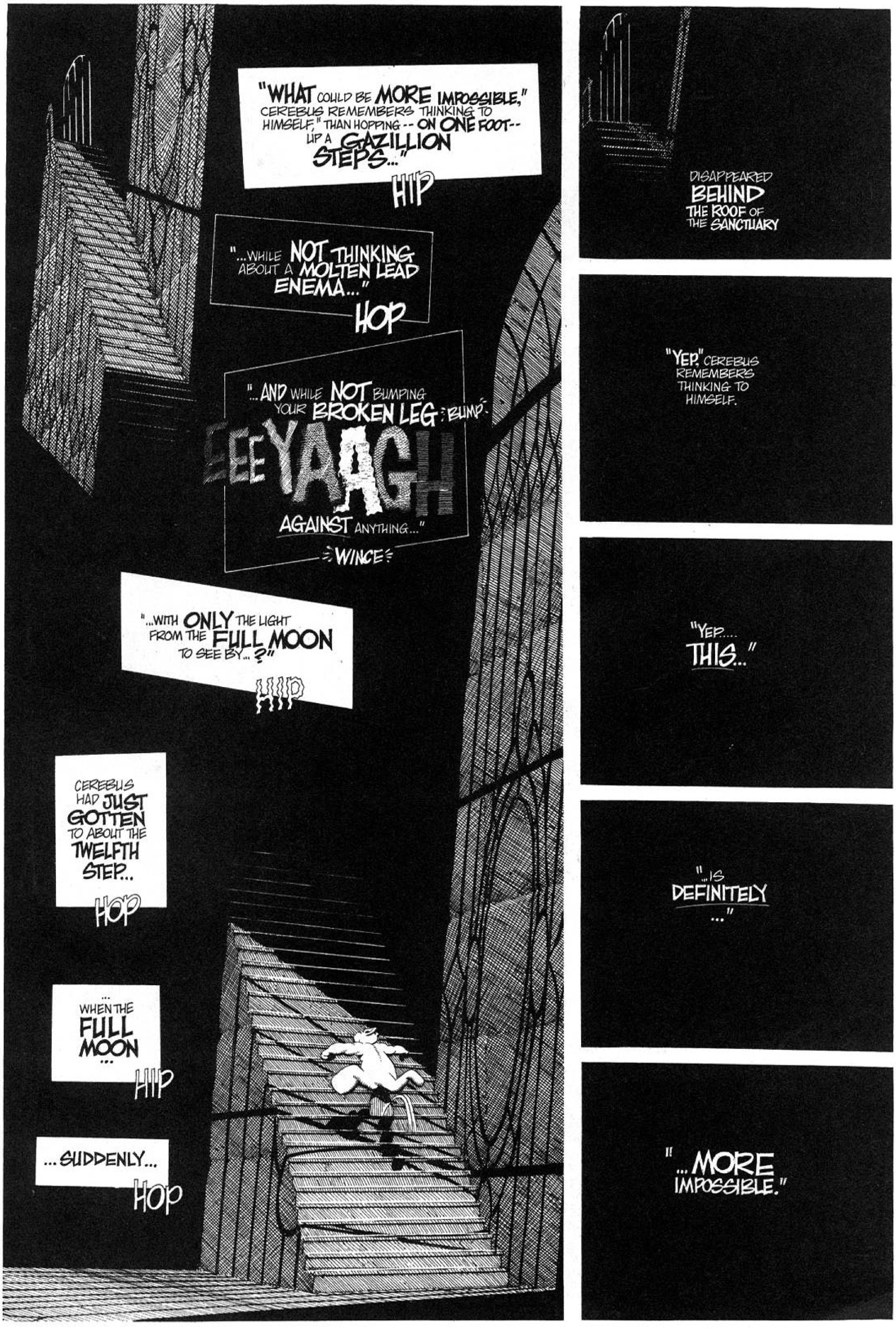

ZIP
BASH
CRASH
THUMP
BUMP
WUMP
TINK TINK ITTY TINK TINK TINK TINK TINK TINK TINK TINK......

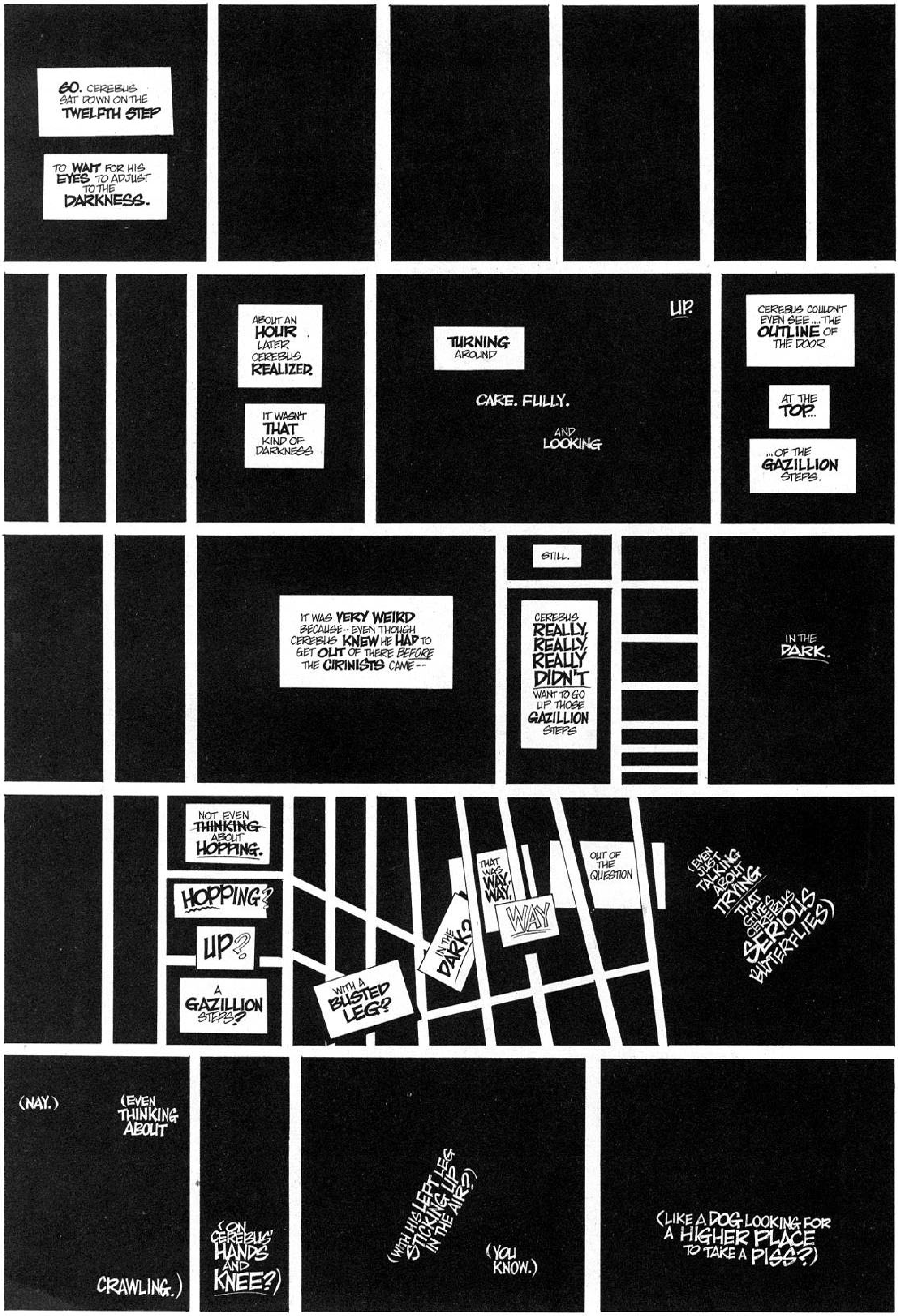

LATER, RECONSTRUCTING WHAT HAD HAPPENED, CEREBUS FIGURED OUT: THAT HE HAD LANDED ON THE BAR...
...WHERE HE HAD BOUNCED ...ONCE...
...TWICE...
...THEN LANDED ON ONE OF THE "STOOLS OF THE BAR... UPON CEREBUS' RIGHT HAND" (RICK 3:24)
SNAPPING ITS LEGS AND DROPPING CEREBUS
HEAD-FIRST ONTO THE CONCRETE STEPS LEADING DOWN INTO THE CRYPT
WHERE (HAVING NO IDEA HOW MUCH TIME HAD PASSED)
CEREBUS (SUDDENLY) "CAME TO..." AND-- LEAPING TO HIS FEET --HE DISCOVERED
EEEEEEE EEEYOW!
THAT HIS LEFT LEG WAS BROKEN! ...WHICH LED TO THE IMMEDIATE (HOWSOBEIT UNCONSCIOUS) DECISION TO
WUMP.
PASS OUT AGAIN!

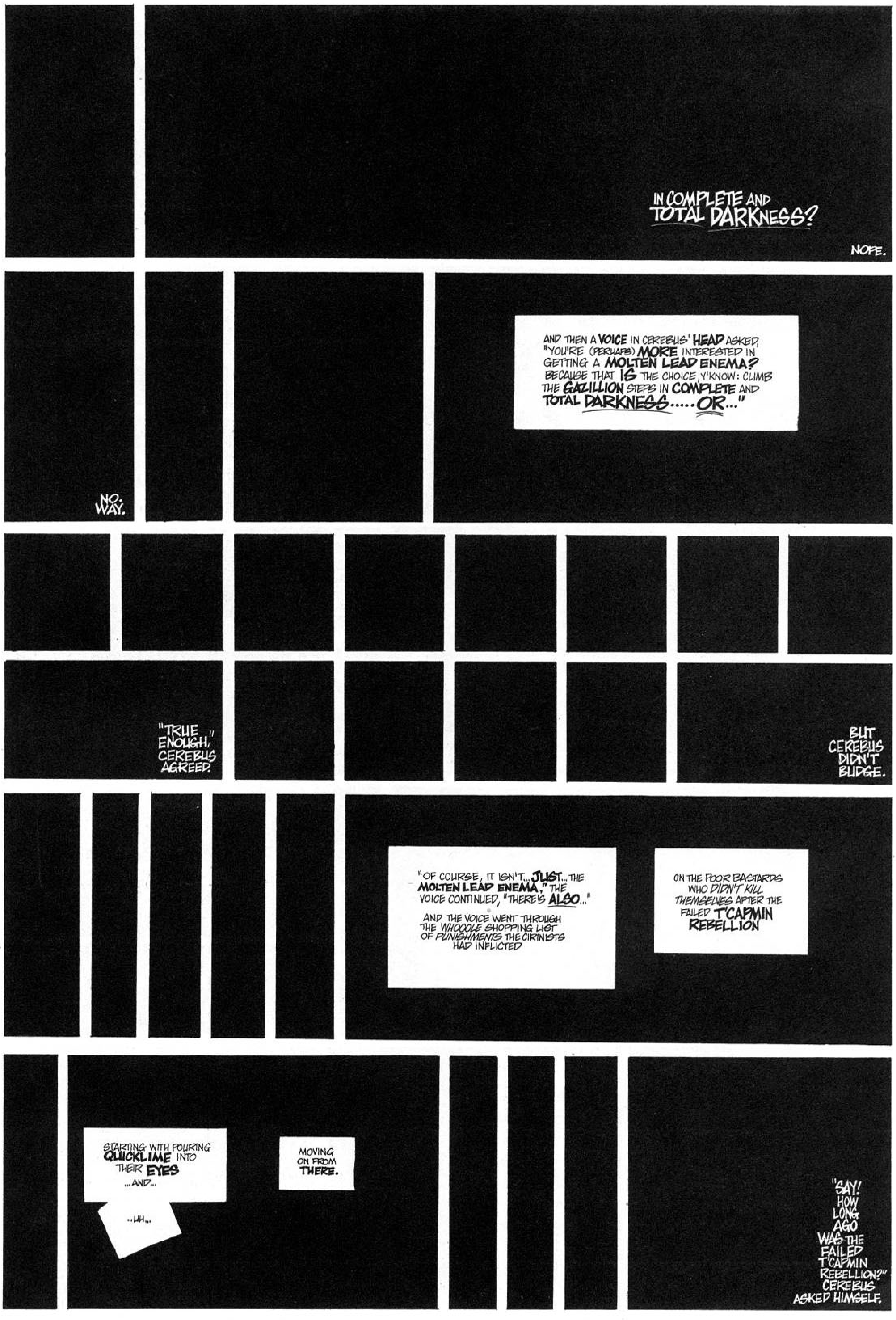

AGAIN (HAVING NO IDEA HOW MUCH TIME HAD PASSED)...
...CEREBUS "CAME TO" WHEN THE FULL MOON WENT BY ONE OF THE UPPER WINDOWS...
...SMACKING CEREBUS...
SNXS?
...RIGHT IN THE EYE.
THIS TIME, CEREBUS GOT TO HIS FEET (OR RATHER--TO HIS FOOT)
HIP.
CAREFULLY.
AND STARTED MAKING HIS WAY...
...CAREFULLY...
HOP.
UP... THE CRYPT STEPS.
HIP.
TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE FACT THAT (AT THAT VERY MOMENT) THE CIRINISTS WERE PROBABLY TORTURING KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE...
HOP.
...TO FIND OUT WHERE THEIR RINGLEADER WAS HIDING OUT!
HIP.
TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT THAT...
AND TO--INSTEAD CONCENTRATE ON...
TUMP
EEEYAAA
...NOT BUMPING HIS BROKEN LEG AGAINST ANYTHING...
...SINCE HE REALLY COULDN'T AFFORD TO PASS OUT AGAIN.
HOP.

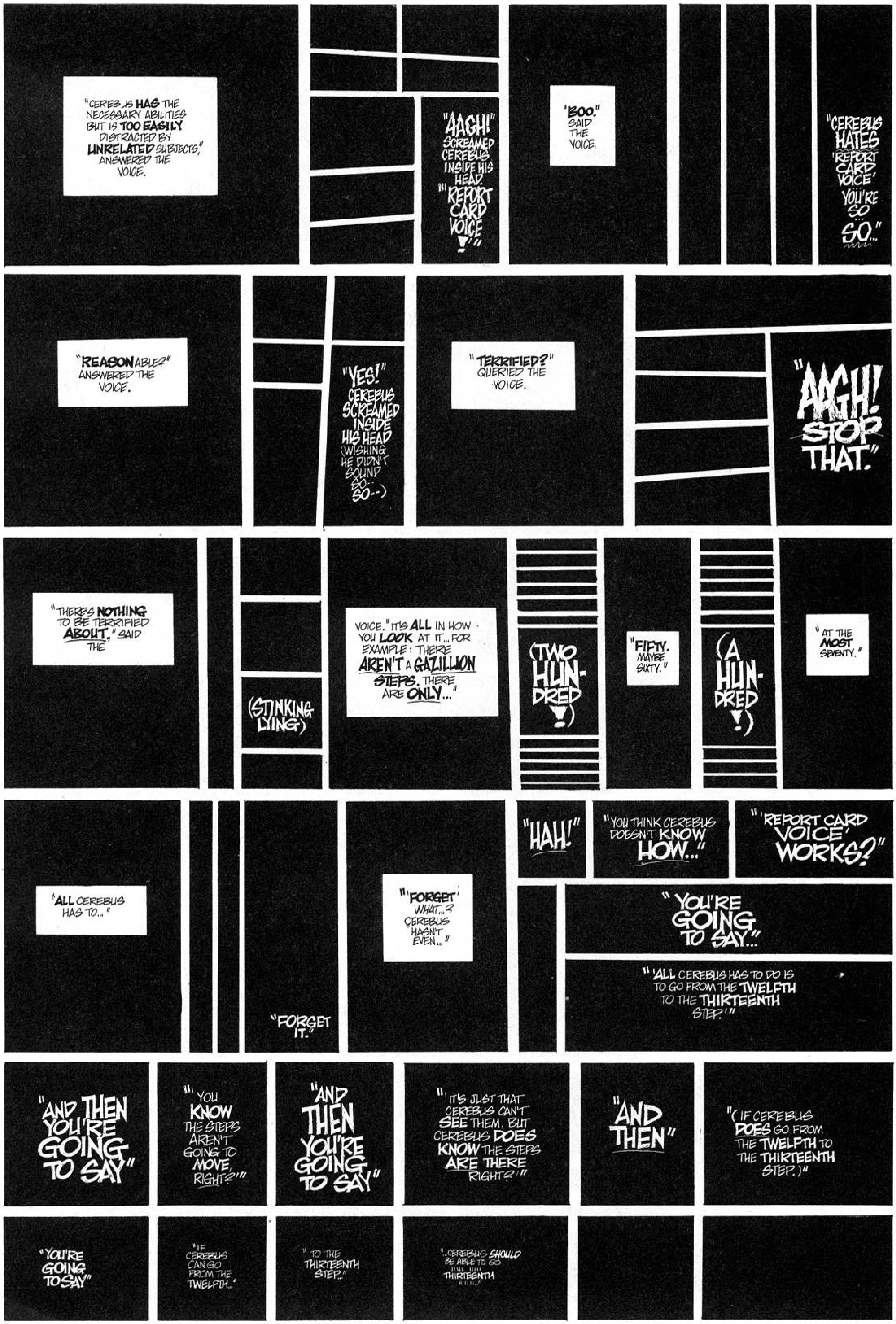


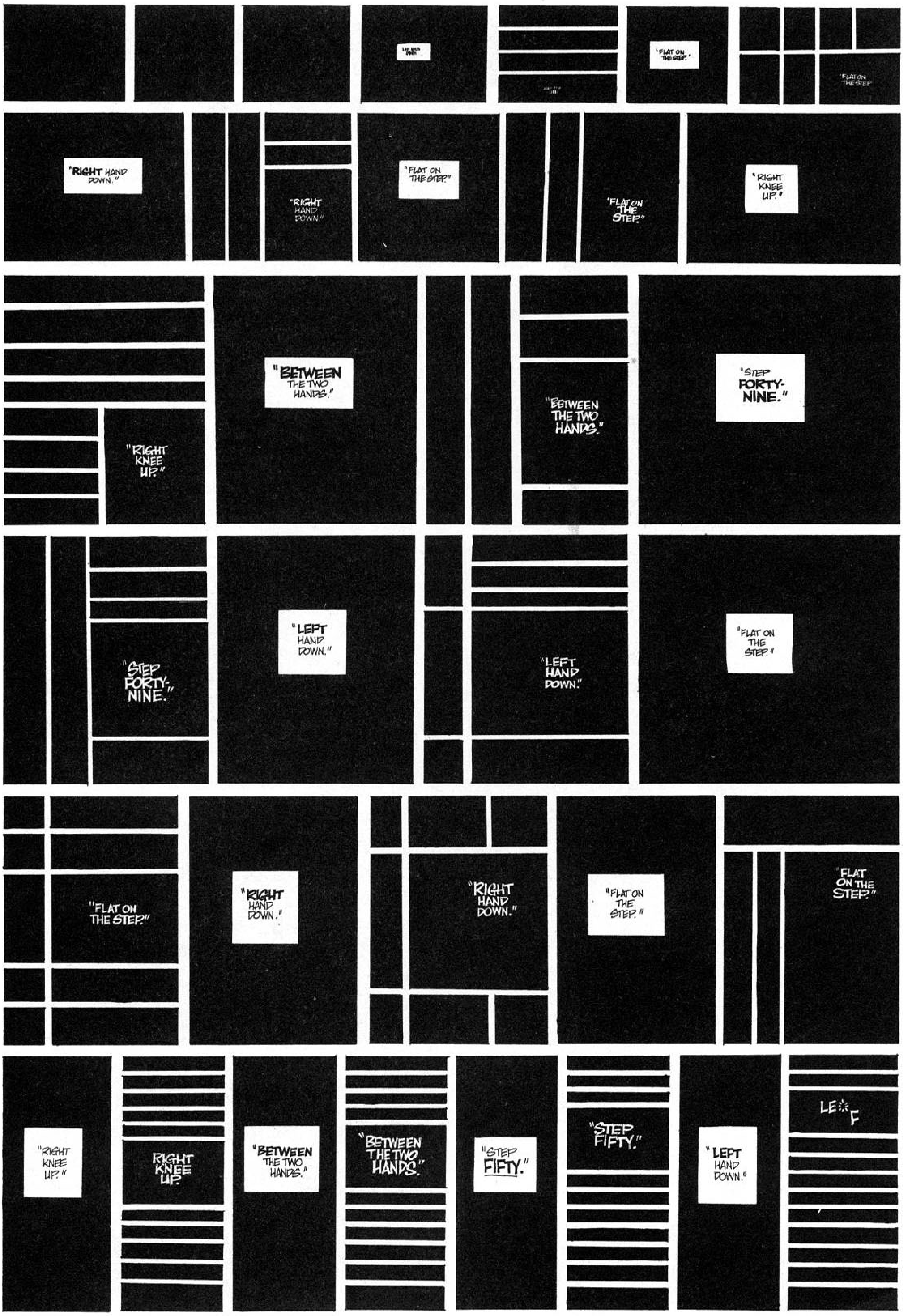
HOP
JUST CONCENTRATING ON MAKING IT UP THE CRYPT STEPS
THEN CONCENTRATING ON MAKING IT ACROSS THE FLOOR OF THE SANCTUARY
THROUGH THE (FORTUNATELY) NON-EXISTENT NORTH WALL
AND (REALLY) JUST TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT THE FACT THAT-- ALTHOUGH BEING A RUN-OF-THE-MILL-SEX-CRAZED-CRIMINAL-DEGENERATE-TITTY-BAR-OWNER WAS (UNDER CIRINIST LAW) PUNISHABLE BY SWIFT AND IMMEDIATE EXECUTION--
HOP
INCITING ARMED REVOLUTION AGAINST THE CIRINIST AUTHORITIES WAS A DIFFERENT KETTLE OF FISH ENTIRELY!
A KETTLE OF FISH THAT CONTAINED (OOOOH) MANY DIFFERENT THINGS --- LIKE (OOOOH) DISEMBOWELMENT? AMPUTATIONS? MOLTEN LEAD ENEMAS? AND..
(WELL. AS CEREBUS SAID: CEREBUS WAS TRYING NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.)
IN FACT, THE ONLY THING CEREBUS WAS ALLOWING HIMSELF TO THINK WAS HE HAD TO GET AWAY FROM THE SANCTUARY
FAST.

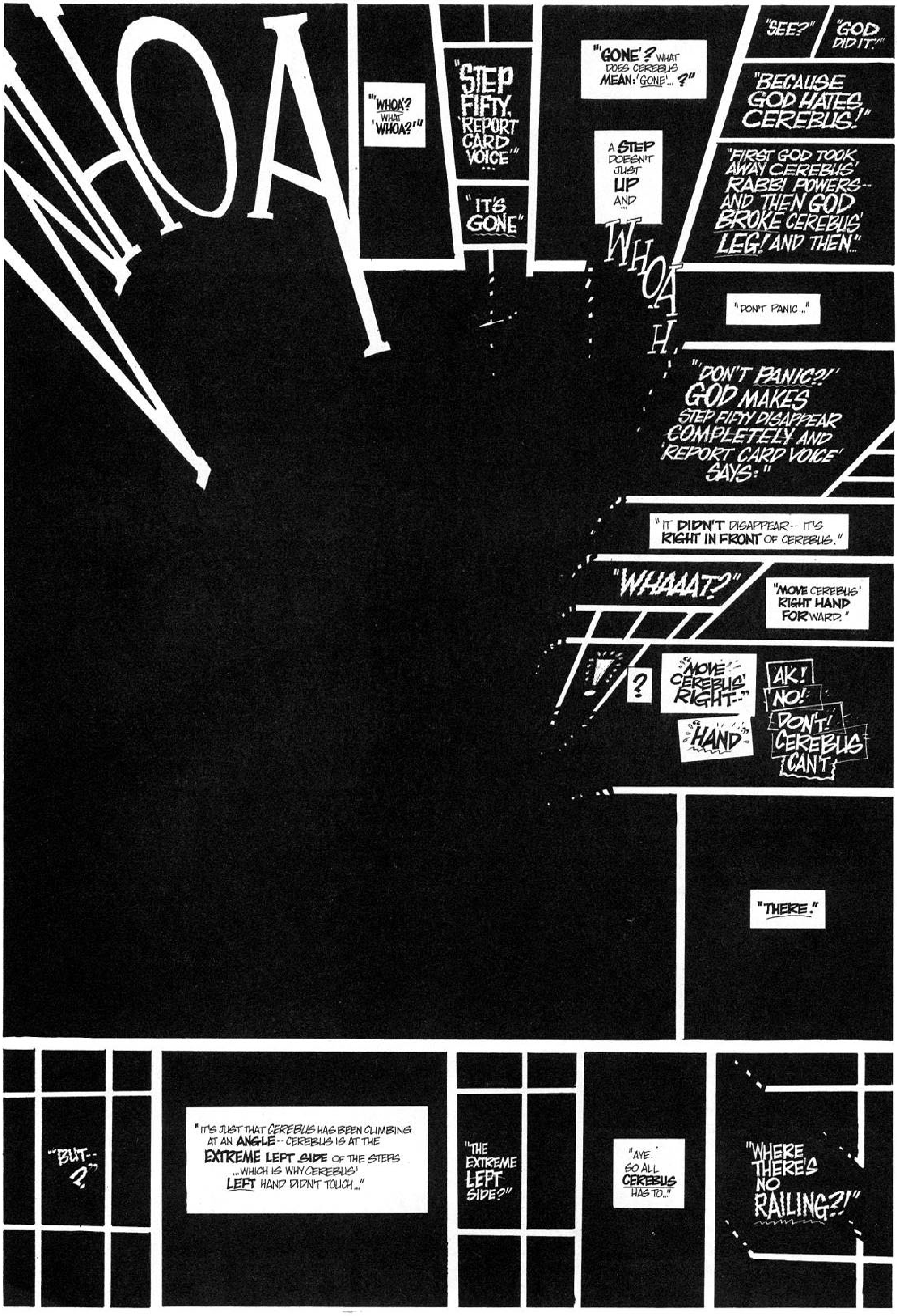

"WHAT COULD BE MORE IMPOSSIBLE," CEREBUS REMEMBERS THINKING TO HIMSELF, "THAN HOPPING -- ON ONE FOOT -- UP A GAZILLION STEPS..."
HIP
"...WHILE NOT THINKING ABOUT A MOLTEN LEAD ENEMA..."
HOP
"...AND WHILE NOT BUMPING YOUR BROKEN LEG
BUMP
EEEYAAGH
AGAINST ANYTHING..."
WINCE
"...WITH ONLY THE LIGHT FROM THE FULL MOON TO SEE BY...?"
HIP
CEREBUS HAD JUST GOTTEN TO ABOUT THE TWELFTH STEP...
HOP
... WHEN THE FULL MOON ...
HIP
... SUDDENLY...
HOP
DISAPPEARED BEHIND THE ROOF OF THE SANCTUARY
"YEP," CEREBUS REMEMBERS THINKING TO HIMSELF.
"YEP.... THIS..."
"...IS DEFINITELY ..."
"...MORE IMPOSSIBLE."

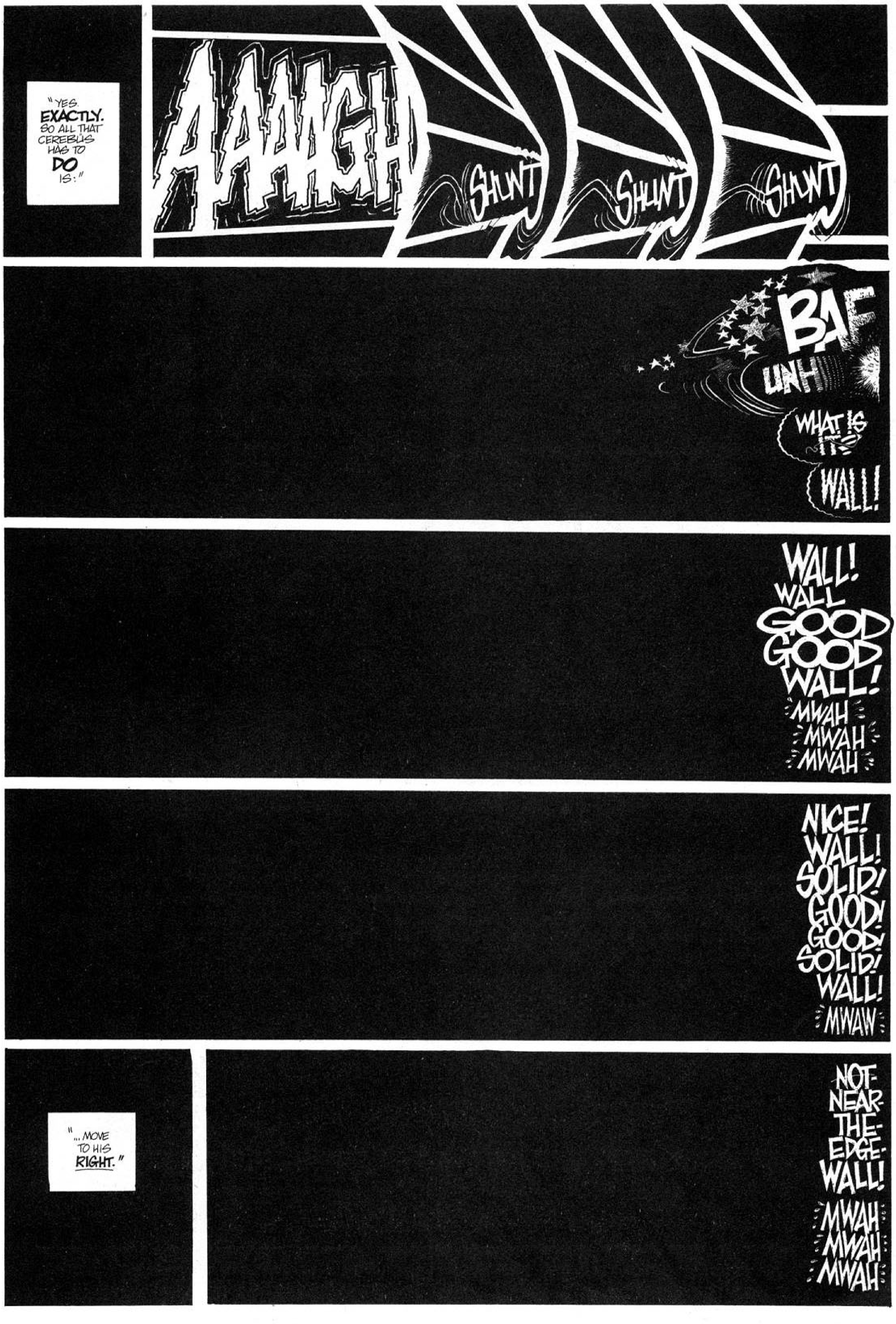

SO. CEREBUS SAT DOWN ON THE TWELFTH STEP
TO WAIT FOR HIS EYES TO ADJUST TO THE DARKNESS.
ABOUT AN HOUR LATER CEREBUS REALIZED.
IT WASN'T THAT KIND OF DARKNESS
TURNING AROUND
CARE. FULLY.
AND LOOKING
UP.
CEREBUS COULDN'T EVEN SEE.... THE OUTLINE OF THE DOOR
AT THE TOP...
...OF THE GAZILLION STEPS.
IT WAS VERY WEIRD BECAUSE-- EVEN THOUGH CEREBUS KNEW HE HAD TO GET OUT OF THERE BEFORE THE CIRINISTS CAME--
STILL.
CEREBUS REALLY, REALLY, REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO GO UP THOSE GAZILLION STEPS
IN THE DARK.
NOT EVEN THINKING ABOUT HOPPING.
HOPPING?
UP?
A GAZILLION STEPS?
WITH A BUSTED LEG?
IN THE DARK?
THAT WAS WAY, WAY,
WAY
OUT OF THE QUESTION
(EVEN JUST TALKING ABOUT TRYING THAT GIVES CEREBUS SERIOUS BUTTERFLIES)
(NAY.)
(EVEN THINKING ABOUT
CRAWLING.)
(ON CEREBUS' HANDS AND KNEE?)
(WITH HIS LEFT LEG STICKING UP IN THE AIR?)
(YOU KNOW.)
(LIKE A DOG LOOKING FOR A HIGHER PLACE TO TAKE A PISS?)

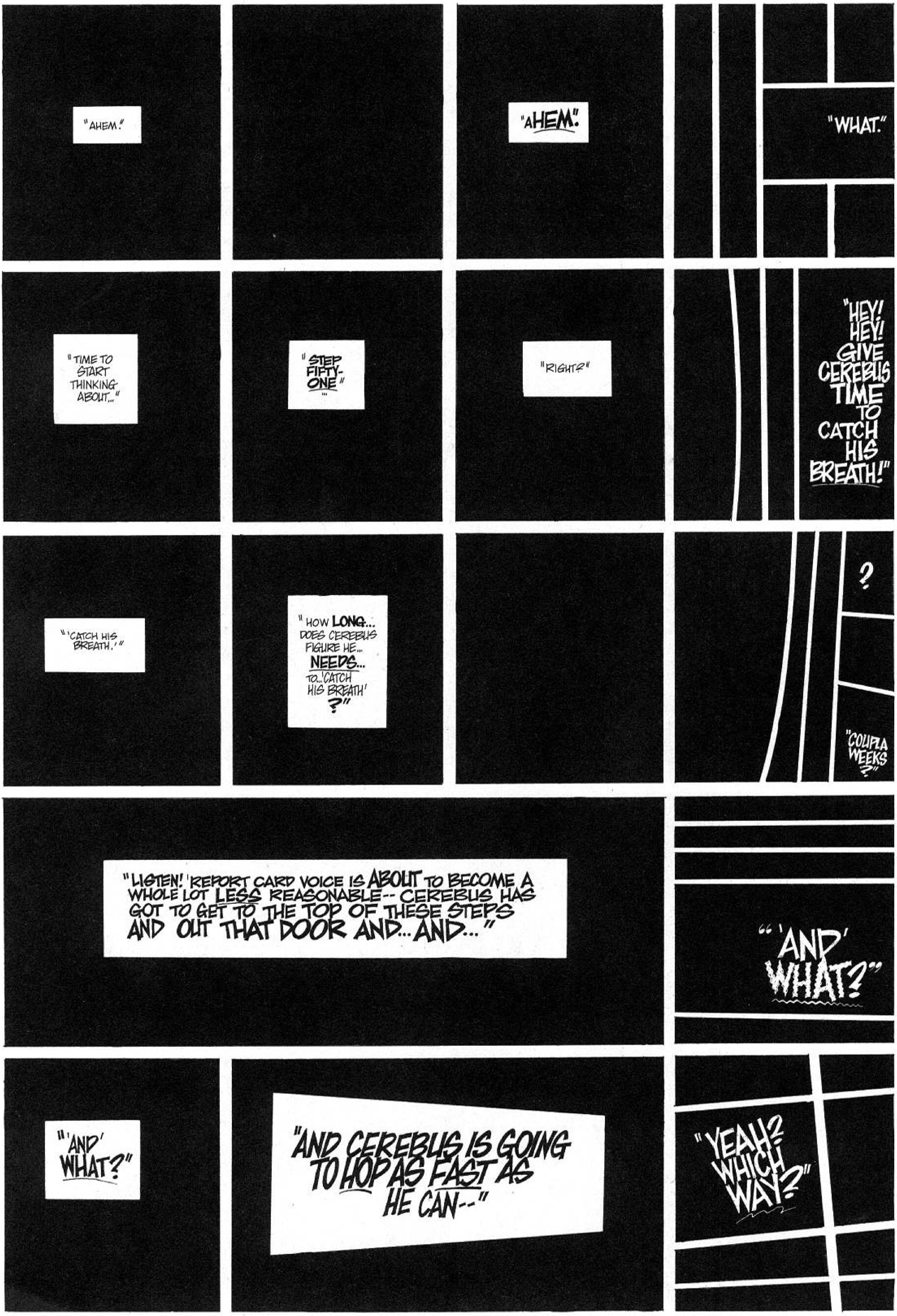

IN COMPLETE AND TOTAL DARKNESS?
NOPE.
NO. WAY.
AND THEN A VOICE IN CEREBUS' HEAD ASKED, "YOU'RE (PERHAPS) MORE INTERESTED IN GETTING A MOLTEN LEAD ENEMA? BECAUSE THAT IS THE CHOICE, Y'KNOW: CLIMB THE GAZILLION STEPS IN COMPLETE AND TOTAL DARKNESS..... OR..."
"TRUE ENOUGH," CEREBUS AGREED.
BUT CEREBUS DIDN'T BUDGE.
"OF COURSE, IT ISN'T... JUST... THE MOLTEN LEAD ENEMA," THE VOICE CONTINUED, "THERE'S ALSO..."
AND THE VOICE WENT THROUGH THE WHOOOLE SHOPPING LIST OF PUNISHMENTS THE CIRINISTS HAD INFLICTED
ON THE POOR BASTARDS WHO DIDN'T KILL THEMSELVES AFTER THE FAILED T'CAPMIN REBELLION
STARTING WITH POURING QUICKLIME INTO THEIR EYES ...AND...
...UH...
MOVING ON FROM THERE.
"SAY! HOW LONG AGO WAS THE FAILED T'CAPMIN REBELLION?" CEREBUS ASKED HIMSELF.

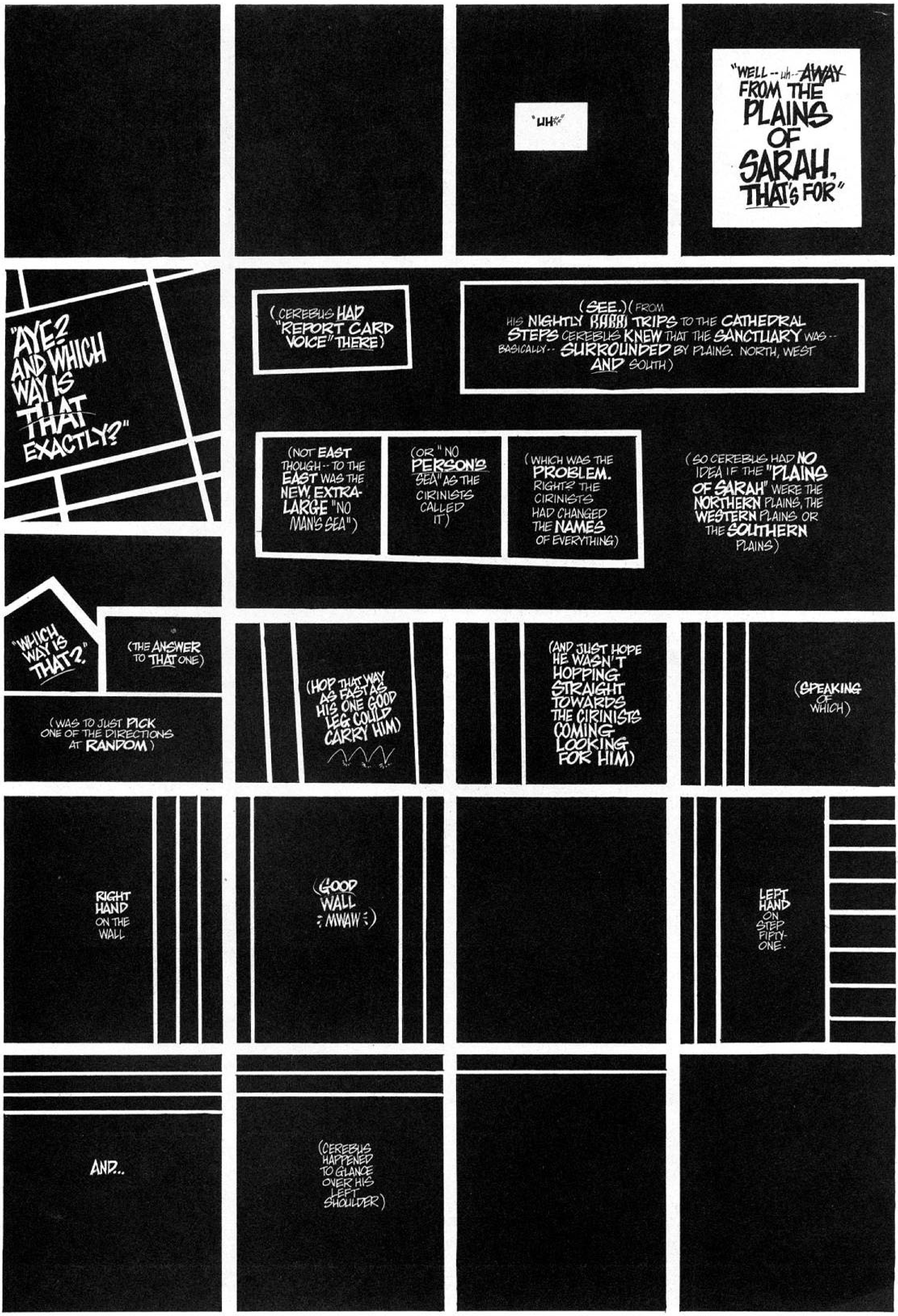

"CEREBUS HAS THE NECESSARY ABILITIES BUT IS TOO EASILY DISTRACTED BY UNRELATED SUBJECTS," ANSWERED THE VOICE.
"AAGH!" SCREAMED CEREBUS INSIDE HIS HEAD "REPORT CARD VOICE!"
"BOO." SAID THE VOICE.
"CEREBUS HATES 'REPORT CARD VOICE' YOU'RE SO ... SO..."
"REASONABLE?" ANSWERED THE VOICE.
"YES!" CEREBUS SCREAMED INSIDE HIS HEAD (WISHING HE DIDN'T SOUND SO... SO--)
"TERRIFIED?" QUERIED THE VOICE.
"AAGH! STOP THAT."
"THERE'S NOTHING TO BE TERRIFIED ABOUT," SAID THE
(STINKING LYING)
VOICE. "IT'S ALL IN HOW YOU LOOK AT IT... FOR EXAMPLE: THERE AREN'T A GAZILLION STEPS. THERE ARE ONLY..."
(TWO HUN-DRED!)
"FIFTY. MAYBE SIXTY."
(A HUN-DRED!)
"AT THE MOST SEVENTY."
"ALL CEREBUS HAS TO..."
"FORGET IT."
"'FORGET' WHAT...? CEREBUS HASN'T EVEN..."
"HAH!"
"YOU THINK CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW HOW..."
"'REPORT CARD VOICE' WORKS?"
"YOU'RE GOING TO SAY..."
"'ALL CEREBUS HAS TO DO IS TO GO FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE THIRTEENTH STEP.'"
"AND THEN YOU'RE GOING TO SAY"
"'YOU KNOW THE STEPS AREN'T GOING TO MOVE, RIGHT?'"
"AND THEN YOU'RE GOING TO SAY"
"'IT'S JUST THAT CEREBUS CAN'T SEE THEM. BUT CEREBUS DOES KNOW THE STEPS ARE THERE RIGHT?'"
"AND THEN"
"(IF CEREBUS DOES GO FROM THE TWELFTH TO THE THIRTEENTH STEP.)"
"YOU'RE GOING TO SAY"
"IF CEREBUS CAN GO FROM THE TWELFTH."
"TO THE THIRTEENTH STEP..."
"..CEREBUS SHOULD BE ABLE TO GO
THIRTEENTH"

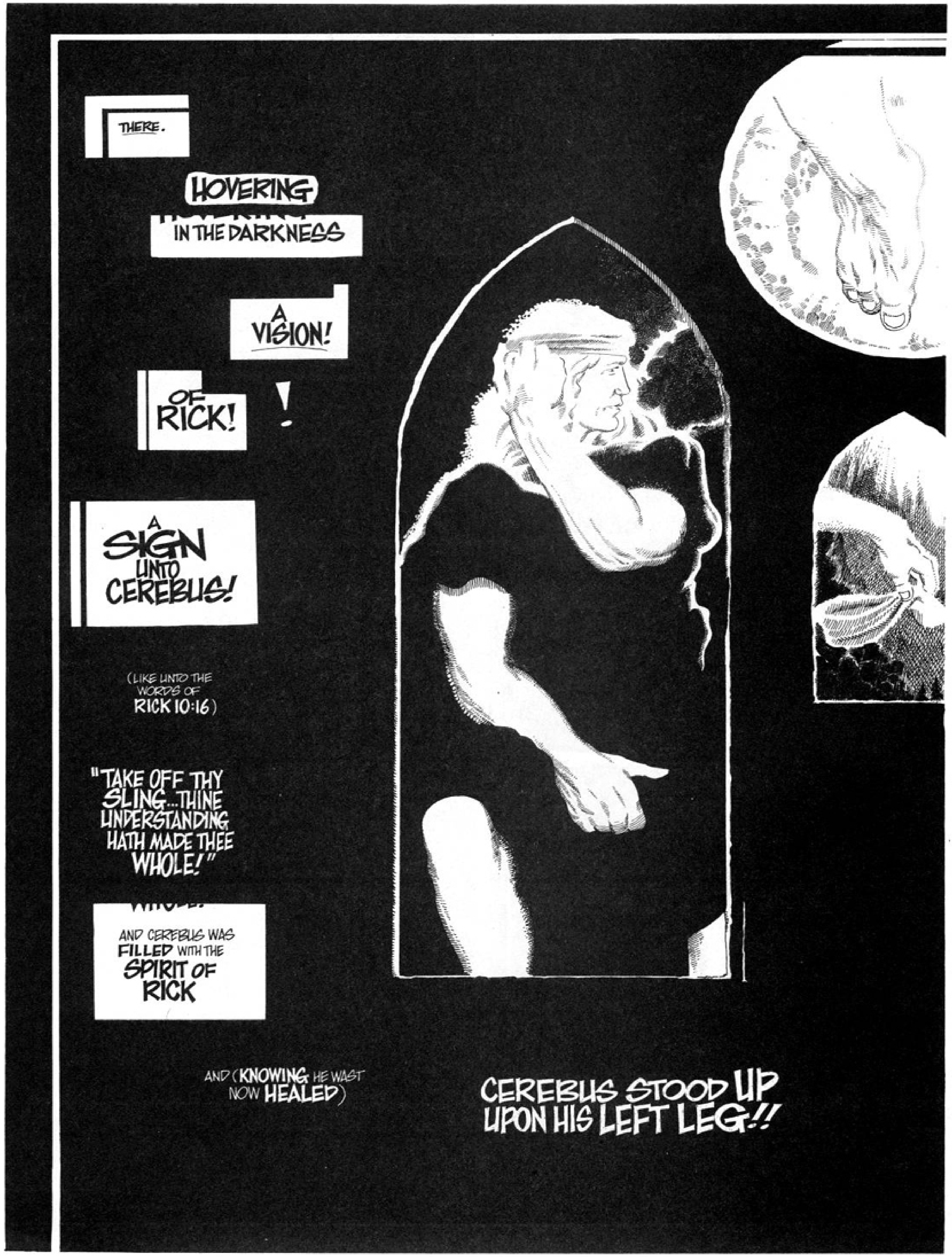

"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"FLAT ON THE STEP"
"RIGHT HAND DOWN."
"RIGHT HAND DOWN."
"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"RIGHT KNEE UP."
"RIGHT KNEE UP."
"BETWEEN THE TWO HANDS."
"BETWEEN THE TWO HANDS."
"STEP FORTY-NINE."
"STEP FORTY-NINE."
"LEFT HAND DOWN."
"LEFT HAND DOWN."
"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"RIGHT HAND DOWN."
"RIGHT HAND DOWN."
"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"FLAT ON THE STEP."
"RIGHT KNEE UP."
RIGHT KNEE UP.
"BETWEEN THE TWO HANDS."
"BETWEEN THE TWO HANDS."
"STEP FIFTY."
"STEP FIFTY."
"LEFT HAND DOWN."
LE F

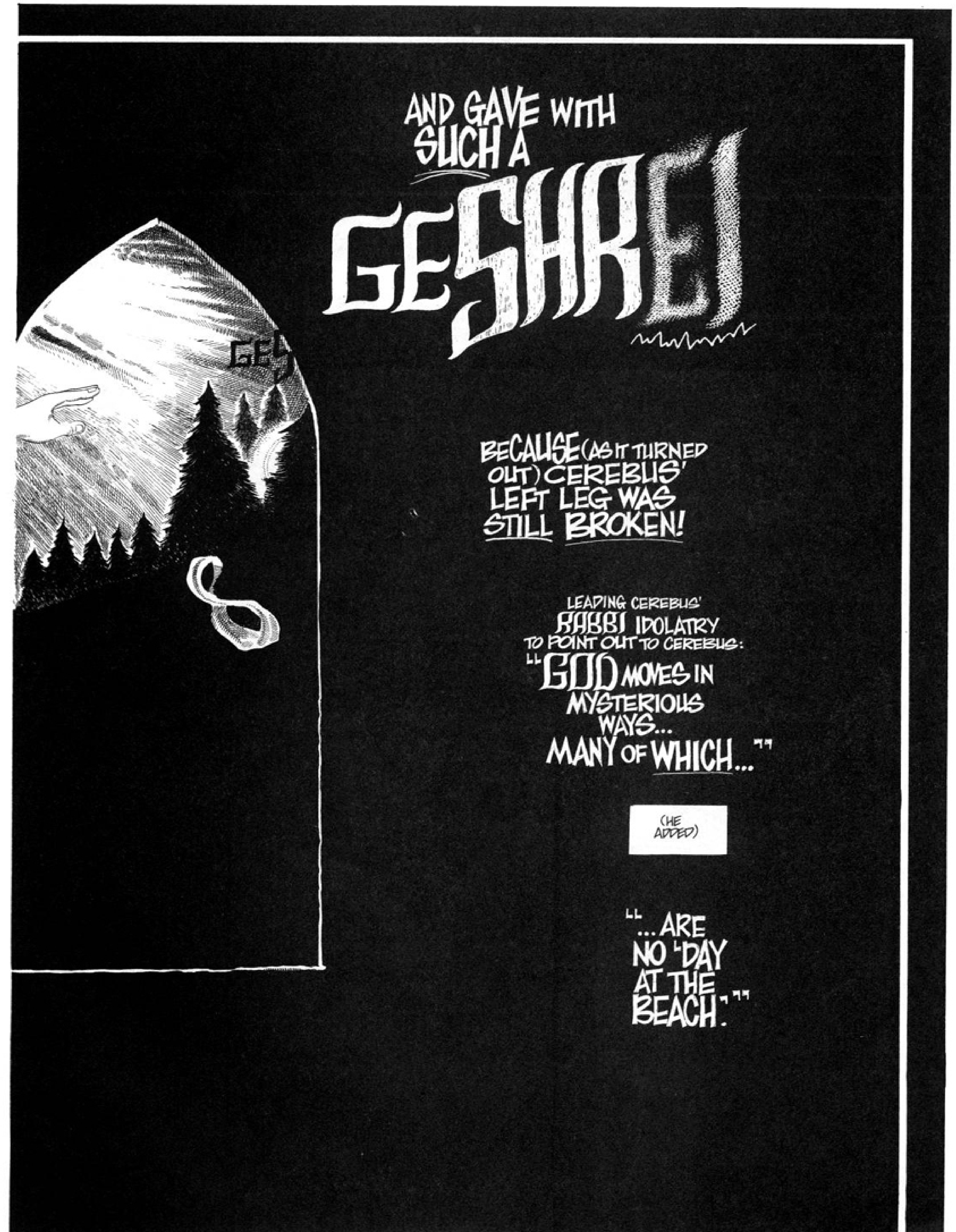

WHOA
"'WHOA'? WHAT 'WHOA?'"
"STEP FIFTY, 'REPORT CARD VOICE'" ...
"IT'S GONE"
"'GONE'? WHAT DOES CEREBUS MEAN: 'GONE'... ?"
A STEP DOESN'T JUST UP AND ...
WHOA H
"SEE?"
"GOD DID IT."
"BECAUSE GOD HATES CEREBUS!"
"FIRST GOD TOOK AWAY CEREBUS' RABBI POWERS-- AND THEN GOD BROKE CEREBUS' LEG! AND THEN..."
"DON'T PANIC..."
"'DON'T PANIC?!' GOD MAKES STEP FIFTY DISAPPEAR COMPLETELY AND 'REPORT CARD VOICE' SAYS:"
"IT DIDN'T DISAPPEAR-- IT'S RIGHT IN FRONT OF CEREBUS."
"WHAAAT?"
"MOVE CEREBUS' RIGHT HAND FORWARD."
!
?
"MOVE CEREBUS' RIGHT--"
"HAND"
AK! NO! DON'T! CEREBUS CAN'T
"THERE."
"BUT-- ?"
"IT'S JUST THAT CEREBUS HAS BEEN CLIMBING AT AN ANGLE-- CEREBUS IS AT THE EXTREME LEFT SIDE OF THE STEPS ...WHICH IS WHY CEREBUS' LEFT HAND DIDN'T TOUCH..."
"THE EXTREME LEFT SIDE?"
"AYE. SO ALL CEREBUS HAS TO..."
"WHERE THERE'S NO RAILING?!"

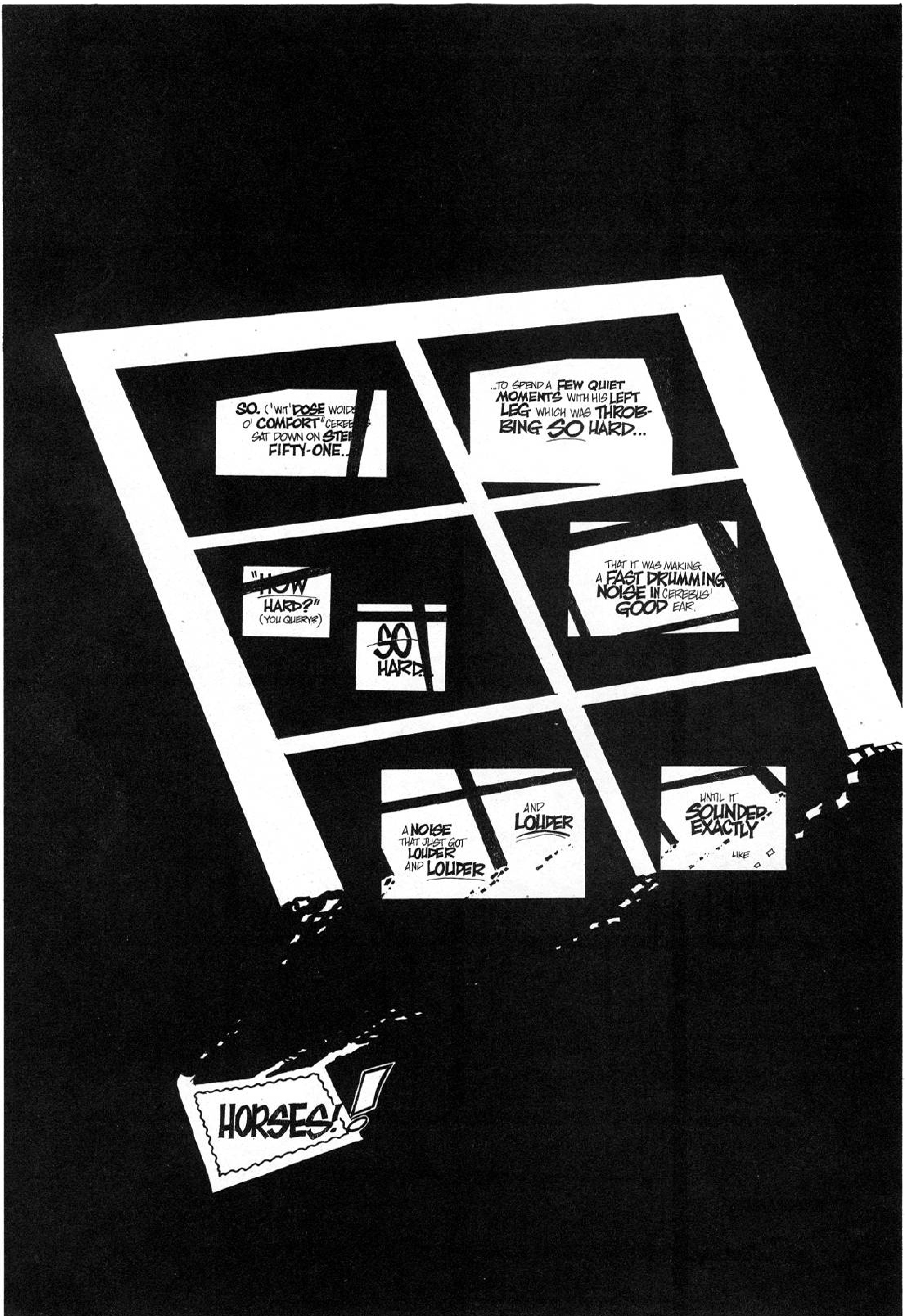

"YES. EXACTLY. SO ALL THAT CEREBUS HAS TO DO IS:"
AAAGH
SHUNT
SHUNT
SHUNT
BAF
UNH
WHAT IS IT?
WALL!
WALL! WALL GOOD GOOD WALL!
MWAH MWAH MWAH
NICE! WALL! SOLID! GOOD! GOOD! SOLID! WALL!
MWAW
"...MOVE TO HIS RIGHT."
NOT-NEAR-THE-EDGE-WALL!
MWAH MWAH MWAH


"AHEM."
"AHEM."
"WHAT."
"TIME TO START THINKING ABOUT..."
"STEP FIFTY-ONE" ...
"RIGHT?"
"HEY! HEY! GIVE CEREBUS TIME TO CATCH HIS BREATH!"
"'CATCH HIS BREATH.'"
"HOW LONG... DOES CEREBUS FIGURE HE... NEEDS... TO...'CATCH HIS BREATH' ?"
?
"COUPLA WEEKS ?"
"LISTEN! 'REPORT CARD VOICE' IS ABOUT TO BECOME A WHOLE LOT LESS REASONABLE-- CEREBUS HAS GOT TO GET TO THE TOP OF THESE STEPS AND OUT THAT DOOR AND... AND..."
"'AND' WHAT?"
"'AND' WHAT?"
"AND CEREBUS IS GOING TO HOP AS FAST AS HE CAN--"
"YEAH? WHICH WAY?"

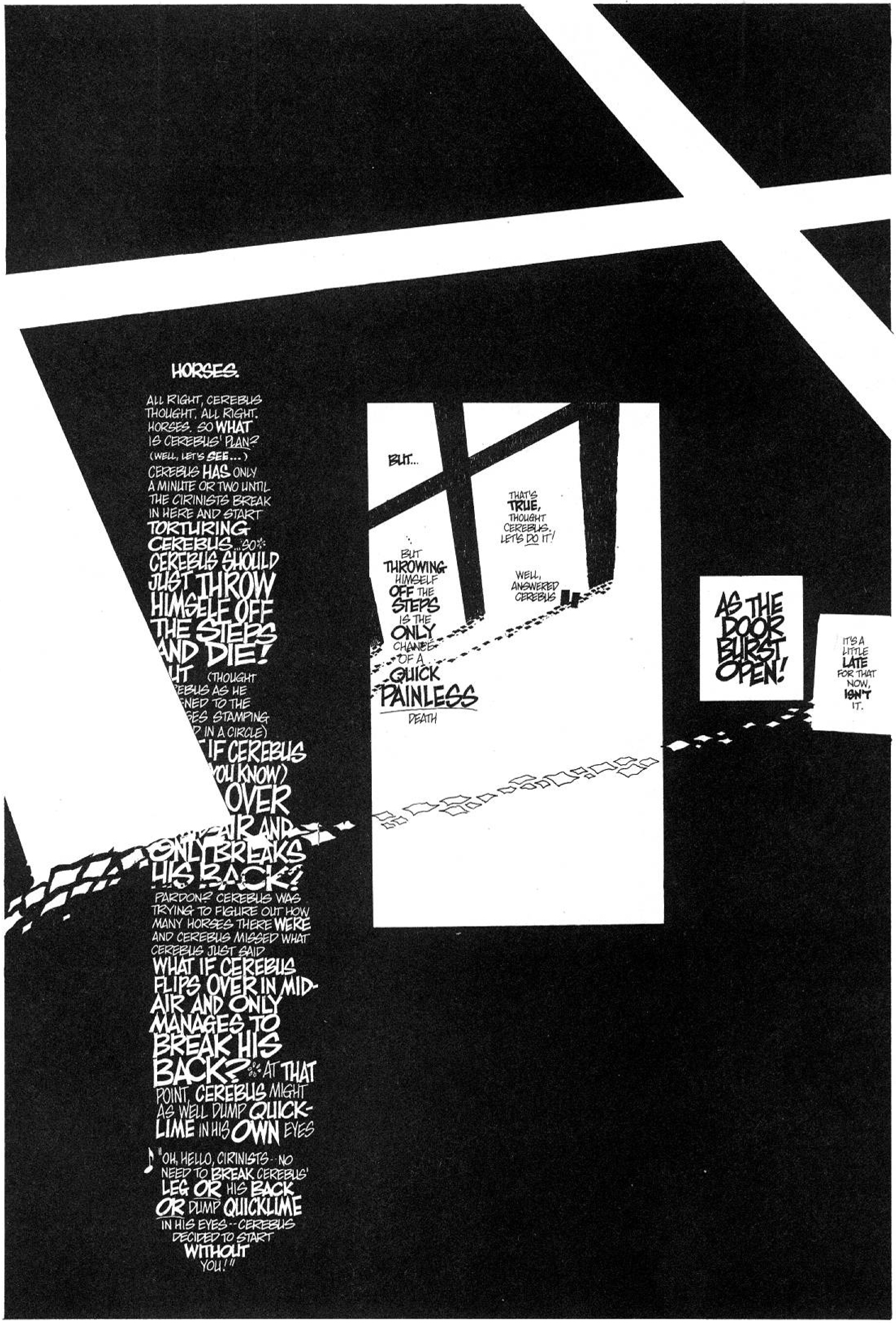

"UH"
"WELL -- uh -- AWAY FROM THE PLAINS OF SARAH, THAT's FOR"
"AYE? AND WHICH WAY IS THAT EXACTLY?"
(CEREBUS HAD "REPORT CARD VOICE" THERE)
(SEE.) (FROM HIS NIGHTLY RABBI TRIPS TO THE CATHEDRAL STEPS CEREBUS KNEW THAT THE SANCTUARY WAS -- BASICALLY -- SURROUNDED BY PLAINS. NORTH, WEST AND SOUTH)
(NOT EAST THOUGH -- TO THE EAST WAS THE NEW, EXTRA-LARGE "NO MAN'S SEA")
(OR "NO PERSON'S SEA" AS THE CIRINISTS CALLED IT)
(WHICH WAS THE PROBLEM. RIGHT? THE CIRINISTS HAD CHANGED THE NAMES OF EVERYTHING)
(SO CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA IF THE "PLAINS OF SARAH" WERE THE NORTHERN PLAINS, THE WESTERN PLAINS OR THE SOUTHERN PLAINS)
"WHICH WAY IS THAT?"
(THE ANSWER TO THAT ONE)
(WAS TO JUST PICK ONE OF THE DIRECTIONS AT RANDOM)
(HOP THAT WAY AS FAST AS HIS ONE GOOD LEG COULD CARRY HIM)
(AND JUST HOPE HE WASN'T HOPPING STRAIGHT TOWARDS THE CIRINISTS COMING LOOKING FOR HIM)
(SPEAKING OF WHICH)
RIGHT HAND ON THE WALL
(GOOD WALL MWAW)
LEFT HAND ON STEP FIFTY-ONE.
AND...
(CEREBUS HAPPENED TO GLANCE OVER HIS LEFT SHOULDER)

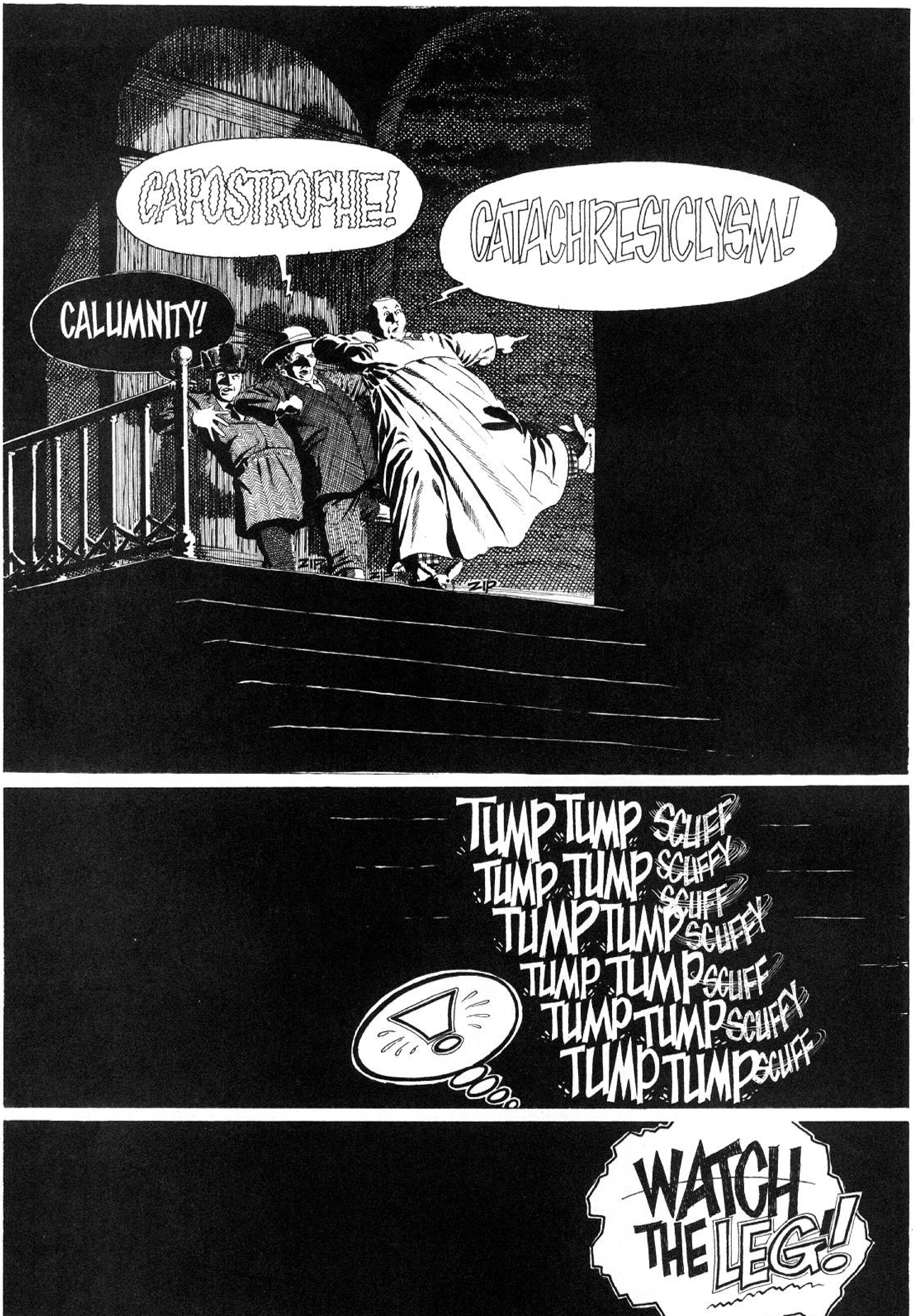

THERE.
HOVERING
IN THE DARKNESS
A VISION!
OF RICK!
!
A SIGN UNTO CEREBUS!
(LIKE UNTO THE WORDS OF RICK 10:16)
"TAKE OFF THY SLING...THINE UNDERSTANDING HATH MADE THEE WHOLE!"
AND CEREBUS WAS FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT OF RICK
AND (KNOWING HE WAST NOW HEALED)
CEREBUS STOOD UP UPON HIS LEFT LEG!!

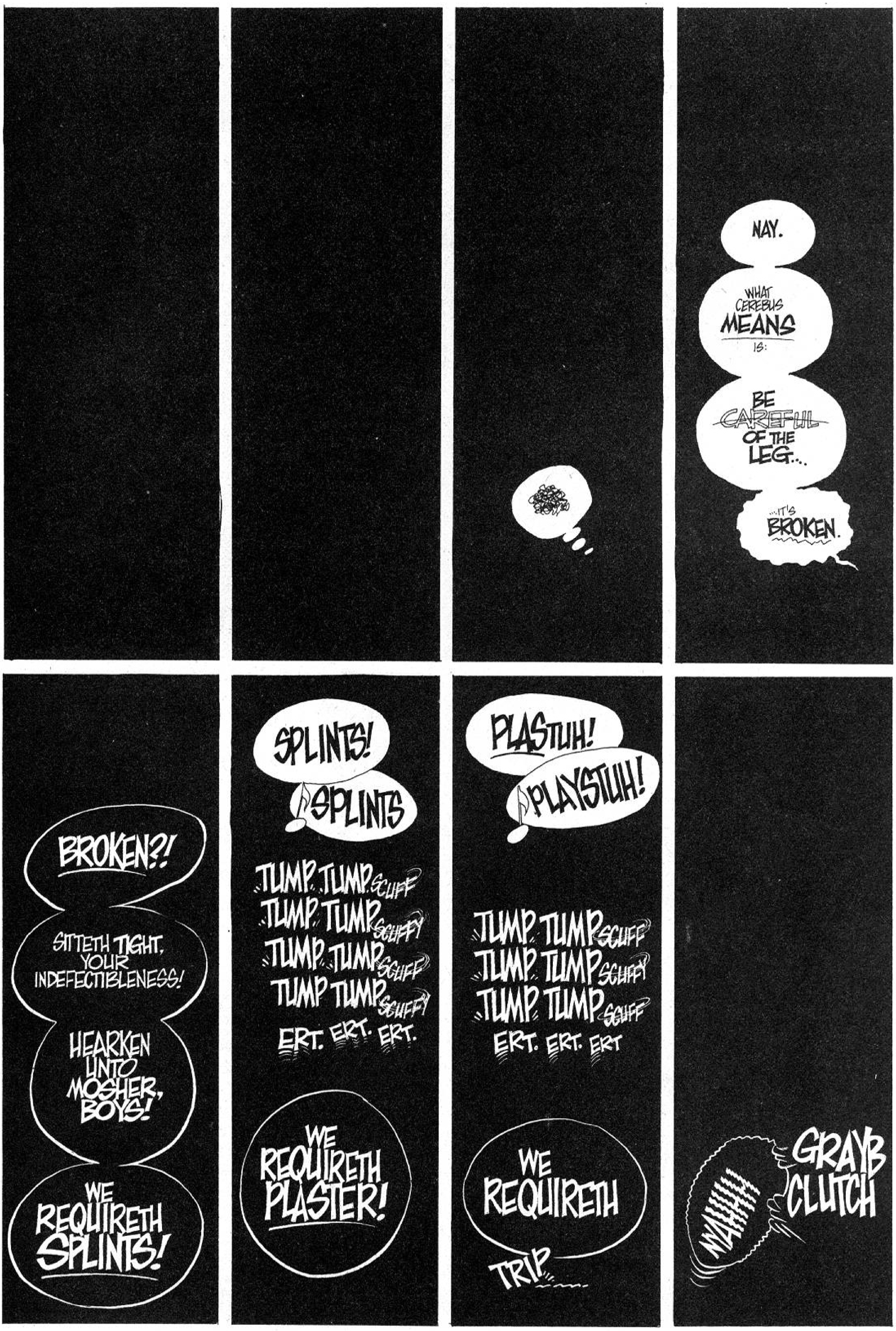

AND GAVE WITH SUCH A
GESHREI
GES
BECAUSE (AS IT TURNED OUT) CEREBUS' LEFT LEG WAS STILL BROKEN!
LEADING CEREBUS' RABBI IDOLATRY TO POINT OUT TO CEREBUS:
"GOD MOVES IN MYSTERIOUS WAYS... MANY OF WHICH..."
(HE ADDED)
"...ARE NO 'DAY AT THE BEACH'."



SO. ("WIT' DOSE WOIDS O' COMFORT" CEREB SAT DOWN ON STEP FIFTY-ONE...
...TO SPEND A FEW QUIET MOMENTS WITH HIS LEFT LEG WHICH WAS THROB-BING SO HARD...
"HOW HARD?" (YOU QUERY?)
SO HARD...
THAT IT WAS MAKING A FAST DRUMMING NOISE IN CEREBUS' GOOD EAR.
A NOISE THAT JUST GOT LOUDER AND LOUDER
AND LOUDER
UNTIL IT SOUNDED EXACTLY
LIKE
HORSES!


HORSES.
ALL RIGHT, CEREBUS THOUGHT, ALL RIGHT. HORSES. SO WHAT IS CEREBUS' PLAN?
(WELL, LET'S SEE...)
CEREBUS HAS ONLY A MINUTE OR TWO UNTIL THE CIRINISTS BREAK IN HERE AND START TORTURING CEREBUS...SO CEREBUS SHOULD JUST THROW HIMSELF OFF THE STEPS AND DIE!
IF CEREBUS
OVER
ONLY BREAKS HIS BACK?
PARDON? CEREBUS WAS TRYING TO FIGURE OUT HOW MANY HORSES THERE WERE AND CEREBUS MISSED WHAT CEREBUS JUST SAID
WHAT IF CEREBUS FLIPS OVER IN MID-AIR AND ONLY MANAGES TO BREAK HIS BACK? AT THAT POINT, CEREBUS MIGHT AS WELL DUMP QUICK-LIME IN HIS OWN EYES
"OH, HELLO, CIRINISTS--NO NEED TO BREAK CEREBUS' LEG OR HIS BACK OR DUMP QUICKLIME IN HIS EYES--CEREBUS DECIDED TO START WITHOUT YOU!"
BUT...
BUT THROWING HIMSELF OFF THE STEPS IS THE ONLY CHANCE OF A QUICK PAINLESS DEATH
WELL, ANSWERED CEREBUS
THAT'S TRUE, THOUGHT CEREBUS. LET'S DO IT!
AS THE DOOR BURST OPEN!
IT'S A LITTLE LATE FOR THAT NOW, ISN'T IT.


CAPOSTROPHE!
CATACHRESICLYSM!
CALUMNITY!
ZIP
ZIP
ZIP
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
TUMP TUMP SCUFFY
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
TUMP TUMP SCUFFY
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
TUMP TUMP SCUFFY
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
WATCH THE LEG!


NAY.
WHAT CEREBUS MEANS IS:
BE CAREFUL OF THE LEG...
...IT'S BROKEN.
BROKEN?!
SITTETH TIGHT, YOUR INDEFECTIBLENESS!
HEARKEN UNTO MOSHER, BOYS!
WE REQUIRETH SPLINTS!
SPLINTS!
SPLINTS
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
TUMP TUMP SCUFFY
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
TUMP TUMP SCUFFY
ERT. ERT. ERT.
WE REQUIRETH PLASTER!
PLASTUH!
PLAYSTUH!
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
TUMP TUMP SCUFFY
TUMP TUMP SCUFF
ERT. ERT. ERT
WE REQUIRETH
TRIP
WAHHH
GRAYB CLUTCH



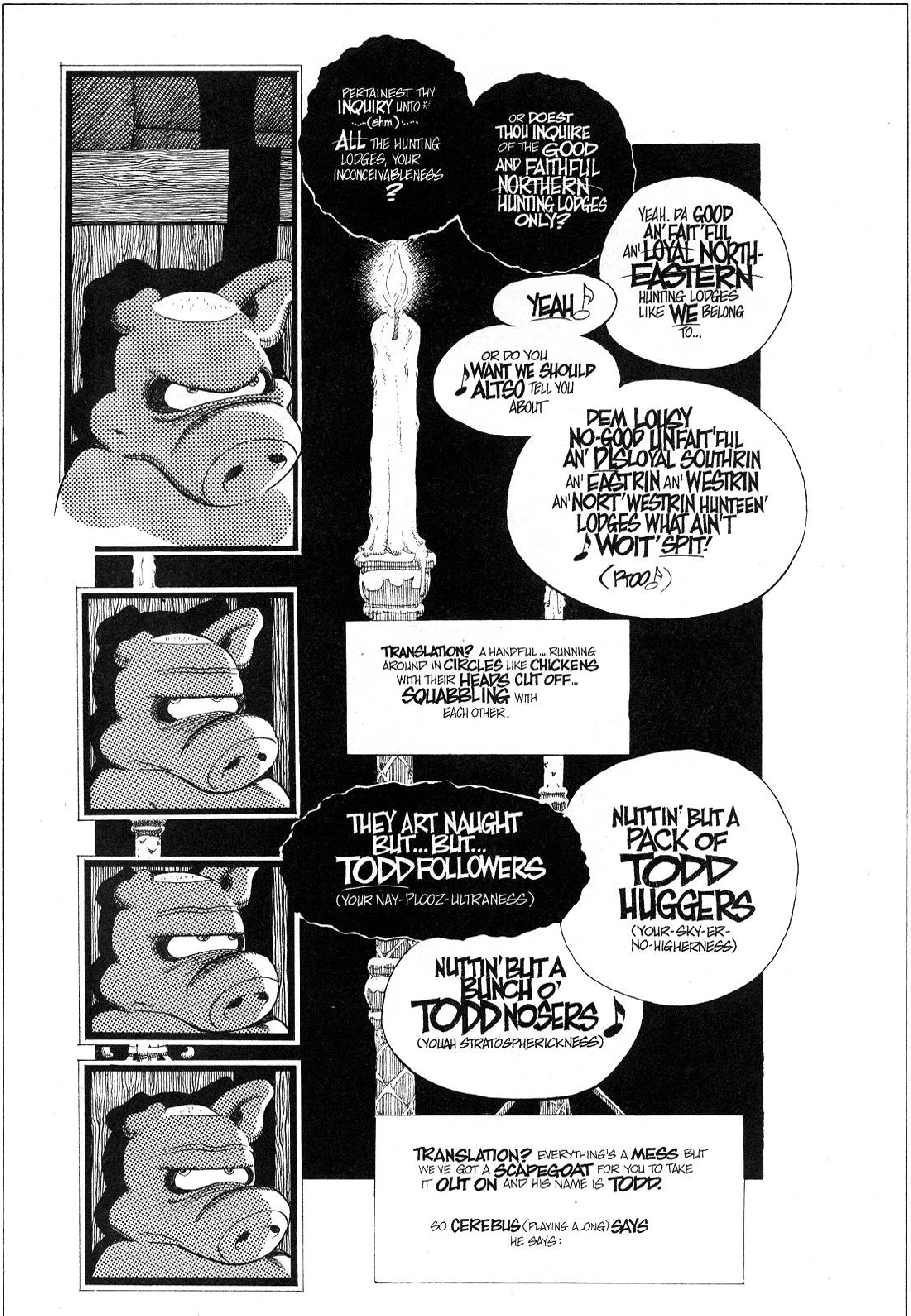
...M-M-MATCHES
AN'--AN' C-CAYNDLES!
AN' T-T-T-TOAHCHES!
?
"OH MY!!"
NYUK NYUK NYUK
SHMEK OW!
MWOOAH! LOOKIT DAT.
DA FIZZYFERESCENT PAINT I USET FOAH DA FLESHY TONES AND DA LOIGHT WOIKED GOOD!



THE BEST THING ABOUT LIVING AS LONG AS CEREBUS HAS IS ALL THE NEW INVENTIONS YOU GET TO SEE
LIKE: USING PLASTER TO "SET" A BROKEN BONE.
SOMEBODY SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT OF THAT ONE YEARS AGO.
NYANANEEEEE
PLAP PLIP PLAP
AHOY, PARMESAN. WHEREFORE DOEST THOU GRAFT UPON HIS CAST A WINGED VIPER?
MWWOAHH! DAT AIN'T NO WINGED VIPER. DAT DERE IS "DEE-VOIN RAINYMINTS"... SHE WHAT IS SPOKEN ABOUT IN RICK 5:8
SHE SIGNIFRIES DAT GOD'S WISDOM IS ROYZEEN TO CERRESTRIAL HOYTS WIT'IN DA GREAT CEREBUS.
(AN' A NICE PIECE O' SCRIPTURE SHE IS, TOO IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF.. NYUK NYUK NYUK)
OW SHMEK
FILLA-STEAM.
IZZAT SO?
IT SEEMETH UNTO MOSHER THAT WHAT SHE "SIGNIFRIES" IS KOSHER'S THEOLOGY DESCENDEGRATING UNTO THE LEVEL OF HIS GROIN AGAIN!
OH, YEAH?! AN' WHAT DO YOU MEAN BOY DAT EXZACKLY?
PUTTEST THOU SOME CLOTHES ON HER OR PUHFOAM A "DEE-VOIN RAINYMINTS" -ECTOMY...
...NOW!



WHILE KOSHIE CHOPPED "DIVINE RAINYMINTS" OFF OF CEREBUS' FOOT, CEREBUS FIGURED HE WAS AS READY AS HE WOULD EVER BE FOR THE BAD NEWS:
"HOW MANY CIRINISTS?"
Chip Chip Chop Chop Chip
WISE FELLOW SCHISM!
TWO DIVISIONS!
FOAH DIVISIONS!
T'REE DIVISIONS AN' TWO ON DA WAY
TWO DIVISIONS AND THREE ON THE WAY!
TRANSLATION? PROBABLY A BATTALION (OR TWO)
SO MUCH FOR THE BAD NEWS NOW FOR THE WORSE NEWS.
"HOW MANY CEREBITES?"

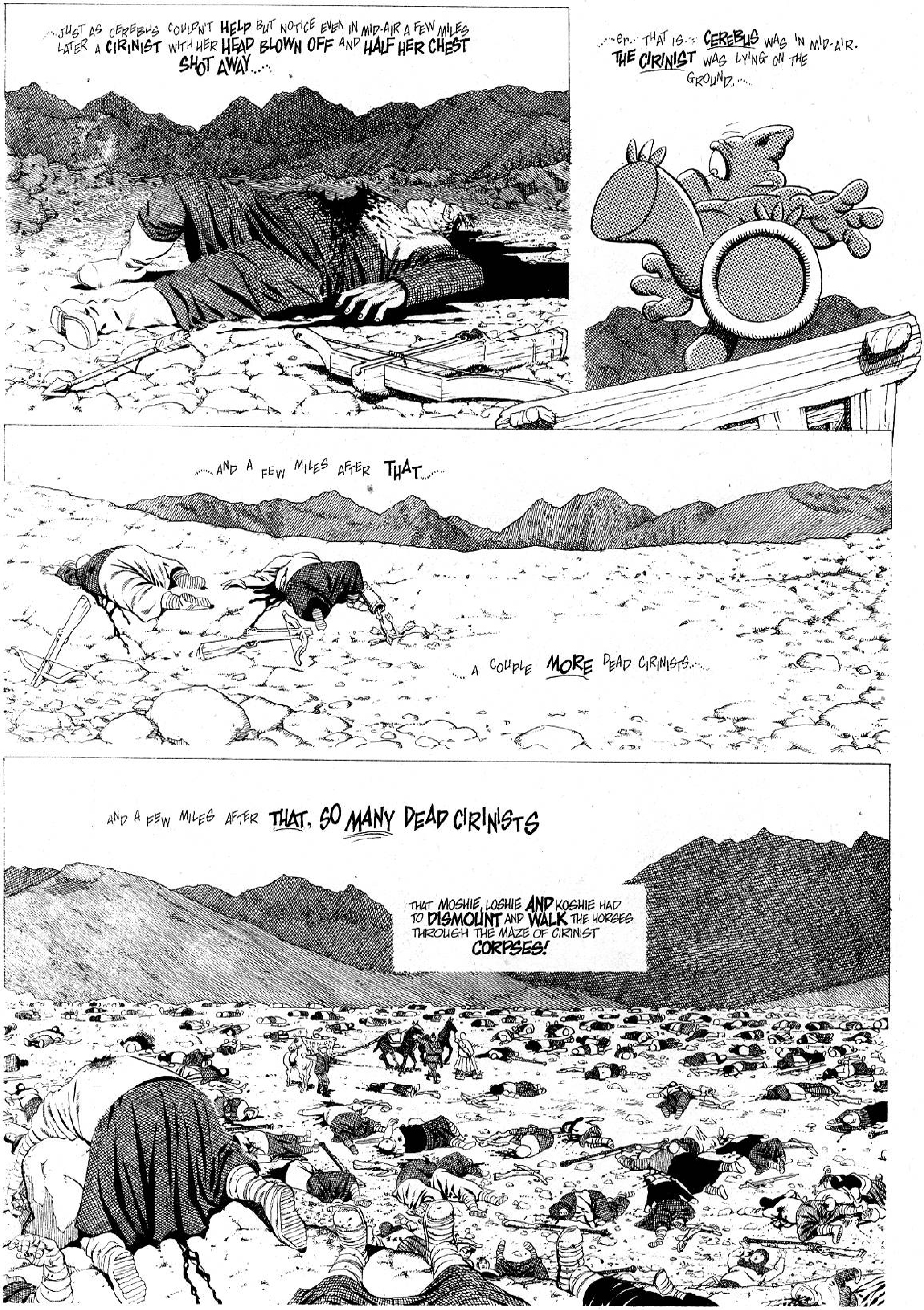


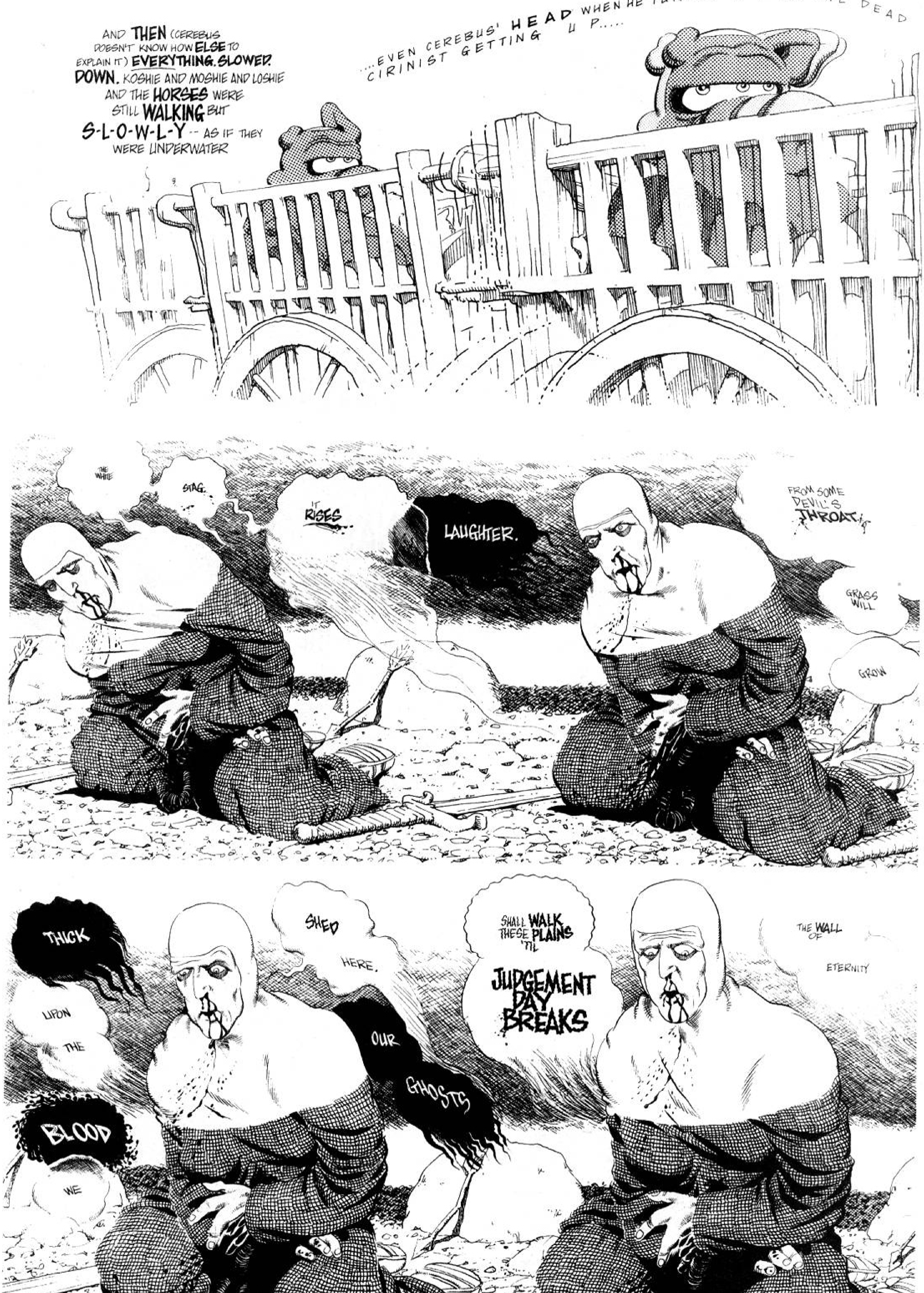
PERTAINEST THY INQUIRY UNTO ...(ahm)... ALL THE HUNTING LODGES, YOUR INCONCEIVABLENESS ?
OR DOEST THOU INQUIRE OF THE GOOD AND FAITHFUL NORTHERN HUNTING LODGES ONLY?
YEAH. DA GOOD AN' FAIT'FUL AN' LOYAL NORTH-EASTERN HUNTING LODGES LIKE WE BELONG TO...
YEAH!
OR DO YOU WANT WE SHOULD ALTSO TELL YOU ABOUT
DEM LOUSY NO-GOOD UNFAIT'FUL AN' DISLOYAL SOUTHRIN AN' EASTRIN AN' WESTRIN AN' NORT'WESTRIN HUNTEEN' LODGES WHAT AIN'T WOIT' SPIT!
(PTOO!)
TRANSLATION? A HANDFUL... RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES LIKE CHICKENS WITH THEIR HEADS CUT OFF... SQUABBLING WITH EACH OTHER.
THEY ART NAUGHT BUT... BUT... TODD FOLLOWERS (YOUR NAY-PLOOZ-ULTRANESS)
NUTTIN' BUT A PACK OF TODD HUGGERS (YOUR-SKY-ER-NO-HIGHERNESS)
NUTTIN' BUT A BUNCH O' TODD NOSERS (YOUAH STRATOSPHERICKNESS)
TRANSLATION? EVERYTHING'S A MESS BUT WE'VE GOT A SCAPEGOAT FOR YOU TO TAKE IT OUT ON AND HIS NAME IS TODD.
SO CEREBUS (PLAYING ALONG) SAYS HE SAYS:



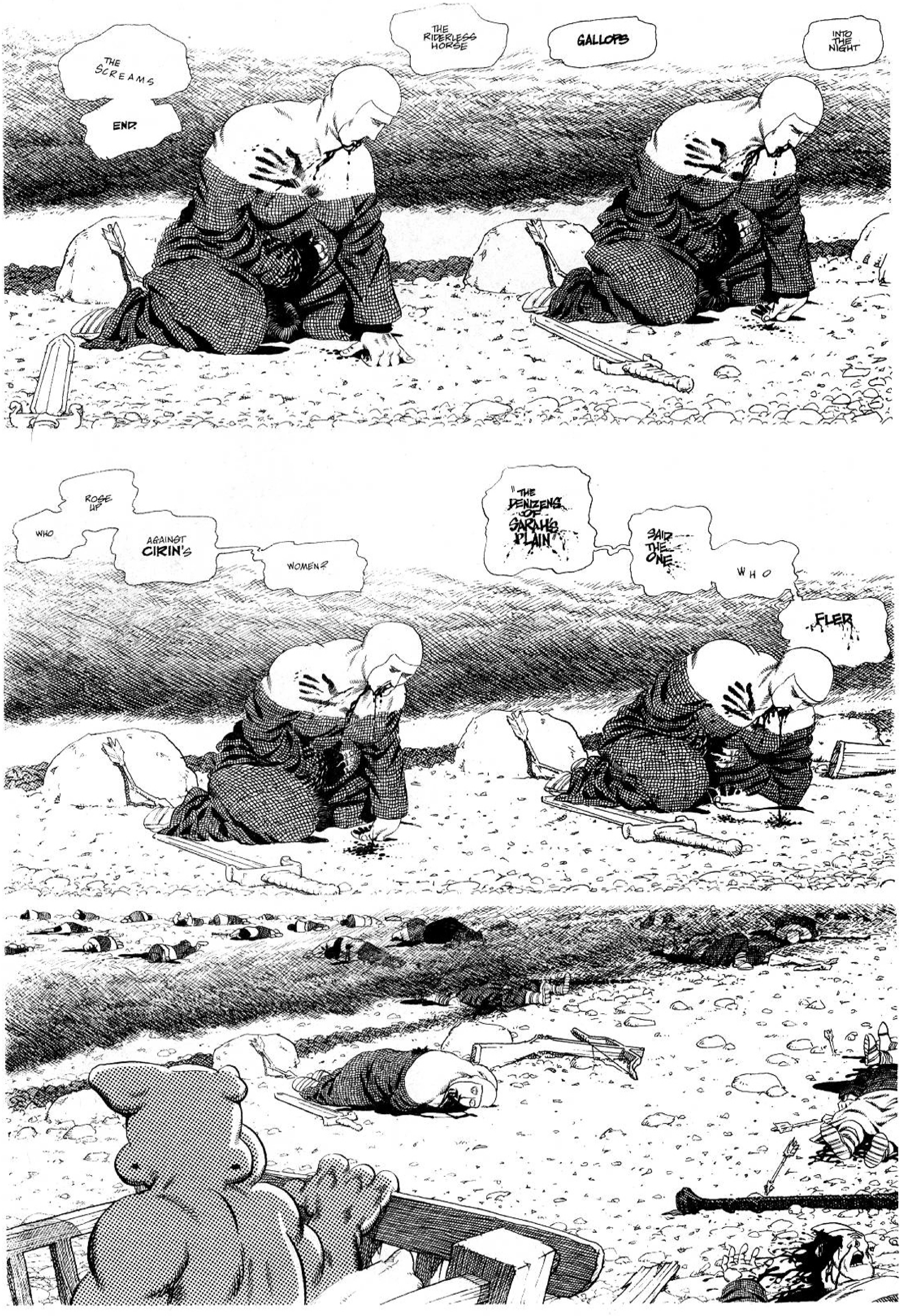
WHERE. IS. THIS...
TODD
(REAL SNARLY LIKE THAT)
FIGURING WHEREVER TODD WAS IT HAD TO BE SOMEPLACE REASONABLY SAFE (THAT IS, A MOLTEN-LEAD-ENEMA-FREE-ZONE) OR THEY WOULD'VE BROUGHT TODD -- AND THE REST OF THE CEREBITES -- WITH THEM.
(AND WHEREVER THAT TURNED OUT TO BE -- CEREBUS FIGURED IT HAD TO BE A WHOLE LOT SAFER THAN THE "SANCT-VARRY" AT THAT MOMENT)
(WELL.)
TALK ABOUT YOUR "WOID OF TRUTH"
BEFORE YOU COULD SAY STRATEGO-TACTICAL RETRENCHMENT...
(WELL -- NOT BEFORE YOU COULD SAY IT.
HEH-HEH
YOU WEREN'T THERE.)
BUT BEFORE CEREBUS COULD SAY IT, WE WERE "HOYTELING ACROSST" THE WESTERN PLAINS.....
....CEREBUS IN A PILLOW-LINED TWO-WHEELED CART DRAWN BY MOSHER'S HORSE, HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE.....
(THAT IS.. CEREBUS WAS HANGING ON FOR DEAR LIFE)
(NOT MOSHER'S HORSE)

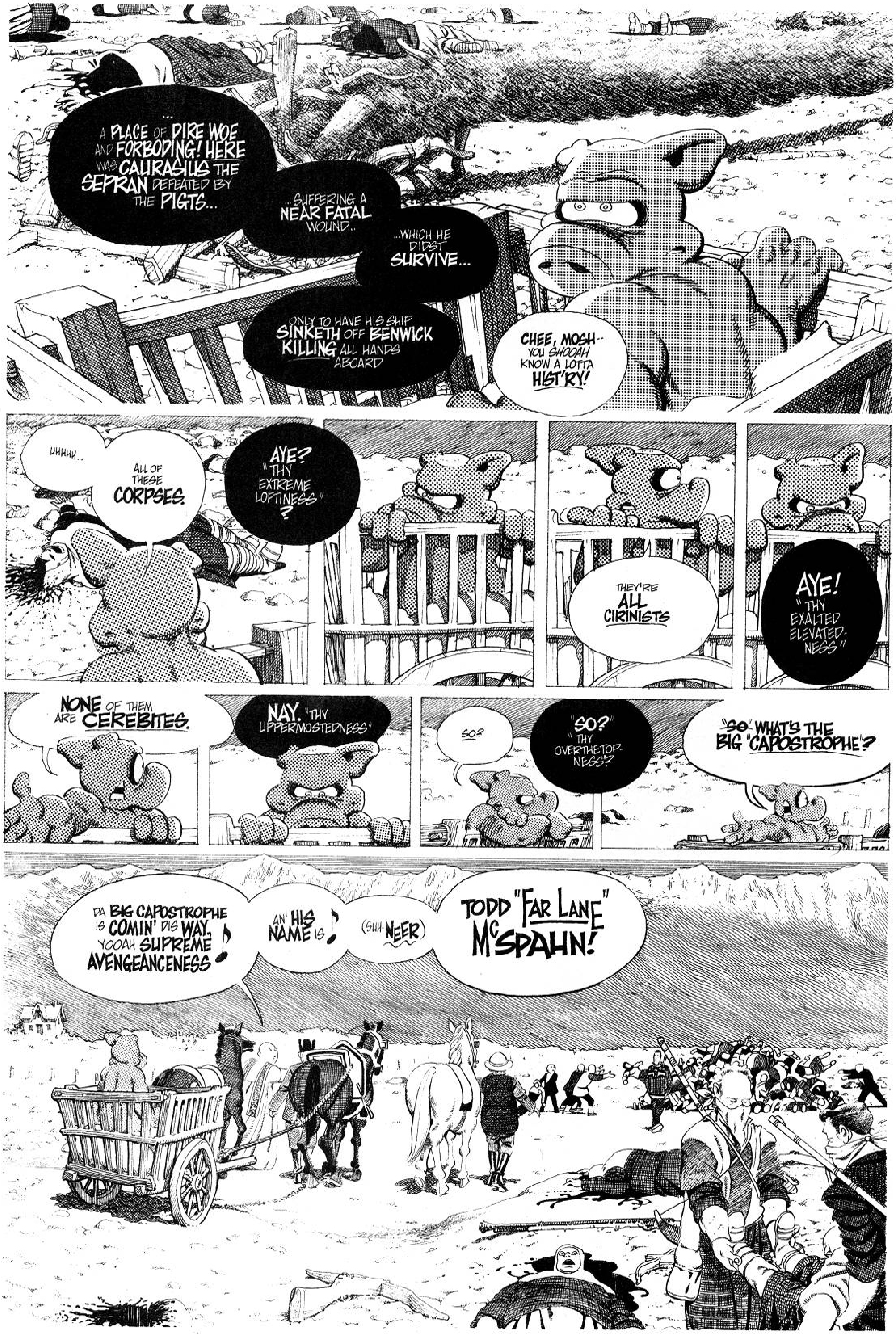

...ALTHOUGH CEREBUS SPENT MOST OF THE TRIP WATCHING OUT FOR...
BUMPS!
...IN ORDER TO KEEP HIS BROKEN LEG FROM GETTING ANY BROKENER...
EVEN IN MID-AIR CEREBUS COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE HOW DESOLATE THE WESTERN PLAINS HAD BECOME-- NOT EVEN A BLADE OF GRASS FOR MILES AROUND


...JUST AS CEREBUS COULDN'T HELP BUT NOTICE EVEN IN MID-AIR A FEW MILES LATER A CIRINIST WITH HER HEAD BLOWN OFF AND HALF HER CHEST SHOT AWAY......
...er... THAT IS... CEREBUS WAS IN MID-AIR. THE CIRINIST WAS LYING ON THE GROUND......
......AND A FEW MILES AFTER THAT......
......A COUPLE MORE DEAD CIRINISTS......
AND A FEW MILES AFTER THAT, SO MANY DEAD CIRINISTS
THAT MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE HAD TO DISMOUNT AND WALK THE HORSES THROUGH THE MAZE OF CIRINIST CORPSES!


AND THEN (CEREBUS DOESN'T KNOW HOW ELSE TO EXPLAIN IT) EVERYTHING. SLOWED. DOWN. KOSHIE AND MOSHIE AND LOSHIE AND THE HORSES WERE STILL WALKING BUT S-L-O-W-L-Y -- AS IF THEY WERE UNDERWATER
...EVEN CEREBUS' HEAD WHEN HE TURNED TO WATCH THE DEAD CIRINIST GETTING U P.....
THE WHITE
STAG.
IT RISES
LAUGHTER.
FROM SOME DEVIL'S THROAT.
GRASS WILL
GROW
THICK
UPON
THE
BLOOD
WE
SHED
HERE.
OUR
GHOSTS
SHALL WALK THESE PLAINS 'TIL
JUDGEMENT DAY BREAKS
THE WALL OF
ETERNITY


CHOOSE!
THE ANGELS OF WAR SOUND THEIR CRY...
DAWN SPILLS BLOOD UPON THE HORIZO...
BLIND FOOLHARDINESS.
THE SCARRED STRUGGLE IN THE PURGATORIAL HOUSE...
A NIGHTINGALE LAUGHS.
THE BLUE BELLS RING.
AND IT BEGINS.
McASHER? VANISHED? NAY! LOOK! SHE HANGS FROM THE ELDER TREE
WHERE IS MRS. HANNON?
SURELY THAT CAN'T BE HER SCREAMING ...AS IF...
THE VERY MAGGOTS OF HELL WERE FEASTING
ON HER GUTS.
HOLD YOUR... COURAGE, BRAVE MOTHERS
THE PLAINS VOMIT FORTH
THEIR
VILE
DENIZENS

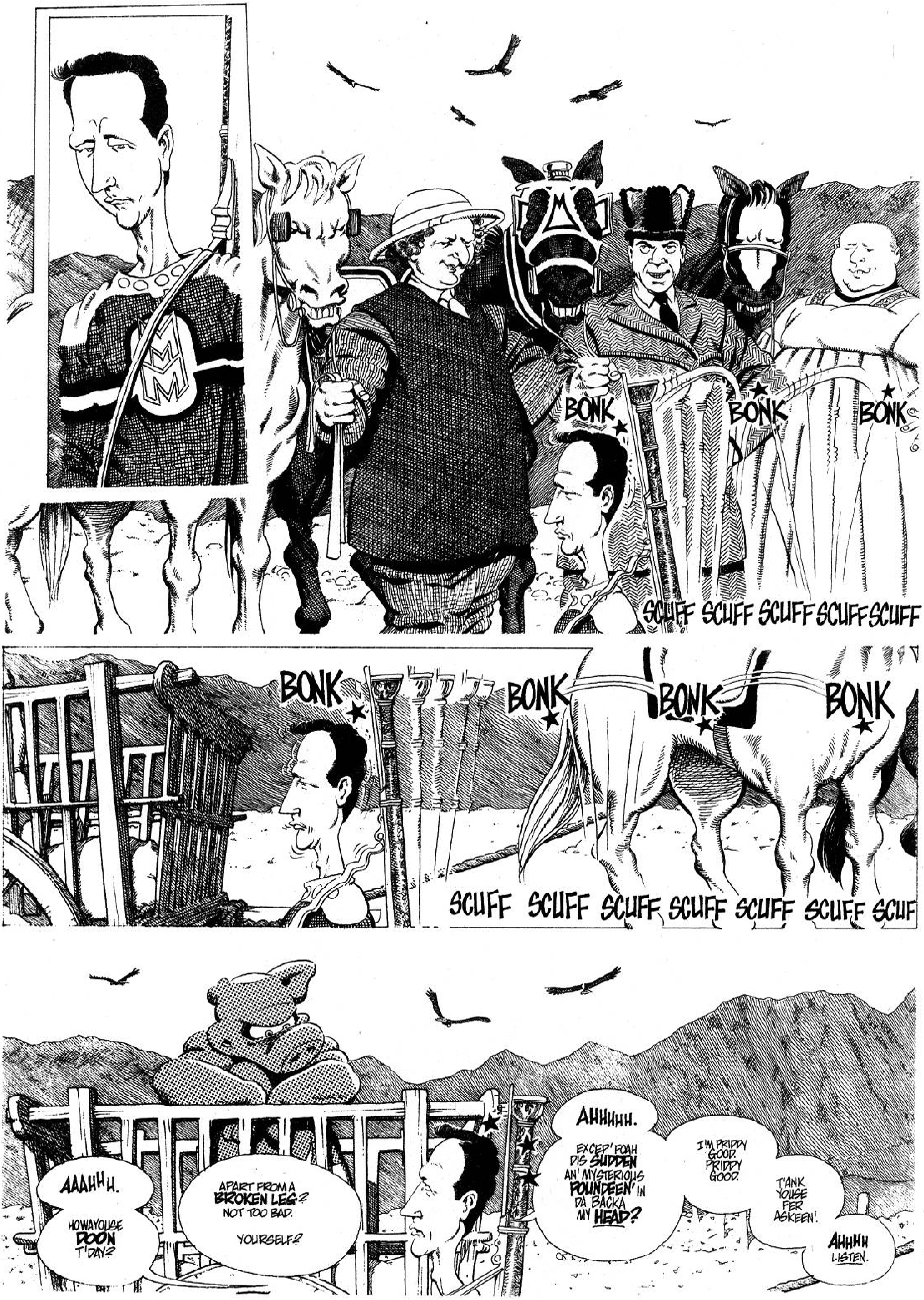

THE SCREAMS
END.
THE RIDERLESS HORSE
GALLOPS
INTO THE NIGHT
WHO
ROSE UP
AGAINST CIRIN's
WOMEN?
"THE DENIZENS OF SARAH'S PLAIN"
SAID THE ONE
WHO
FLER



... A PLACE OF DIRE WOE AND FORBODING! HERE WAS CAURASIUS THE SEPRAN DEFEATED BY THE PIGTS...
...SUFFERING A NEAR FATAL WOUND...
...WHICH HE DIDST SURVIVE...
ONLY TO HAVE HIS SHIP SINKETH OFF BENWICK KILLING ALL HANDS ABOARD
CHEE, MOSH-- YOU SHOOAH KNOW A LOTTA HIST'RY!
UHHHH...
ALL OF THESE CORPSES.
AYE? "THY EXTREME LOFTINESS"?
THEY'RE ALL CIRINISTS
AYE! "THY EXALTED ELEVATED-NESS"
NONE OF THEM ARE CEREBITES.
NAY. "THY UPPERMOSTEDNESS"
SO?
"SO?" "THY OVERTHETOP-NESS"?
"SO" WHAT'S THE BIG "CAPOSTROPHE"?
DA BIG CAPOSTROPHE IS COMIN' DIS WAY, YOOAH SUPREME AVENGEANCENESS ♪
AN' HIS NAME IS ♪
(SUH-NEER)
TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAHN!

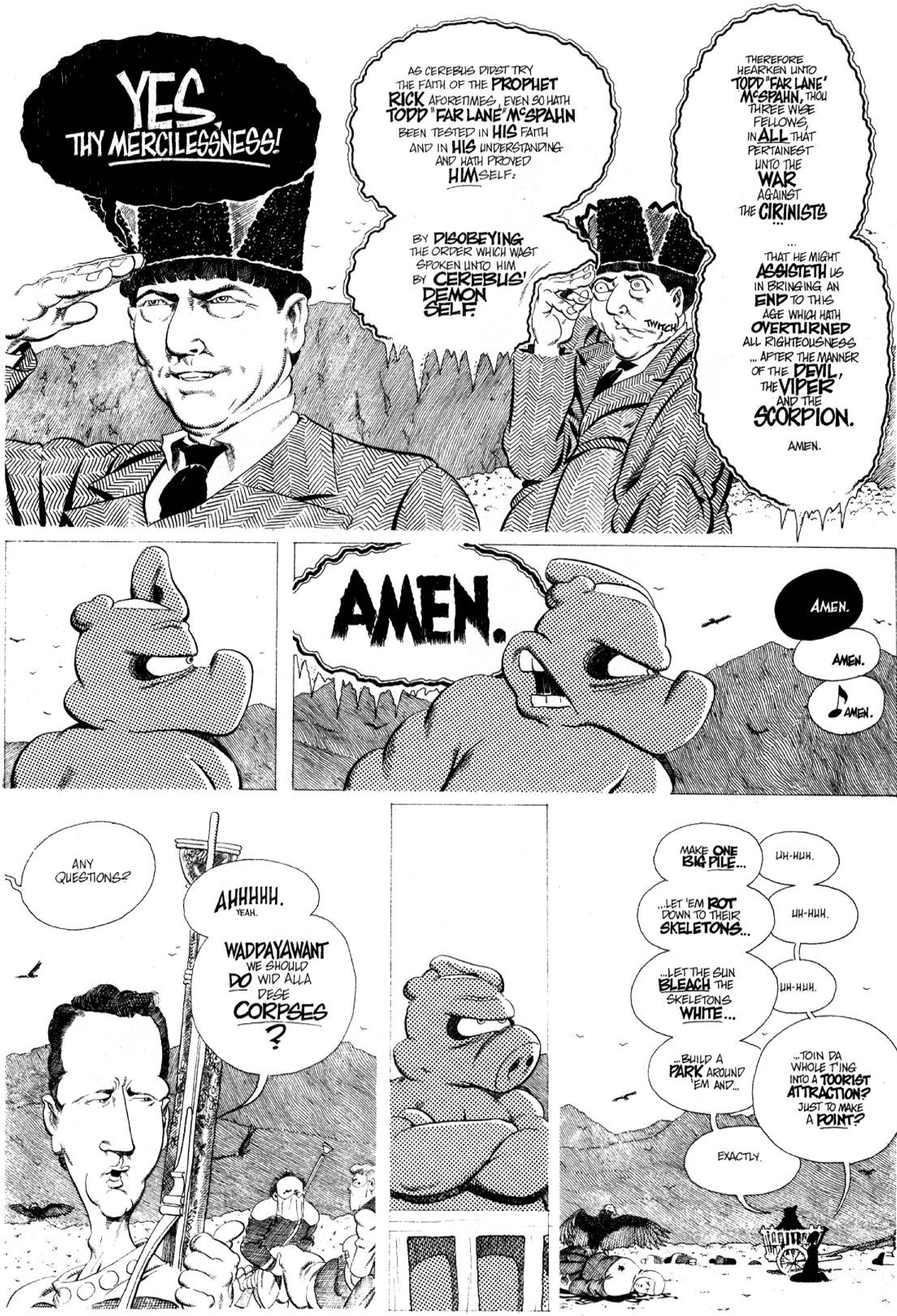


KRUNCHY?
LUNCHY?
MUNCHIE?
HOWA YOUSE BOYCE DOON T'DAY?
TELL 'IM!
TELL 'IM, TODDY "FAR LANE" McSPAHN! TELL DA ONE (WHOSE WISDOM AN' UNNERSTANEEN SOYPASSET' OLE) HOW YOU DISOBEYED A DIRECT ORDER
ROWF ROWF
QUIET, AIREDALE. DESIREST THOU THAT MOSHER SHOULDST PUT A MUZZLE ON THEE?
SERIOUSLY...
DIS IS HIM?
ON YOOAH KNEES,
SOUT'WESTRIN EXPATRY-ROTTED INSUPPORTONATIONAL SCUMMY-SCUM-SCUM
NYUK NYUK NYUK


BONK
BONK
BONK
SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF
BONK
BONK
BONK
BONK
SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUF
AAAHHH.
HOWAYOUSE DOON T'DAY?
APART FROM A BROKEN LEG? NOT TOO BAD.
YOURSELF?
AHHHHH.
EXCEP' FOAH DIS SUDDEN AN' MYSTERIOUS POUNDEEN' IN DA BACKA MY HEAD?
I'M PRIDDY GOOD. PRIDDY GOOD.
T'ANK YOUSE FER ASKEEN'.
AHHHH LISTEN.


ON DA ONE HAND WHILST IT IS TRUE DAT I AM DA NUTTIEST FRUITCAKE ON DA PASTRY WAGON...
(USUALISTICKLY? MY TEORY IS: "LET'S TRY DA CRAZIEST T'ING WE C'N T'INK UP FOIST...
...AN' IF'N DAT DON'T WOIK DEN WE WILL TRY --AS A LAST RETORT-- SOMETEEN WHAT MAKES SENSE)
...ON DA UDDAH HAND I AM ALTSO FULLY CLOGNIZANT OF DA FACT DAT I AM DA NUTTIEST FRUITCAKE ON DA PASTRY WAGON!
Y'UNNERSTAN'?
UH-HUH.
NOW.
ON DA THOID HAND:
WHEN DA McSPAHN FAMBLY JOOLS FOIND THEYSELFS ON DA CHOPPEEN BLOCK I AM ALTSO
(IPSO FATSO)
DA SANEST PEANUT YOUSE ARE APT TO FOIND HATCHEEN' FORT, POD-LOIK, FRUM DA PISTILLATE FLOWERS UPON DA HOYBACEOUS VOINE.
Y'UNNERSTAN'?
UH-HUH.
SO, IF'N SUMBUDDY TRIES TA TELL ME (LIKE HICK'RY, DICK'RY AN' DOC OVAH DERE TRIED TA TELL ME) TA STAND OUT IN DA MIDDLE OF A BIG FIELD AN' JOOST WAIT FER A NUMEROLOGICLY SUPERIOR FORCE TO ENSOYKLE ME.... WELL. DA FOIST T'ING MISSUS McSPAHN'S BOUNCEEN' BABY BOY TODDY T'INKS TO HISSELF IS "SUPPLY LINE"
Y'UNNERSTAN'?
UH-HUH.

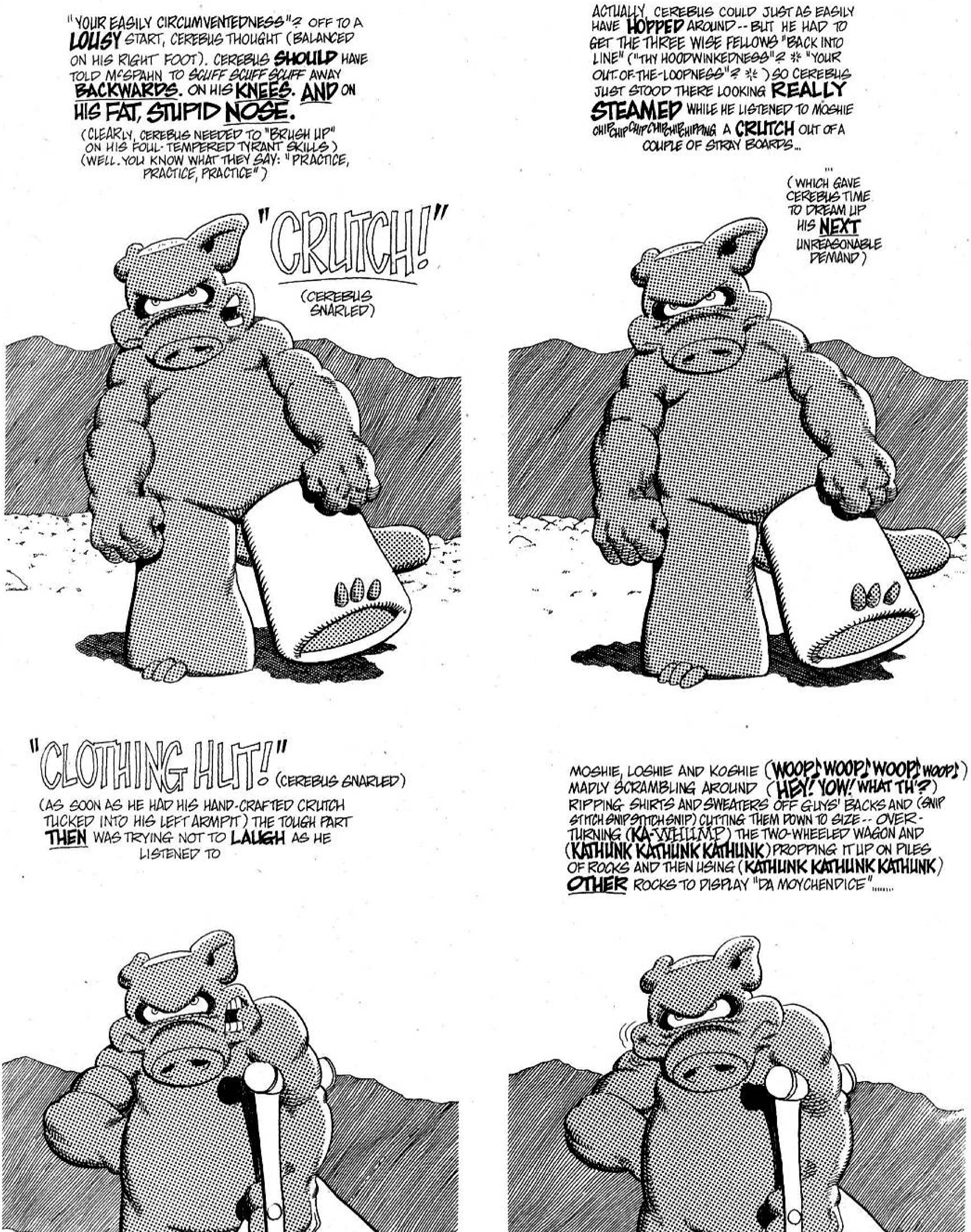

ON DA FOATH HAND, STAYEEN' OUTTA "SOILY GUN RANGE"
DAT WUZ A SPOKE O' BRILLIANCE-- BUT ONLY IF OUR GUNS WAS USED TA PUNCH A HOLE IN DA CIRINIST LINES INNA SOUTH...
...WHERE DERE SUPPLY LINE IS.
...OR... WUZ.
AN' DEN HOYD 'EM WEST AN' HOYD 'EM EAST UNTIL DEY HITS DA MOUNTAINS AN' DA CANYONS RESPECTORIVELY
Y'UNNERSTAN'?
AT WHICH POINT DA WHOLE T'ING BECAME JUST TWO BIG TOIKEY SHOOTS. KA-BOOM, KA-BOOM
UH-HUH.
WELL... EXCEP' FER DA NORTH. BUT DA CIRINISTS AIN'T GOT NO FRIENDS INNA NORTH
SO. (DA WAY I FIGGER IT) DA BOYS INNA NORTH CAN HUNT 'EM DOWN IN ONESIES AND TWOSIES...
WHILST WE IS WAITIN' FOR DA BIG COUNTER-ATTACK FRUM DA SOUTH.
Y'UNNERSTAN'?
UH-HUH.
WELL, OKEY-DOKEY! DAT IS WHY I DISOBEYED YOOAH DI-RECT ORDER AN' (DEREBY) GOT FLOPPSY, MOPPSY AN' COTTONTAIL'S UNDAWEAR IN A BIG. KNOT.
MOPPSY!
...ER... THAT IS
MOSHER!
SNAP SNAP



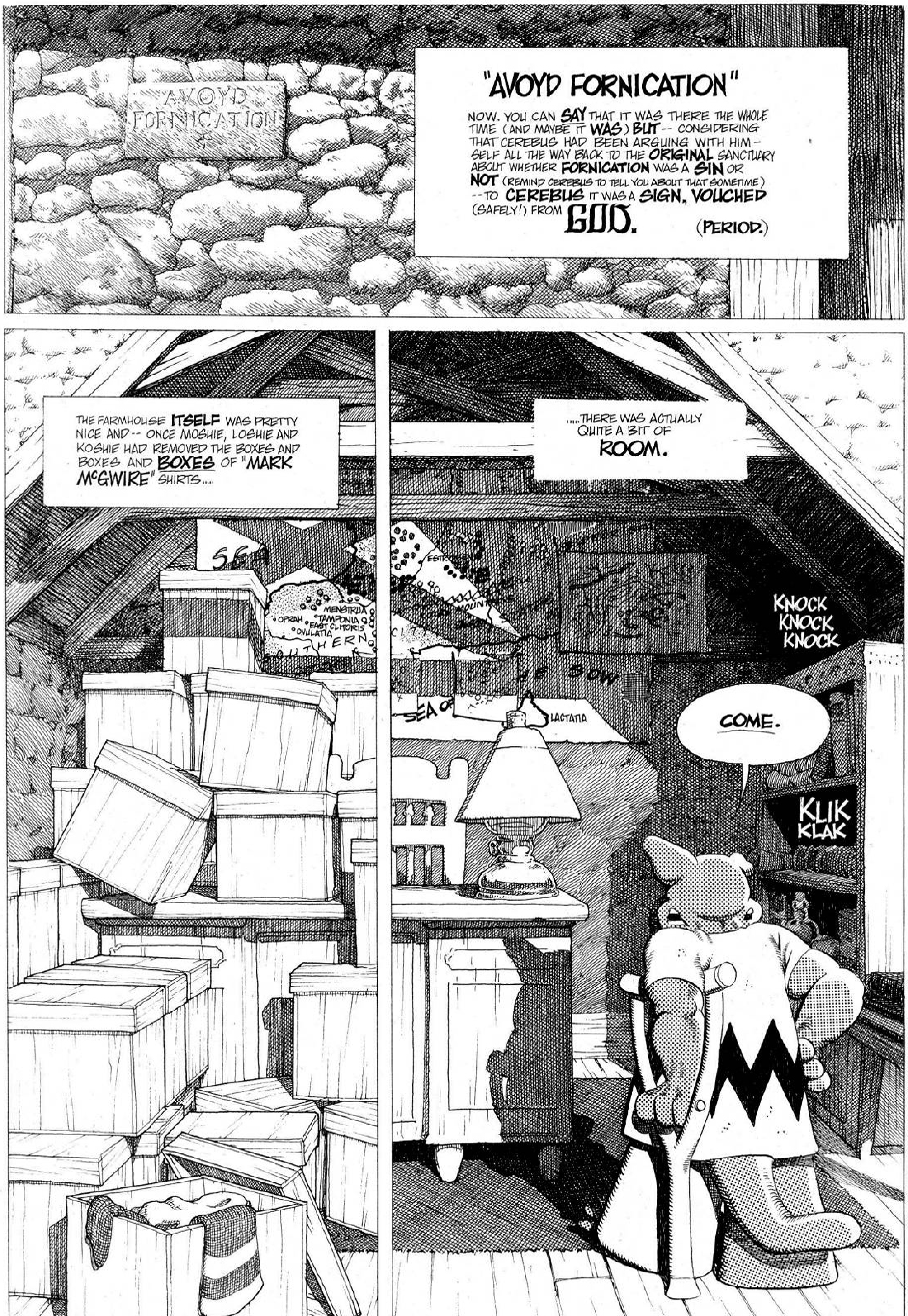
YES, THY MERCILESSNESS!
AS CEREBUS DIDST TRY THE FAITH OF THE PROPHET RICK AFORETIMES, EVEN SO HATH TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAHN BEEN TESTED IN HIS FAITH AND IN HIS UNDERSTANDING AND HATH PROVED HIMSELF:
BY DISOBEYING THE ORDER WHICH WAST SPOKEN UNTO HIM BY CEREBUS' DEMON SELF.
THEREFORE HEARKEN UNTO TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAHN, THOU THREE WISE FELLOWS, IN ALL THAT PERTAINEST UNTO THE WAR AGAINST THE CIRINISTS ...
... THAT HE MIGHT ASSISTETH US IN BRINGING AN END TO THIS AGE WHICH HATH OVERTURNED ALL RIGHTEOUSNESS ... AFTER THE MANNER OF THE DEVIL, THE VIPER AND THE SCORPION.
AMEN.
TWITCH
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.
AMEN.
ANY QUESTIONS?
AHHHHH. YEAH.
WADDAYAWANT WE SHOULD DO WID ALLA DESE CORPSES?
MAKE ONE BIG PILE...
UH-HUH.
...LET 'EM ROT DOWN TO THEIR SKELETONS...
UH-HUH.
...LET THE SUN BLEACH THE SKELETONS WHITE...
UH-HUH.
...BUILD A PARK AROUND 'EM AND...
...TOIN DA WHOLE T'ING INTO A TOORIST ATTRACTION? JUST TO MAKE A POINT?
EXACTLY.


HEY! AN' A PONY RIDE AROUN' DA BONES?
MY LIDDLE GOIL LOVES PONY RIDES
SURE. WHY NOT?
AAAAAH
SAY! IZZIT OKAY WITCHYOU DAT I DON'T SCUFF SCUFFSCUFF BACK OUTTA HERE ON MY KNEES?
DESE HERE IS MY GOOD PANTS.
HUNH?
OH! OH. UH.
STANDEST THOU UPRIGHT! THY FAITH HATH MADE THEE VERTICAL!
T'ANK YOUSE,
(THY EASILY SOY-CUM-VENTED-NESS)
MMMM
GRUMPY?
DUMPY?
LUMPY?
YOUSE BOYCE HAVE YO'SELFS A NICE DAY, NOW.


?
CEREBUS THOUGHT YOU SAID THAT HIS NAME WAS "McSPAHN"
AYE (THY HOODWINKEDNESS)
THEN WHY DOES IT SAY "McGWIRE" ON THE BACK OF HIS SHIRT?
DAT DERE IS A LOOOONG STORY (YOUAH-OUTTA-DA-LOOP-NESS) CONSOYNING TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAHN AN' ANNUDDAH FELLA'S BALLS.
ALL RIGHT.
FORGET CEREBUS ASKED.
"CORPSES IN TWO BIG PILES."
CHECK.
"BUILD A PARK."
CHECK.
"FIGYUH-8 PONY RIDE AROUN' DA TWO PILES."
CHECK.
ANYT'ING ELTZ, YOOAH TODDNESS?
DAT'S OLE FUH RIGHT NOW, "FERRY TITZ" JERROLD.


"YOUR EASILY CIRCUMVENTEDNESS"? OFF TO A LOUSY START, CEREBUS THOUGHT (BALANCED ON HIS RIGHT FOOT). CEREBUS SHOULD HAVE TOLD McSPAHN TO SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF AWAY BACKWARDS. ON HIS KNEES. AND ON HIS FAT, STUPID NOSE.
(CLEARLY, CEREBUS NEEDED TO "BRUSH UP" ON HIS FOUL-TEMPERED TYRANT SKILLS)
(WELL..YOU KNOW WHAT THEY SAY: "PRACTICE, PRACTICE, PRACTICE")
"CRUTCH!"
(CEREBUS SNARLED)
ACTUALLY, CEREBUS COULD JUST AS EASILY HAVE HOPPED AROUND -- BUT HE HAD TO GET THE THREE WISE FELLOWS "BACK INTO LINE" ("THY HOODWINKEDNESS"? ✲ "YOUR OUT-OF-THE-LOOPNESS"? ✲) SO CEREBUS JUST STOOD THERE LOOKING REALLY STEAMED WHILE HE LISTENED TO MOSHIE CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIP CHIPPING A CRUTCH OUT OF A COUPLE OF STRAY BOARDS...
... (WHICH GAVE CEREBUS TIME TO DREAM UP HIS NEXT UNREASONABLE DEMAND)
"CLOTHING HUT!" (CEREBUS SNARLED)
(AS SOON AS HE HAD HIS HAND-CRAFTED CRUTCH TUCKED INTO HIS LEFT ARMPIT) THE TOUGH PART THEN WAS TRYING NOT TO LAUGH AS HE LISTENED TO
MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE (WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!) MADLY SCRAMBLING AROUND (HEY! YOW! WHAT TH'?) RIPPING SHIRTS AND SWEATERS OFF GUYS' BACKS AND (SNIP STITCH SNIP STITCH SNIP) CUTTING THEM DOWN TO SIZE -- OVER-TURNING (KA-WHUMP) THE TWO-WHEELED WAGON AND (KATHUNK KATHUNK KATHUNK) PROPPING IT UP ON PILES OF ROCKS AND THEN USING (KATHUNK KATHUNK KATHUNK) OTHER ROCKS TO DISPLAY "DA MOYCHENDICE"......


AS SOON AS CEREBUS SAW THE SHIRT HE KNEW IT WAS "THE ONE". JUST LOOK AT IT! THE ENTIRE SHIRT CONSISTING OF TWO ROWS OF JAGGED, YELLOW TEETH OPENING UP - READY TO DEVOUR ANY CEREBITE WHO DOUBTED CEREBUS WAS IN CHARGE.
(SPEAKING OF "IN CHARGE")
"HEADQUARTERS!" (CEREBUS SNARLED)
SPECIFYING THAT IT DIDN'T NEED TO BE ANYTHING FANCY -- JUST SO LONG AS IT WAS BIGGER, MORE COMFORTABLE AND IN A BETTER LOCATION THAN ANYONE ELSE'S HEADQUARTERS.
"SAAAY! DAT SOUNDS LIKE TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAHN'S FARM-HOUSE" SAID LOSHIE.
"IT DOES,' DOESN'T IT?" ANSWERED KOSHIE, ADDING: "NYUK, NYUK NYUK"
THE BOYS RACED OFF UP AHEAD -- AND CEREBUS FOLLOWING ON HIS CRUTCH AND PASSING A BUNCH OF TIRED-LOOKING OLD GUYS IN THEIR DOUBLE-M "MARK McGWIRE" SHIRTS (KOSHIE HAD STARTED TO EXPLAIN AT ONE POINT THAT THAT WAS THE OTHER FELLA "WIT' DA BALLS" AND THAT THAT WAS WHAT THE DOUBLE-M STOOD FOR WHEN CEREBUS REMINDED KOSHIE THAT CEREBUS REALLY DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR ANY MORE ABOUT IT) (CEREBUS TOOK IT AS A GOOD SIGN THAT THAT WAS, INDEED, THE LAST THAT CEREBUS HEARD ABOUT IT)
CEREBUS FOLLOWING ON HIS CRUTCH LOST SIGHT OF KOSHIE AND LOSHIE AND MOSHIE SO HE JUST KEPT FOLLOWING THE TRAIL OF TIRED-LOOKING OLD GUYS UNTIL HE CAME TO THIS BIG OL' STONE-AND-TIMBER FARMHOUSE AND CEREBUS REMEMBERED HOW RABBI -- AT THE START OF HIS GREATEST ADVENTURES -- ALWAYS ASKED GOD TO VOUCHSAFE HIM A SIGN. SO CEREBUS (NOT REALLY EXPECTING ANYTHING BUT FIGURING THAT IT WAS WORTH) (YOU KNOW) (A SHOT)
THOUGHT "GOD. PLEASE VOUCHETH (SAFELY) UNTO CEREBUS A SIGN SUCH AS THOU DIDST VOUCHETH (SAFELY) UNTO RABBI. AMEN."
WELL, CEREBUS KNOWS YOU AREN'T GOING TO BELIEVE THIS BUT JUST AS CEREBUS REACHED THE STONE-AND-TIMBER FARMHOUSE, CEREBUS HEARD THIS TAP-TAP-TAP NOISE OVER HIS HEAD. SO CEREBUS LOOKED UP -- AND THERE IT WAS!


AVOYD FORNICATION
"AVOYD FORNICATION"
NOW. YOU CAN SAY THAT IT WAS THERE THE WHOLE TIME (AND MAYBE IT WAS) BUT -- CONSIDERING THAT CEREBUS HAD BEEN ARGUING WITH HIM-SELF ALL THE WAY BACK TO THE ORIGINAL SANCTUARY ABOUT WHETHER FORNICATION WAS A SIN OR NOT (REMIND CEREBUS TO TELL YOU ABOUT THAT SOMETIME) --TO CEREBUS IT WAS A SIGN, VOUCHED (SAFELY!) FROM GOD. (PERIOD.)
THE FARMHOUSE ITSELF WAS PRETTY NICE AND -- ONCE MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE HAD REMOVED THE BOXES AND BOXES AND BOXES OF "MARK McGWIRE" SHIRTS....
....THERE WAS ACTUALLY QUITE A BIT OF ROOM.
SEA
MENSTRUA
OPRAH
TAMPONIA
EAST CLITORIS
OVULATIA
LACTATIA
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
COME.
KLIK KLAK


?
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU?
"FERRY TITZ" JERROLD, THY CEREBUSNESS
HA HA HA HA HA HA "FAIRY TITS"?
NONONO "FERRY TITZ":
"FOAH LIKE AS DA FERRY CONVEYET' FRUM DOCK UNTO DESTINATION SO-- BY DA WILL O' GOD-- MAY DA SEAT O' TROOT' AN' DA SANCTOOARY BE CARRIED FORWAHD UNTO VICT'RY BOT' WIT' IN AN' WIT' OUT MOY BOSOM."
AMEN.
OH! ER. UHHH..?
AMEN.
HEH HEH HEH. NOW POYMIT ME TO RELIEF YOUSE FROM DA INTROOSIV-OSITY...
...OF HIS TODDNESS's BOOKS AN' MAPS O' MILITARY STRAGEDY.
?
OH NO NO NO THEY'RE FINE...
WAK
RIGHT.
WHERE THEY ARE.
I WOULD LIKE TO ACCOMODATE YOUSE, YOOAH CEREBUSNESS ...
... BUT HIS TODDNESS EXTINCTLY SPECIFRIED...



WHAT MEANEST ALL THESE...
...COLOURED...
...PINS.
"F.T.J." ?
EXTINCTLY SPECI----.
...FRIED....
THAT ONE WORKED LIKE A WELL-OILED PROVERB: "GIVEST THOU UNTO A YUTZ A LESS YUTZY NICKNAME? AND UNTO THEE WILL HE LEAK--LIKE A SIEVE IN SPRINGTIME."
SERIOUSLY.
THE MAN WAS A WALKING "COLOURED PIN ENCYCLOPEDIA": WHICH COLOURED PINS HAD COLOURED-PIN BALLS THE SIZE OF YOUR HEAD. (THE YELLOW ONES)... WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE YELLOW CLEAR THROUGH. (THE BLUE ONES)... WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE COLOURED PIN TOAST. (THE WHITE ONES)... WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE GOING TO MARKET. WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE STAYING HOME. WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE HAVING ROAST BEEF. WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE HAVING NONE AND WHICH COLOURED PINS WERE CRYING "WEE♪ WEE♪ WEE♪" ALL THE.... uh....
WELL.
YOU GET THE IDEA.
IT ALL CAME POURING OUT OF "FAIRY T☼" ER "F.T.J." LIKE YOU-KNOW-WHAT FROM A GOOSE RAISED ON OAT BRAN.

THE **GOOD NEWS** WAS THAT IT WAS GOING TO BE A COLOURED-PIN **WALKOVER.** ANY MINUTE NOW, THE **CIRINIST** COLOURED PINS WERE GOING TO LAUNCH A **COLOURED-PIN COUNTER-STRIKE** AND -- IN THE PROCESS -- GET THEIR POINTY LITTLE COLOURED-PIN **BUTTS** KICKED **CLEAR** ACROSS THE **KOTA MOUNTAINS** OR INTO THE **SOFIM RIVER CANYONS** (AS THE CASE MAY BE)

THE **BAD NEWS** WAS THAT THAT MEANT CEREBUS HAD PRACTICALLY **NO** TIME AT ALL TO MAKE SURE EVERYONE KNEW **HE** WAS IN CHARGE (BECAUSE OTHERWISE **EVERYONE** WAS GOING TO GIVE **McSPAHN** ALL THE **CREDIT** FOR WHAT **CEREBUS'** COLOURED PINS WERE ABOUT TO **DO.**)

SO CEREBUS STARTED READING SOME OF McSPAHN'S BOOKS; WHICH TURNED OUT TO BE **ALMOST** A COMPLETE WASTE OF TIME (SINCE NOT **ONE** OF THE BOOKS SAID A **WORD** ABOUT **COLOURED PINS**) (AND CEREBUS HAD CHECKED UNDER "C" IN EVERY DAMNED INDEX) EXCEPT FOR THIS ONE BOOK WHICH WAS FULL OF **QUOTES** ABOUT WAR FROM GREAT LEADERS IN NICE, BIG LETTERS (THAT IS, THE **QUOTES** WERE IN NICE, BIG LETTERS. THE GREAT LEADERS WERE -- YOU KNOW -- **DEAD**)

MOST OF THE QUOTES WERE **WAY** TOO LONG (SOMETIMES, LIKE, A WHOLE **PAGE**) BUT SOME OF THEM WERE **GOOD... AND SHORT ENOUGH** TO WRITE DOWN (WHICH IS WHAT CEREBUS DID. LIKE THIS ONE:)

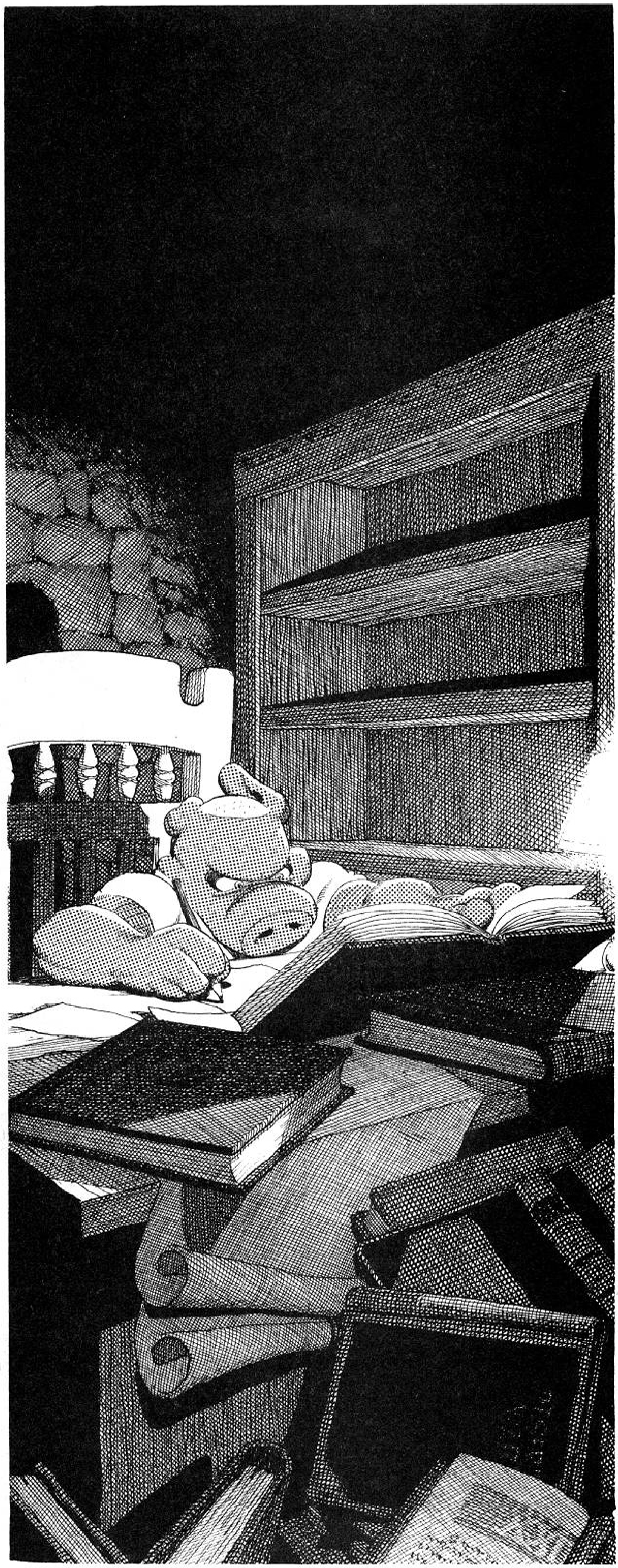
"A MAN CAN DIE BUT **ONCE**. WE OWE **GOD** A DEATH."

AND **THIS** ONE:

"IS **LIFE** SO **DEAR** OR **PEACE** SO **SWEET** AS TO BE PURCHASED AT THE PRICE OF **CHAINS** AND **SLAVERY? FORBID IT,** ALMIGHTY **GOD!** I KNOW **NOT** WHAT COURSE **OTHERS** MAY TAKE, BUT AS FOR **ME -- GIVE ME LIBERTY** OR **GIVE ME DEATH!**"

AND **THIS** ONE:

"THE ART OF WAR IS SIMPLE ENOUGH. FIND OUT WHERE YOUR ENEMY IS. GET AT HIM AS SOON AS YOU CAN. STRIKE AT HIM AS HARD AS YOU CAN AND AS OFTEN AS YOU CAN AND KEEP MOVING ON."



AND **THIS** ONE:

"**WAR ALONE** BRINGS UP TO ITS **HIGHEST TENSION** ALL HUMAN ENERGY AND PUTS THE STAMP OF **NOBILITY** UPON THE PEOPLES WHO HAVE THE **COURAGE** TO FACE IT."

AND **THIS** ONE:

"**THIS WAR** IS ONE OF THOSE **ELEMENTAL CONFLICTS** WHICH USHER IN A NEW MILLENIUM AND WHICH **SHAKE THE WORLD ONCE** IN A **THOUSAND YEARS!**"

AND **THIS** ONE:

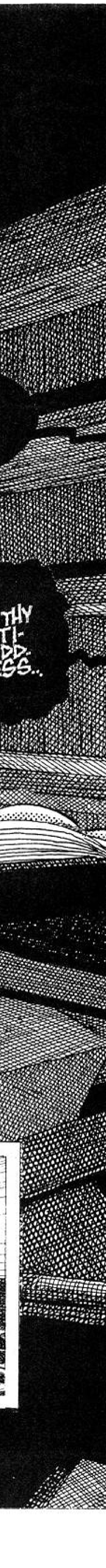
"AND WHEN THE WAR BROKE OUT, ITS **REAL HORRORS**, ITS **REAL DANGERS**, ITS **MENACE** OF **REAL DEATH** WERE A **BLESSING** COMPARED WITH THE **INHUMAN REIGN** OF THE **LIE**."

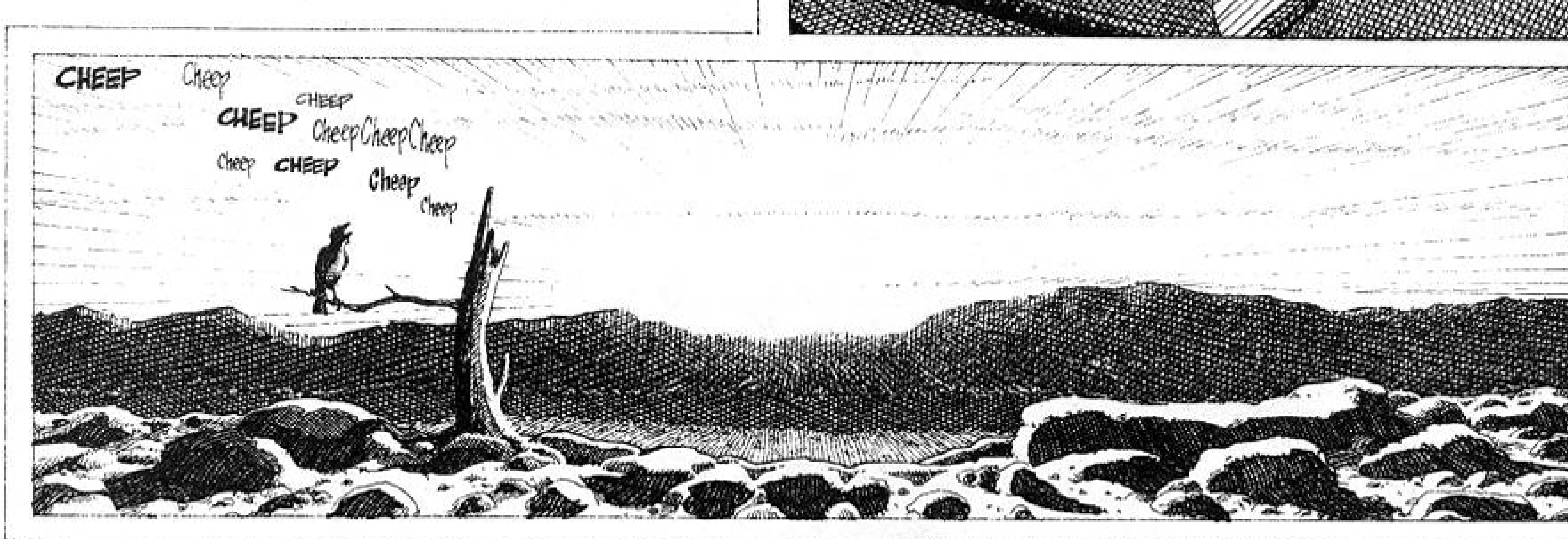
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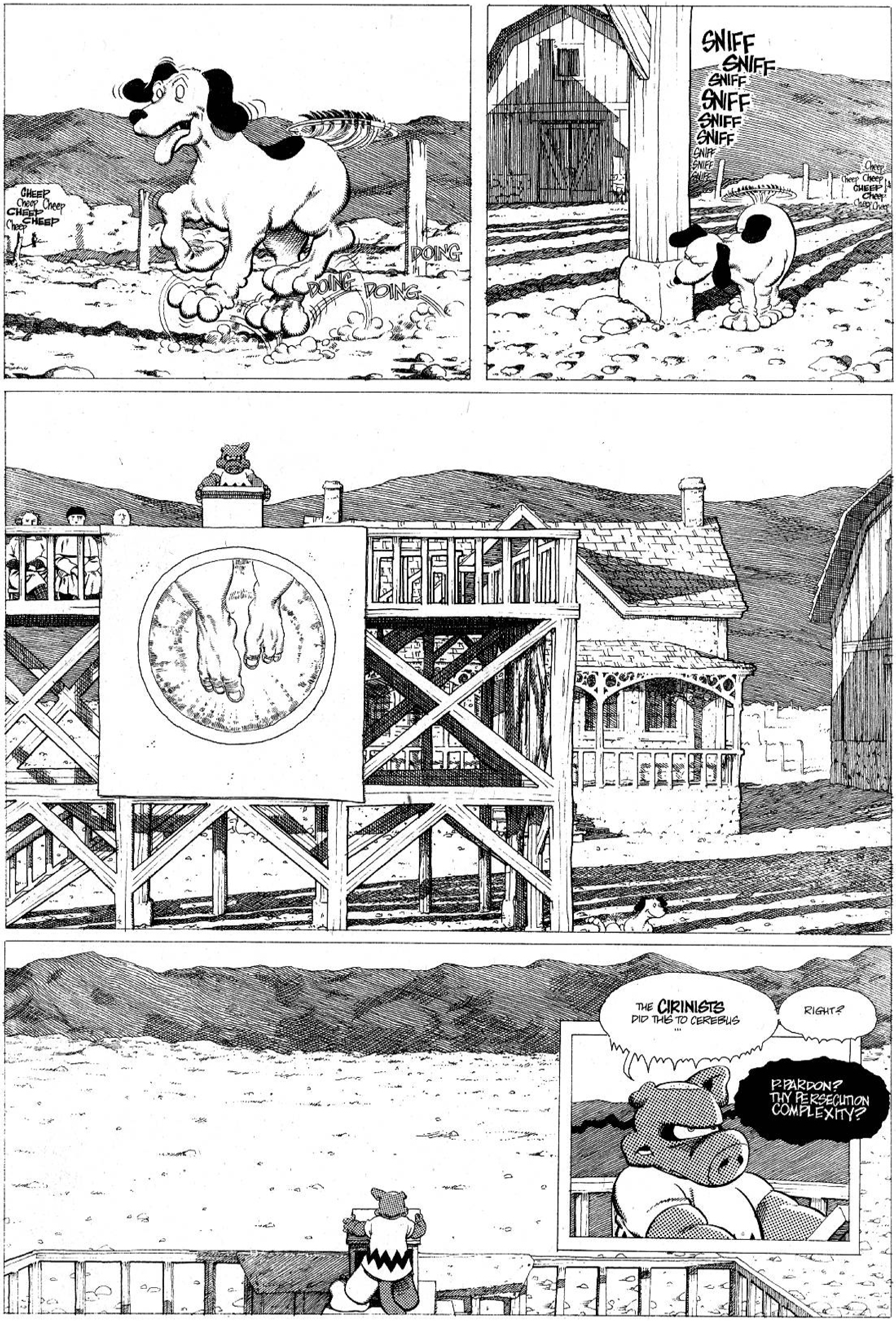
"**HIGH COMMAND IN WAR** IS NO PLACE FOR THOSE WHO NEED **CONSENSUS**."

THAT LAST ONE WAS THE ONE THAT CONVINCED CEREBUS TO STRING THEM ALL TOGETHER INTO A **SPEECH** (THAT WOULD SHOW ALL THE *GOOD AND FAITHFUL CEREBITES* WHO WAS IN CHARGE) (SO THEY DIDN'T ACCIDENTALLY TURN INTO A BUNCH OF *EVIL AND DISLOYAL TODD-NOSERS*) BECAUSE **IT** SAID WHAT **CEREBUS** WANTED TO SAY (WHICH WAS "FUCK McSPAHN. FOLLOW CEREBUS.") (PARDON CEREBUS' BEDUINESE)... **BUT!**... IT MADE IT SOUND **MORE IMPORTANT** AND (YOU KNOW) **NOBLE** AND STUFF

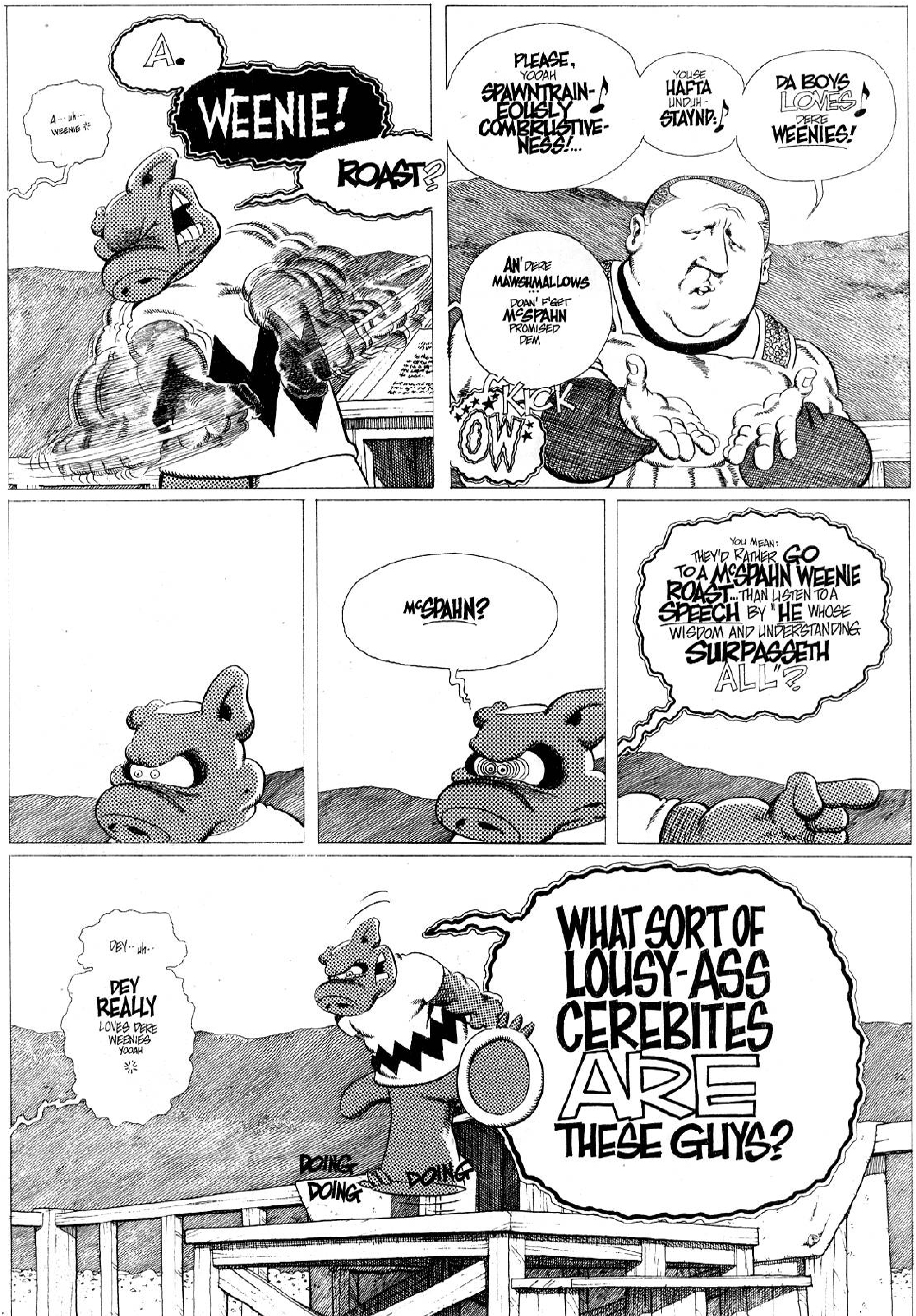
WHICH IS **REALLY** WHAT LEADERSHIP IS ALL ABOUT: FINDING REALLY **GOOD, NOBLE-SOUNDING** WAYS TO TELL PEOPLE WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO **DO**. (BECAUSE IF YOU WERE TO JUST **TELL** THEM WHAT WHAT YOU WANT THEM TO DO, THEY WOULD JUST LOOK AT YOU AS IF YOU WERE **NUTS** AND TELL YOU TO GO FUCK YOURSELF) (PARDON CEREBUS' BEDUINESE, AGAIN)






CHEEP Cheep Cheep CHEEP CHEEP Cheep
DOING
DOING DOING
SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF SNIFF
THE CIRINISTS DID THIS TO CEREBUS ...
RIGHT?
P-PARDON? THY PERSECUTION COMPLEXITY?


THE CIRINISTS! THEY MUST'VE LAUNCHED THEIR COUNTER-STRIKE THIS MORNING JUST
TO MAKE EVERBODY MISS CEREBUS' GREAT SPEECH, RIGHT?
ER-- NOT EXACTLY (YOOAH SELF-ABSORPTION)
WELL, THEN... WHERE... (EXACTLY)... DID EVERYONE GO?!
DEY WENT TO A WEENIE ROAST (YOOAH) (HOPEFULLY) (HARD O' HEAREEN-NESS)
"THEY. WENT. TO. A."
WHAT?


A... uh... WEENIE ?!
A.
WEENIE!
ROAST?
PLEASE, YOOAH SPAWNTRAIN-EOUSLY COMBRUSTIVE-NESS!...
YOUSE HAFTA UNDUH-STAYND:
DA BOYS LOVES DERE WEENIES!
AN' DERE MAWSHMALLOWS ... DOAN' F'GET McSPAHN PROMISED DEM
KICK
OW
McSPAHN?
YOU MEAN: THEY'D RATHER GO TO A McSPAHN WEENIE ROAST... THAN LISTEN TO A SPEECH BY "HE WHOSE WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING SURPASSETH ALL"?
DEY... uh...
DEY REALLY LOVES DERE WEENIES YOOAH
WHAT SORT OF LOUSY-ASS CEREBITES ARE THESE GUYS?
DOING
DOING
DOING


THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS FOUND OUT THAT THEY WEREN'T REALLY "CEREBITES". THAT IS:
THE THREE WISE FELLOWS (AND CEREBUS) WERE THE ONLY REAL "CEREBITES." EVERYONE ELSE WERE
(OR WAS) "FERRY TITS."
(THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS FIGURED HE'D BETTER SIT DOWN)
AND IT WAS A GOOD THING HE DID BECAUSE THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS FIRST LEARNED THAT THE CIRINISTS HAD EXECUTED RICK BY NAILING HIS HANDS AND FEET TO A TREE (SOME SACRED CIRINIST EARTH MOTHER TREE OR OTHER) (WHICH REALLY MADE CEREBUS FEEL SICK TO HIS STOMACH -- JUST THINKING ABOUT IT) AND THAT, REPORTEDLY, RICK'S LAST WORDS WERE:
"NOW, YOU ARE ALL 'OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH'."
FOLLOWED (A LITTLE WHILE LATER) (REPORTEDLY) BY:
"NOW, YOU ARE ALL...... 'FERRY TITS'."
AT WHICH POINT (REPORTEDLY) RICK (YOU KNOW) DIED.
WHICH LEFT RICK'S FOLLOWERS WITH THIS MAJOR PROBLEM BECAUSE -- LET'S FACE IT -- AS RECRUITING MOTTOES GO "JOIN US: FOR WE ARE ALL FERRY TITS" IS NOT GOING TO BE AT THE TOP OF ANYONE'S LIST. WHILE (AT THE SAME TIME) IF THOSE WERE YOUR LEADER'S LAST WORDS AND YOU'RE CLAIMING TO BE "OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH," YOU'RE (YOU KNOW) REALLY KIND OF STUCK WITH THEM.
WELL, RIGHT OFF THE BAT, THEY TOOK A VOTE AND DECIDED -- UNANIMOUSLY -- THAT WHAT RICK HAD SAID WAS "ER" FERRY TITS AND NOT "AI" FAIRY TITS.... ....AND THEN THEY TOOK ANOTHER VOTE WHICH WAS SPLIT IN FAVOUR OF THE "FOR LIKE AS THE FERRY CONVEYETH FROM DOCK UNTO DESTINATION, SO -- BY THE GRACE OF GOD -- MAY THE SEAT OF TRUTH AND THE SANCTUARY BE CARRIED FORWARD UNTO VICTORY BOTH WITHIN AND WITHOUT MY BOSOM. AMEN" ALLEGIANCE PRAYER. ...AND THEN THEY TOOK ANOTHER VOTE WHICH DECLARED THAT ALL FUTURE VOTES WOULD BE DECLARED TO BE UNANIMOUS IN FAVOUR OF THE WINNING SIDE (SINCE THERE WAS -- AND IS -- ONLY ONE TRUTH)... AND, FROM THAT DAY FORWARD THAT WAS HOW THE "FERRY TITS" OF "THE SEAT OF TRUTH" DECIDED EVERYTHING.

SEE? SO THAT WAS WHAT HAD HAPPENED WITH CEREBUS' **WORD OF TRUTH:** KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE HAD **RELAYED** THE WORD OF TRUTH **TO** THE "FERRY TITS" AND A **MAJORITY** OF THE "FERRY TITS" HAD VOTED IN FAVOUR OF IT **BEING** THE WORD OF TRUTH

LIKEWISE, WHEN TODD *"FAR LANE"* McSPAHN HAD TOLD THE "FERRY TITS" THAT THEY NEEDED TO BREAK THROUGH THE CIRINIST FRONTLINE TO THE SOUTH:

THE "FERRY TITS" VOTED ON IT AND THE MAJORITY AGREED WITH McSPAHN (SO THAT WAS WHAT THEY DID)

AND **THEN**, THE MAJORITY OF THE "FERRY TITS" VOTED McSPAHN TO BE RICK'S OFFICIAL SUCCESSOR..... (SO THAT McSPAHN WAS OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH AND THE SEAT OF TRUTH WAS OF McSPAHN) **THE SEAT OF TRUTH** (i.e. McSPAHN) (ACCORDING TO THE "FERRY TITS" INTERPRETATION OF THE ALLEGIANCE PRAYER) WAS TO BE "CARRIED FORWARD UNTO VICTORY" **WITHIN** THEIR "FERRY TIT" BOSOMS AND THE **SANCTUARY** (i.e. CEREBUS) WAS TO BE "CARRIED FORWARD UNTO VICTORY" **WITHOUT** THEIR "FERRY TIT" BOSOMS.

AT THAT POINT, (HAVING DECIDED THEY WERE ALL NO-GOOD "FERRY TIT" TRAITORS) KOSHIE, MOSHIE AND LOSHIE HAD SWORN THE **NORTH-EASTERN** HUNTING LODGE "FERRY TITS" TO AN OATH OF LOYALTY TO CEREBUS. **BUT,** (AS IT TURNED OUT) AS SOON AS THEY LEFT TO COME BACK TO THE **SANCTUARY** McSPAHN HAD CALLED FOR **ANOTHER** OATH OF LOYALTY VOTE WHICH THE NORTH-EASTERN HUNTING LODGE "FERRY TITS" (OF COURSE) **LOST** WHICH MEANT THAT (AS LAW-ABIDING "FERRY TITS") THEY HAD TO **INSTANTLY** SWITCH TO THE WINNING SIDE (LOYALTY TO McSPAHN)

SEE? SO THE SAME THING HAD HAPPENED WHEN KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE HAD ANNOUNCED THAT CEREBUS WAS GIVING A SPEECH. McSPAHN ANNOUNCED THAT **HE** WAS HAVING A WEENIE ROAST. THE "FERRY TITS" TOOK A VOTE. MORE "FERRY TITS" VOTED TO GO TO THE WEENIE ROAST THAN VOTED TO HEAR CEREBUS' SPEECH. SO (BY "FERRY TIT" LAW) THEY **ALL HAD TO GO TO THE WEENIE ROAST!**

IT WAS AT **THAT** POINT IN THE EXPLANATION THAT CEREBUS NOTICED **THREE** THINGS: CEREBUS NOTICED (A) THAT KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE HAD STOPPED TALKING (B) THAT CEREBUS WAS STARTING TO GET A **REALLY BAD** HEADACHE AND (C) THAT CEREBUS HAD BEEN (UNCONSCIOUSLY) PUNCHING HIMSELF IN THE SIDE OF THE HEAD THROUGH MOST OF KOSHIE, LOSHIE AND MOSHIE'S EXPLANATION

REALIZING THAT (C) WAS (PROBABLY) THE LEADING CAUSE OF (B) AND (POSSIBLY) (A) AS WELL, CEREBUS **STOPPED** PUNCHING HIM-SELF IN THE HEAD...

BAF.

PUNCH.

BAP.

BIFF.

BAFF.



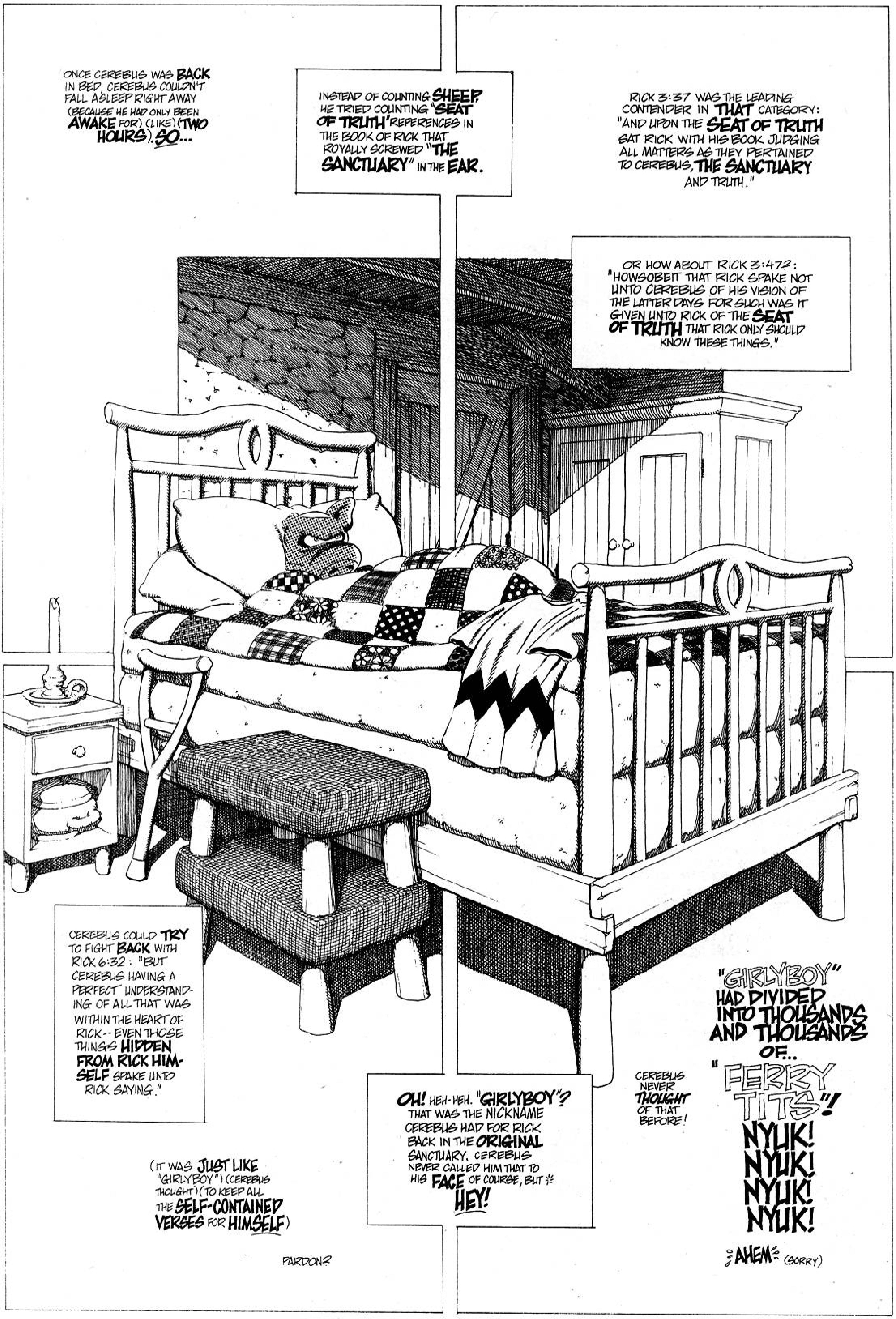
AT WHICH POINT CEREBUS' HEAD-ACHE STARTED GOING AWAY.

AT WHICH POINT (PROBABLY TO MAKE CEREBUS **FEEL** BETTER) KOSHIE TOLD HIM THAT THE "FERRY TITS" HAD VOTED (JUST BEFORE THEY LEFT FOR THE WEENIE ROAST) TO CALL EACH OTHER **"F.T.** (YOUR INITIAL HERE)**"** (AS IN **"F.T.J."** INSTEAD OF **"FERRY TITS" JERROLD)**

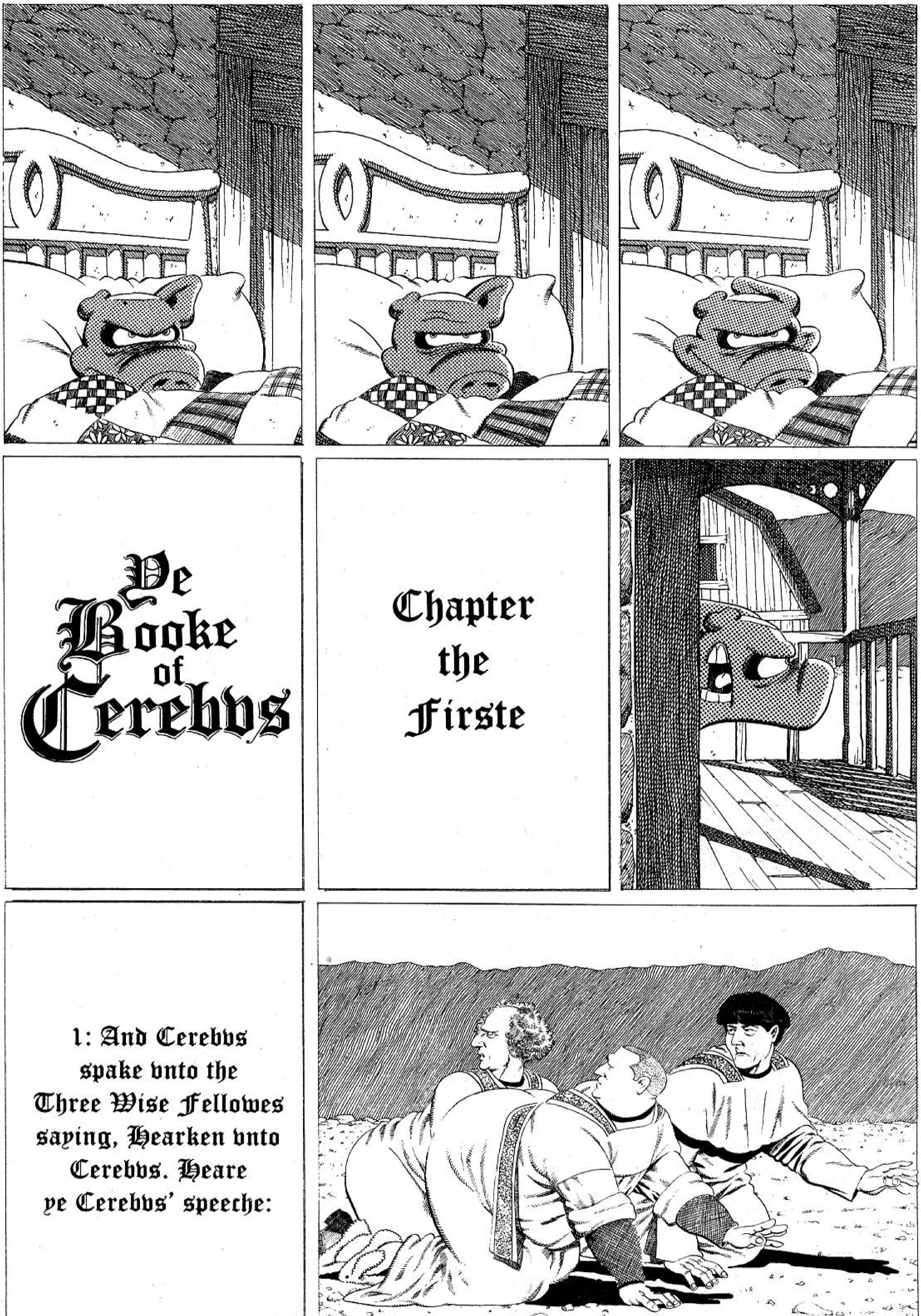
AT **WHICH** POINT...

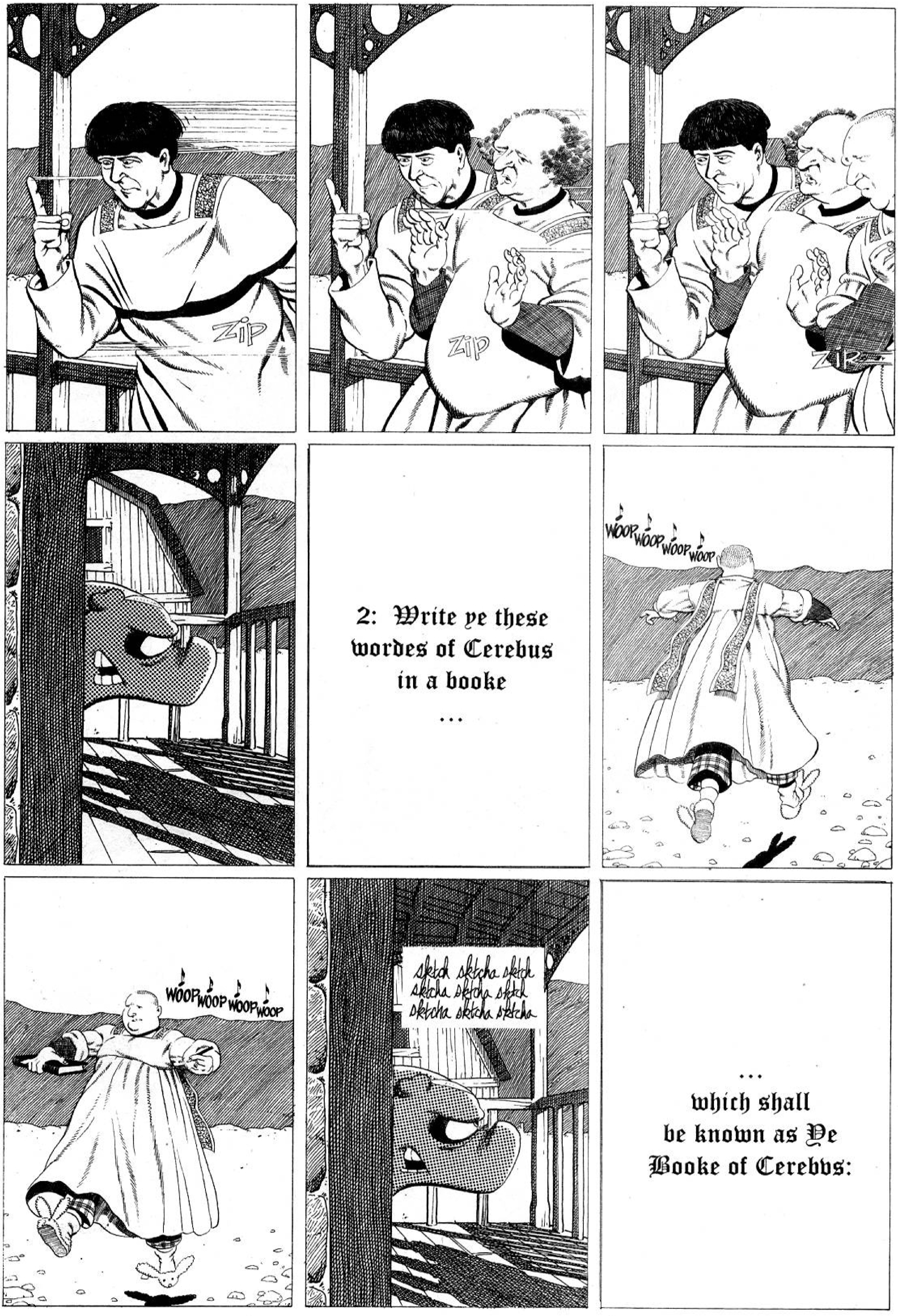


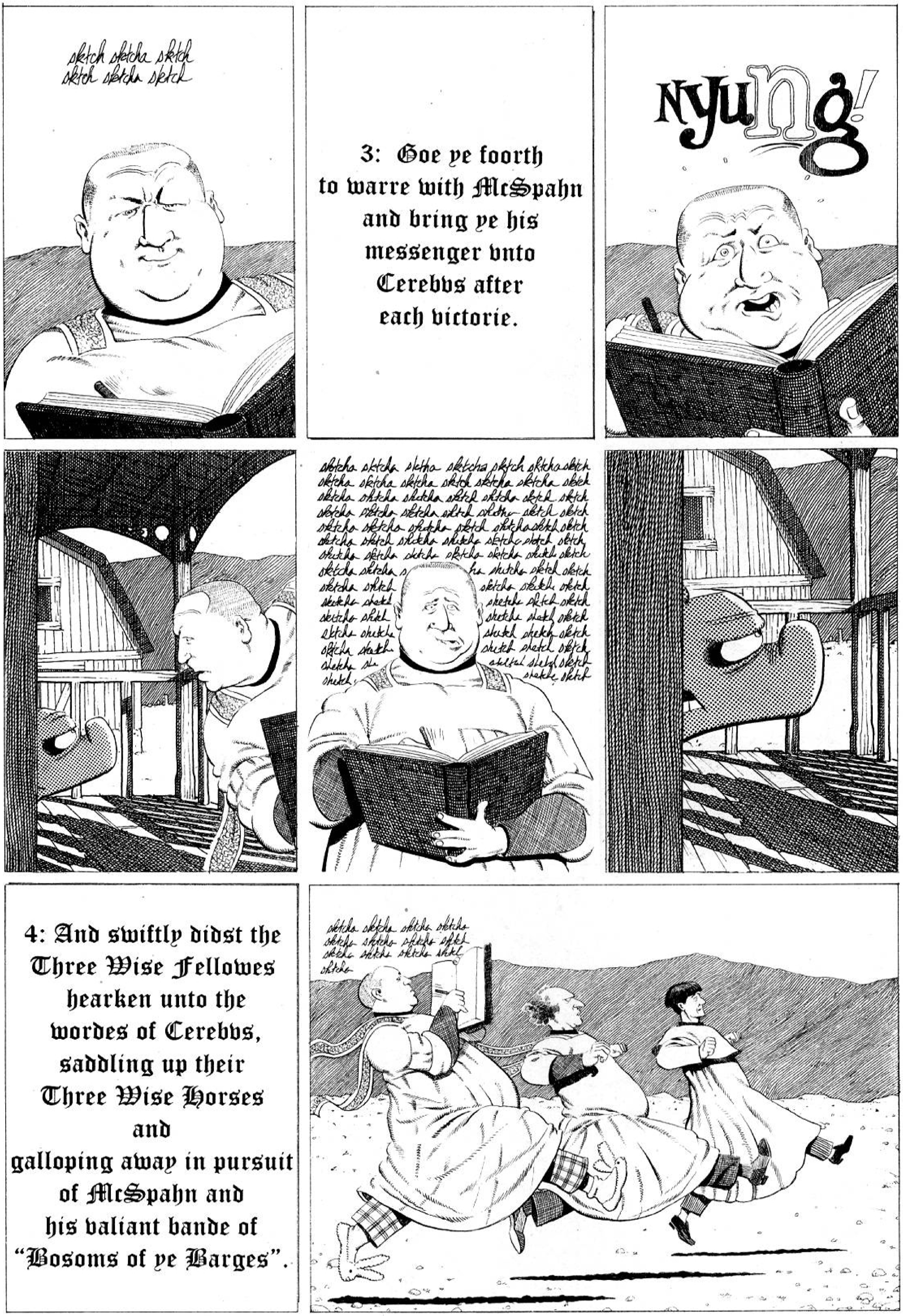
...CEREBUS DECIDED TO GO BACK TO BED.


ONCE CEREBUS WAS BACK IN BED, CEREBUS COULDN'T FALL ASLEEP RIGHT AWAY (BECAUSE HE HAD ONLY BEEN AWAKE FOR) (LIKE) (TWO HOURS). SO...
INSTEAD OF COUNTING SHEEP, HE TRIED COUNTING "SEAT OF TRUTH" REFERENCES IN THE BOOK OF RICK THAT ROYALLY SCREWED "THE SANCTUARY" IN THE EAR.
RICK 3:37 WAS THE LEADING CONTENDER IN THAT CATEGORY: "AND UPON THE SEAT OF TRUTH SAT RICK WITH HIS BOOK JUDGING ALL MATTERS AS THEY PERTAINED TO CEREBUS, THE SANCTUARY AND TRUTH."
OR HOW ABOUT RICK 3:472: "HOWSOBEIT THAT RICK SPAKE NOT UNTO CEREBUS OF HIS VISION OF THE LATTER DAYS FOR SUCH WAS IT GIVEN UNTO RICK OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH THAT RICK ONLY SHOULD KNOW THESE THINGS."
CEREBUS COULD TRY TO FIGHT BACK WITH RICK 6:32: "BUT CEREBUS HAVING A PERFECT UNDERSTANDING OF ALL THAT WAS WITHIN THE HEART OF RICK-- EVEN THOSE THINGS HIDDEN FROM RICK HIMSELF SPAKE UNTO RICK SAYING."
(IT WAS JUST LIKE "GIRLYBOY") (CEREBUS THOUGHT) (TO KEEP ALL THE SELF-CONTAINED VERSES FOR HIMSELF)
PARDON?
OH! HEH-HEH. "GIRLYBOY"? THAT WAS THE NICKNAME CEREBUS HAD FOR RICK BACK IN THE ORIGINAL SANCTUARY. CEREBUS NEVER CALLED HIM THAT TO HIS FACE OF COURSE, BUT HEY!
CEREBUS NEVER THOUGHT OF THAT BEFORE!
"GIRLYBOY" HAD DIVIDED INTO THOUSANDS AND THOUSANDS OF... "FERRY TITS"!
NYUK! NYUK! NYUK! NYUK!
AHEM (SORRY)


SO ANYWAY, CEREBUS JUST... LAY THERE... GETTING MORE AND MORE STEAMED-- THINKING OF RICK --SOMEWHERE-- HAVING THE LAST LAUGH AT CEREBUS' EXPENSE. JUDGING CEREBUS
KNOCK KNOCK
WHAT?!
PAHDON MOSHER, (THY SULKINESS).. BUT THE CIRINISTS HATH LAUNCHED THEIR COUNTERSTRIKE AND McSPAHN DOTH PREPARE HIS COUNTER-COUNTER STRIKE!
YEAH? SO?
ER.. WE WERE WONDERETHING IF THOU HAST (PERADVENTURE) SOME WORDS OF INSTRUCTION FOR THY FAITHFUL CEREBITES ON THE MORN OF THE EVE OF BATTLE...
AYE:
SHUT UP AND GO AWAY
AT CEREBUS' EXPENSE. JUDGING CEREBUS AND THE SANCTUARY SITTING ON HIS STUPID, FAT
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
WHAT!
ER.. IS DERE ANYPLACE PACIFICALLY YOUSE WANT US TO GO AWAY TO? (YOOAH CRANKINESS)?
AYE!
ESHNOSOPUR! ON YOUR HANDS AND KNEES.
SITTING ON HIS STUPID, FAT SEAT OF TRUTH. HAH! (THOUGHT CEREBUS) IF ONLY ALL OF THESE... "FERRY TITS"... HAD SEEN GIRLYBOY TWITCHING AND SHUDDERING THAT TIME THAT HE THOUGHT CEREBUS HAD CALLED FORTH THE QUEEN OF ALL


Ye Booke of Cerebvs
Chapter the Firste
1: And Cerebvs spake vnto the Three Wise Fellowes saying, Hearken vnto Cerebvs. Heare ye Cerebvs' speeche:

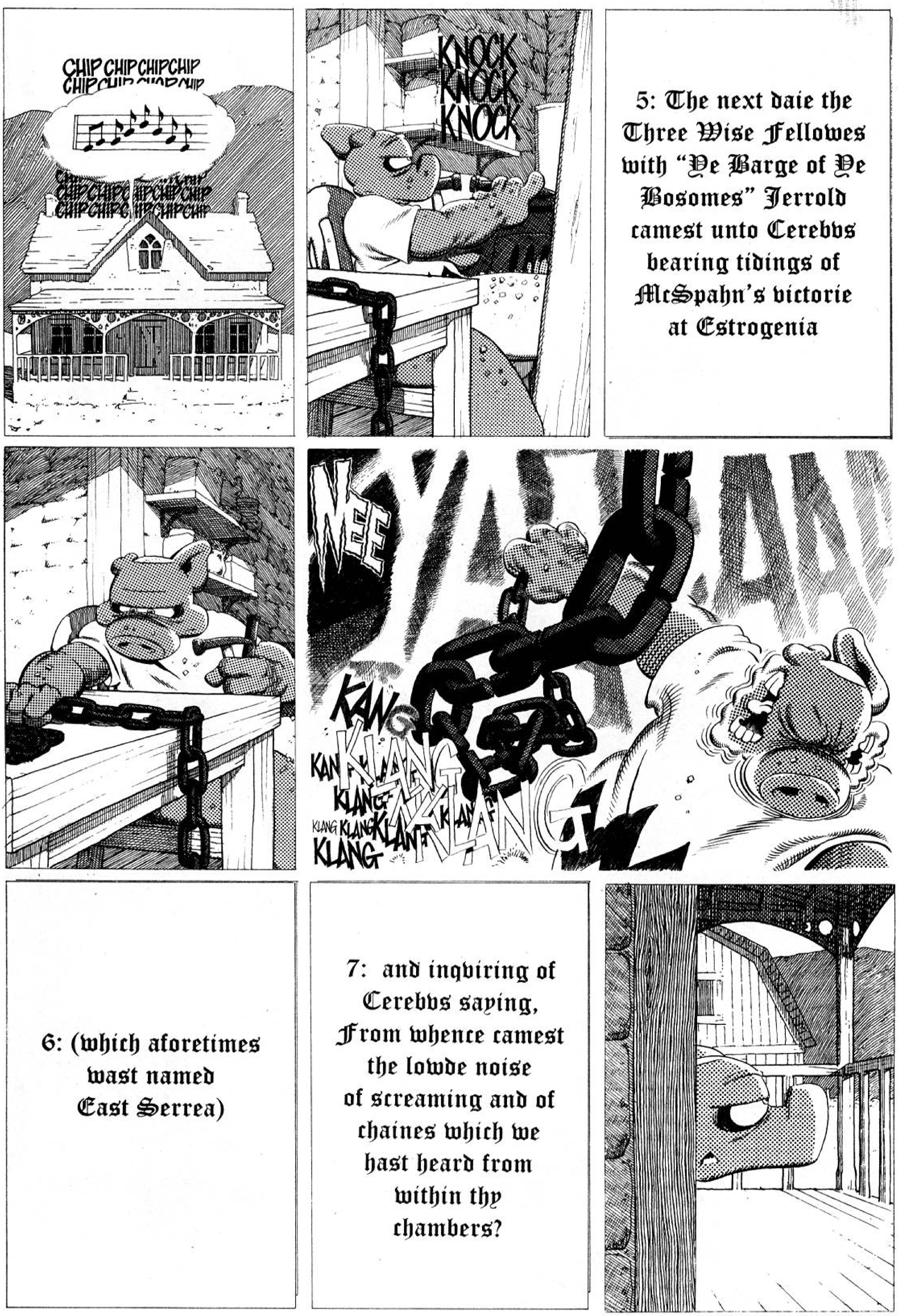

ZIP
ZIP
2: Write ye these wordes of Cerebus in a booke
...
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP
sktch sktcha sktch
sktcha sktcha sktch
sktcha sktcha sktcha
...
which shall be known as Ye Booke of Cerebvs:


sktch sketcha sktch
sktch sktcha sketch
3: Goe ye foorth
to warre with McSpahn
and bring ye his
messenger vnto
Cerebvs after
each victorie.
NYUng!
4: And swiftly didst the
Three Wise Fellowes
hearken unto the
wordes of Cerebvs,
saddling up their
Three Wise Horses
and
galloping away in pursuit
of McSpahn and
his valiant bande of
"Bosoms of ye Barges".


GALLUMP GALLUMP
GALLUMP
GALLUMP
GALLUMP
sktch sktcha sktcha sktch sktcha sktcha sktcha sktcha
GALLUMP
GALLUMP
GALLUMP
GALLUMP
HIP HOP HIP
CREEEEEEEK
HIP HOP
?
KLANK


KLUNK CHING
THUMP CLUNK
HIP HOP HIP HOP
CLINK
CLUNK
THUNK!
BOUNCE BOUNCE
HIP HOP HIP HOP
CHOP CHOP
HIP HOP HIP HOP
BUMP BUMP BUMP


BLUB
BLUP
BLOOP
BLUP
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
BOUNCE
TINK
tonk
TINK
tonk
CRINK
CRINK
CRINK
THA-BANG
THA-BANG
THA-BANG
THA-BANG


CHIP CHIP CHIPCHIP
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
5: The next daie the Three Wise Fellowes with "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes" Jerrold camest unto Cerebvs bearing tidings of McSpahn's victorie at Estrogenia
NEE
KANG KLANG KLANG KLANG KLANG KLANG
6: (which aforetimes wast named East Serrea)
7: and inqviring of Cerebvs saying, From whence camest the lowde noise of screaming and of chaines which we hast heard from within thy chambers?


8: And Cerebvs spake vnto them saying, Cerebvs hast called foorth the King of All Demons, who shalbe to McSpahn like vnto five diuisions of fierce and valiant coloured pins (ifsobe that McSpahn shouldst falter in his quest to bringe an ende to this Age which hast ouerturned all righteousness after the maner of the deuill, the uiper and the scorpion).
sktch sktch sktch sktch
9: Then spake "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes" Jerrold unto Cerebus saying, McSpahn? Falter? (and he didst make a snorting noise like vnto one of the Three Wise Horses).
10: Still, ye can neuer tell, sayeth Cerebvs. And giuing thankes Vnto The Three Wise Fellowes and "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes" Jerrold for their glad tidings

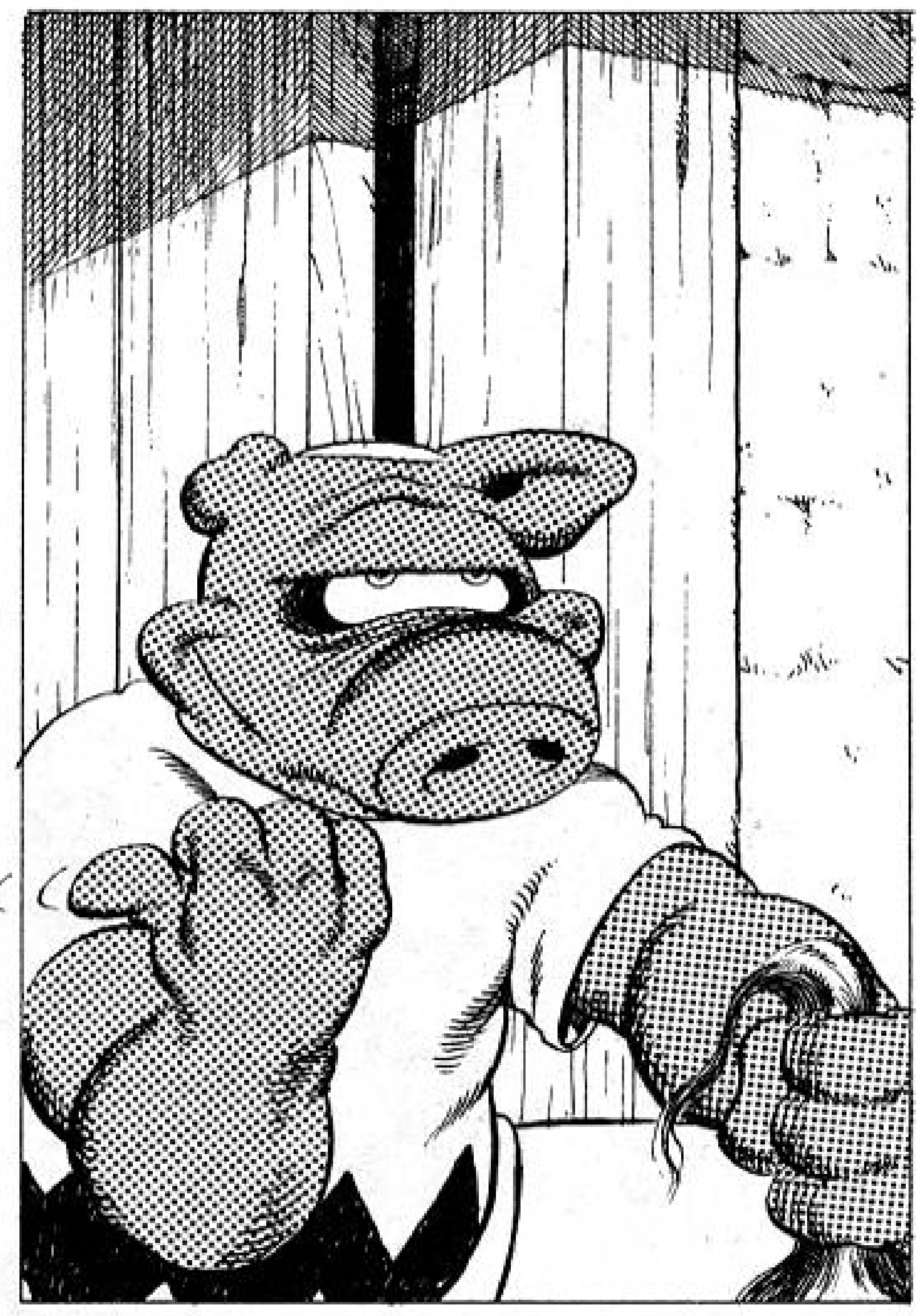

11: He bade them hasten backe to the side of McSpahn.
sktch sktch sktch sktch sktch sktch
GALLUMP GALLUMP GALLUMP
GALLUMP GALLUMP GALLUMP
GALLUMP GALLUMP GALLUMP
HOB HIP
CHIPCHIPCHIPCHIP CHIPCHIPCHIPCHIP CHIPCHIPCHIP
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH
SCRAAAPE
SCRAPE SCRAPE SCRAPE

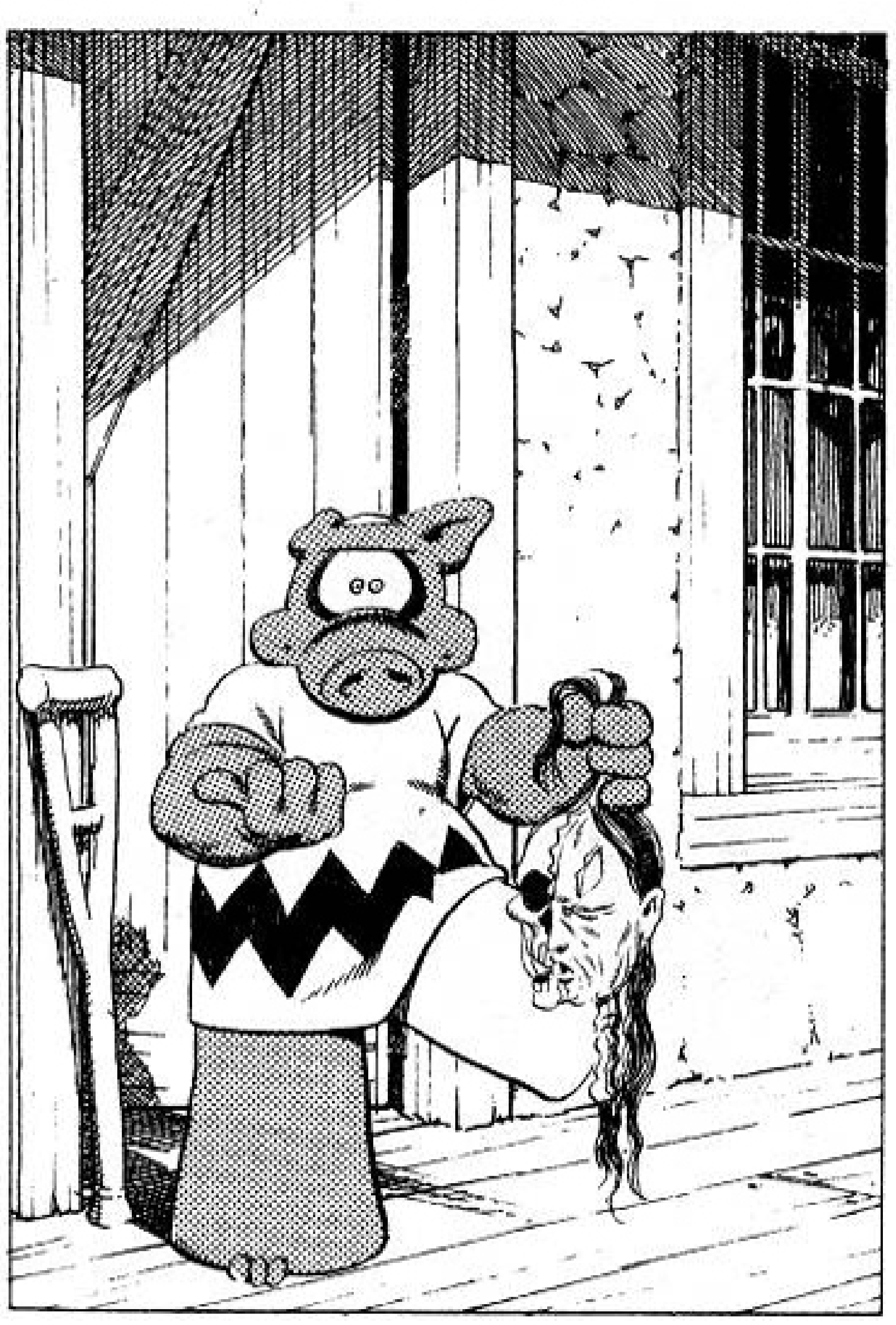

KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK
12: And the second daie the Three Wise Fellowes & "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes" Jerrold camest vnto Cerebvs bearing tidings of McSpahn's victorie at Menstrua
KLANG
KTANG
KLANK
13: (which aforetimes wast called Upper Dehrsion)
14: And after that Cerebvs hadst opened unto them the doore to his chambers and as they spake vnto Cerebvs
Thunt.



15: Lo, a severed heade much torne and with stripes of its flesh hanging didst land at the feet of the Three Wise Fellowes & of "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes" Jerrold.

16: And Cerebvs didst picke up the severed head by its haire and spake his apologies vnto the Three Wise Fellowes & "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes" Jerrold saying, Forgivest thou Cerebvs. As thou seest the King of All Demons is a a most carelesse houseguest and a sloppie eater. Tary ye here a moment whilst Cerebvs doth returne unto the King of All Demons' supper dishe his "Cirinist Crunchie".



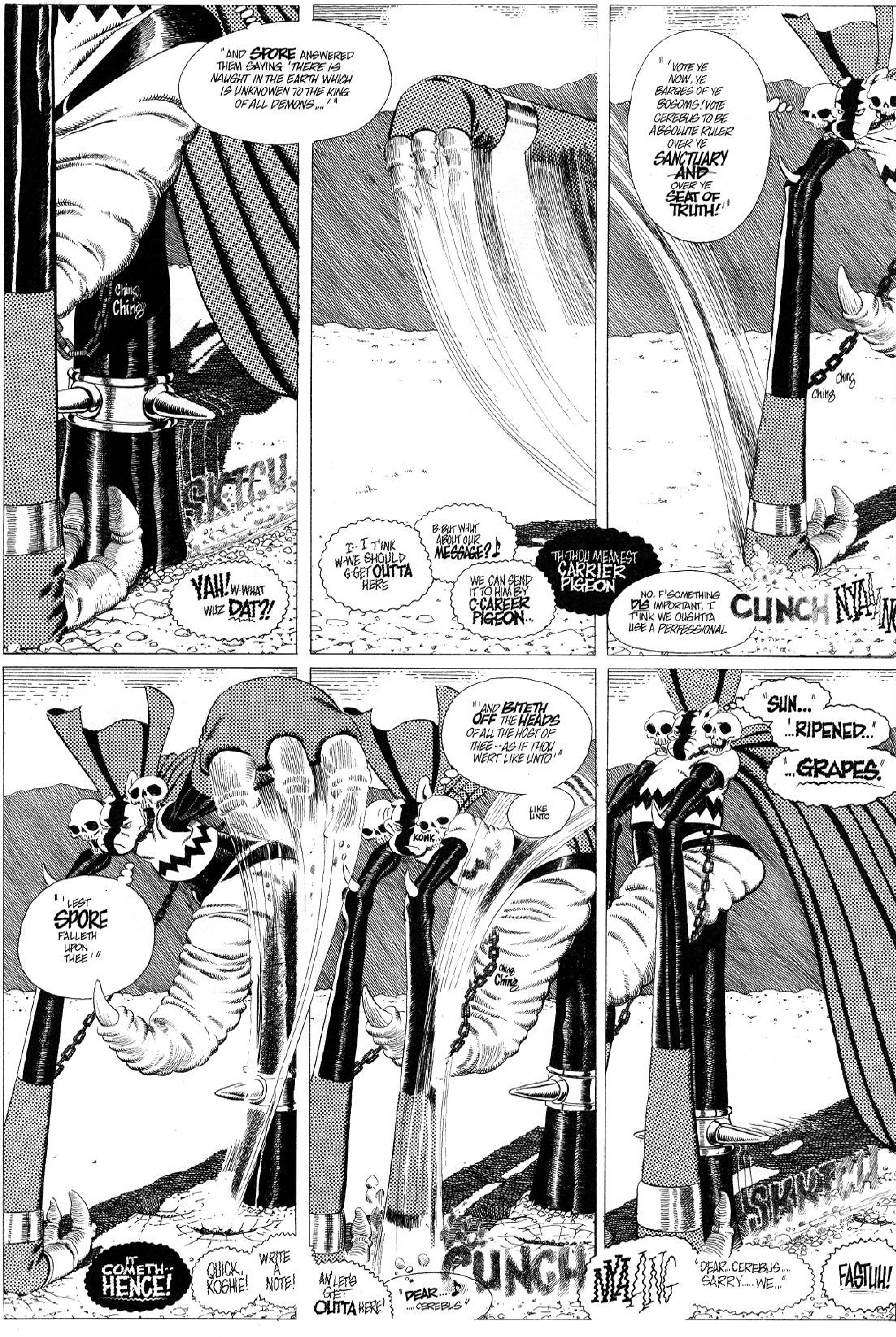


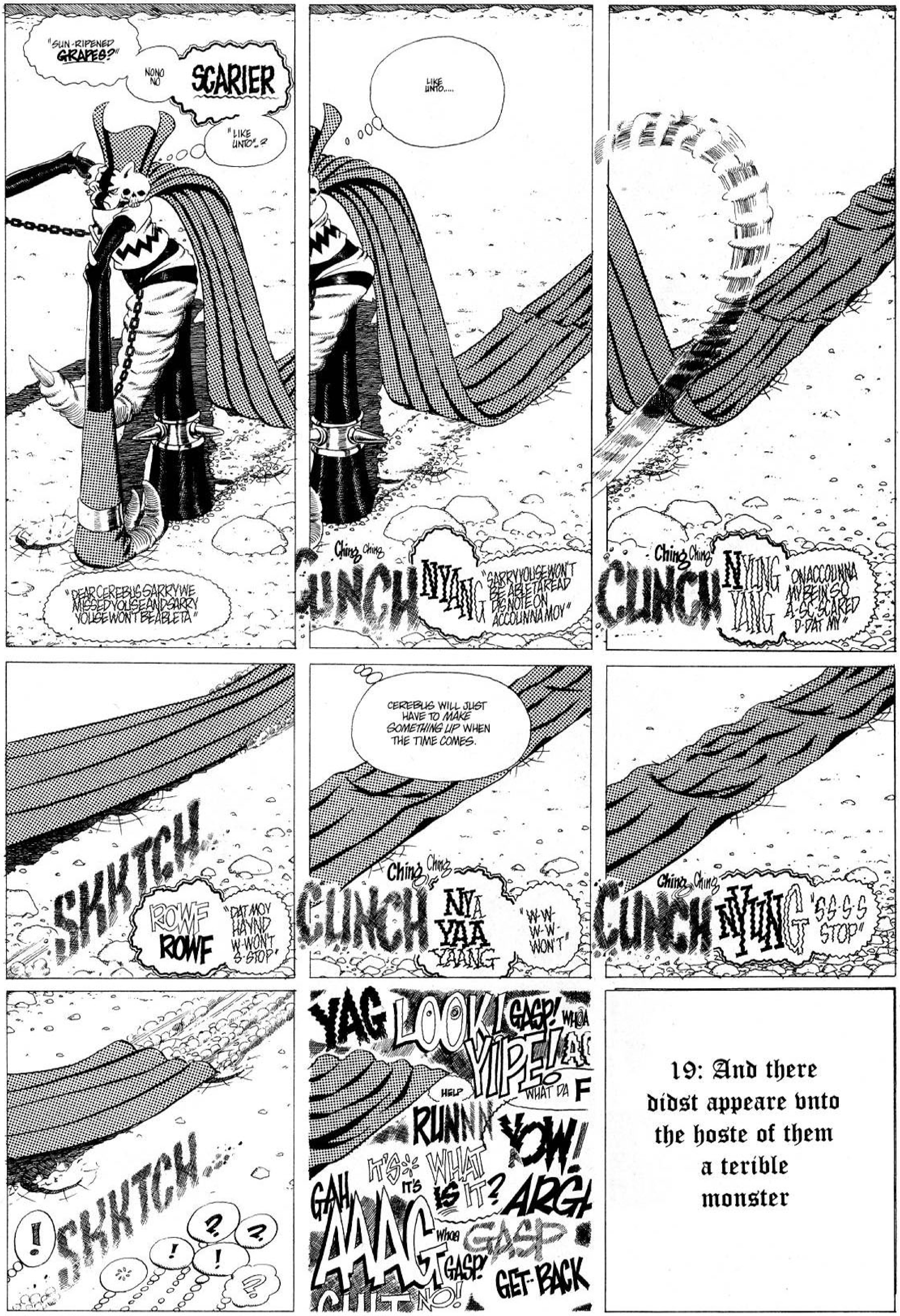
17: Howsoeuer the Three Wise Fellowes & "Ye Barge of Ye Bosomes' Ferrold of a sudden remembering a prior engagement didst swiftly gallop away as fast as the Three Wise Horses (and the one Unwise Horse) couldst carry them backe to the side of McSpahn. Woop woop woop woop.


SCRAPE
SCRAPE
SCRAPE
Crink
Crink



18: And the thirde daie McSpahn, the Three Wise Fellowes and all the hoste of "Ye Barges of Ye Bosomes" camest unto Cerebvs & lo, Cerebvs wast nowhere to bee found.
SHMEK
OW!
CEASEST THOU THY WRITING, CAMEMBERT, UNTIL THE ONE TRUE CEREBUS DICTATETH UNTO THEE
MMM I WUZ JUST WRITEEN' DAT HE AIN'T HE'E!
WHERE COULD HE BE?
(DIS HERE IS SOYPASSIN' STRANGE.)
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
Ching
CLINCH
DID YOUSE HEAR DAT?
DOST THOU MEAN: A FAINT "Ching" NOISE FOLLOWEDTH BY A SOFT "CLINCH"?
YEAH
SAY-- YOU DON'T SUPPOSE....?
"AND SPORE SPAKE UNTO ALL THE HOST OF THEM SAYING, 'THOU BRINGEST TIDINGS OF McSPAHN'S VICTORY OVER ALL THE CIRINISTS.'"
Ching Ching
CLINCH
NYUNG!
"AND ALL THE HOST OF THEM WERE ASTONIED AT SPORE'S WISDOM AND UNDERSTANDING AND SPAKE UNTO SPORE SAYING, 'HOW DIDDEST THOU KNOW THIS?'"
(THERE GOETH IT AGAIN!)


"AND SPORE ANSWERED THEM SAYING 'THERE IS NAUGHT IN THE EARTH WHICH IS UNKNOWEN TO THE KING OF ALL DEMONS....' "
Ching Ching
SKTCH
YAH! W-WHAT WUZ DAT?!
I-- I T'INK W-WE SHOULD G-GET OUTTA HERE
B-BUT WHUT ABOUT OUR MESSAGE?
WE CAN SEND IT TO HIM BY C-CAREER PIGEON..
" 'VOTE YE NOW, YE BARGES OF YE BOSOMS! VOTE CEREBUS TO BE ABSOLUTE RULER OVER YE SANCTUARY AND OVER YE SEAT OF TRUTH!' "
Ching Ching
TH-THOU MEANEST CARRIER PIGEON
NO. F'SOMETHING DIS IMPORTANT, I T'INK WE OUGHTTA USE A PERFESSIONAL
CLUNCH NYAAAING
" 'LEST SPORE FALLETH UPON THEE' "
IT COMETH-- HENCE!
QUICK, KOSHIE!
WRITE A NOTE!
" 'AND BITETH OFF THE HEADS OF ALL THE HOST OF THEE--AS IF THOU WERT LIKE UNTO' "
LIKE UNTO
KONK
Ching Ching
AN' LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
"DEAR... ....CEREBUS"
CLUNCH NYAAING
"SUN..."
"...RIPENED..."
"...GRAPES."
SKKTCH
"DEAR... CEREBUS... SARRY..... WE..."
FASTUH!


"SUN-RIPENED GRAPES?"
NONO NO
SCARIER
"LIKE UNTO"..?
"DEAR CEREBUS SARRY WE MISSED YOUSE AND SARRY YOUSE WON'T BE ABLE TA"
LIKE UNTO....
Ching Ching
CUNCH
NYANG
"SARRY YOUSE WON'T BE ABLE TA READ DIS NOTE ON ACCOUNNA MOY"
Ching Ching
CUNCH
NYUNG YANG
"ON ACCOUNNA MY BEIN SO A-SC-SCARED D-DAT MY"
SKKTCH
ROWF ROWF
"DAT MOY HAYND W-WON'T S-STOP"
CEREBUS WILL JUST HAVE TO MAKE SOMETHING UP WHEN THE TIME COMES.
Ching Ching
CUNCH
NYA YAA YAANG
"W-W-W-W-WON'T"
Ching Ching
CUNCH
NYUNG
"S-S-S-S-STOP"
SKKTCH
!
?
!
!
?
?
YAG
LOOK!
GASP!
WHOA
YIPE!
HELP
WHAT DA F
RUNNN
YOW!
IT'S
IT'S
WHAT IS IT?
ARG
GAH
AAAG
Whoa
GASP
GASP!
GET--BACK
NO!
19: And there didst appeare vnto the hoste of them a terible monster


speaking vnto them and saying, I am Spore,
GAH! Y-YOU DON'T MEAN THE REPRODUCTIVE BODY IN CRYPTOGAMS ANALAGOUS TO SEEDS IN FLOWERING PLANTS BUT CAPABLE OF DEVELOPING ASEXUALLY INTO AN INDEPENDENT ORGANISM OR INDIVIDUAL?
SURE. WHY NOT?
BAF
ye King of all Demons.


SO YOUSE ARE DA KING OF ALL DEMONS I BIN HEAREEN' SO MUCH ABOUT
I'M TODD "FAR LANE" McSPAHN!
SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE SHAKE
PLEASED TA MEET YER ACQUAINTANCE AND LIKEWISE I'M SURE!
I DUNNO IF'N DA BOYCE HERE HAVE HAD AN OPERA-TROONITY TO FILL YOUSE IN ON OUAH CURRENT SIT-YOO-EYE-ZATION:
WE HAVE VOTED YOO-NAMMIN-USLY TO MAKE CERBIUS DA ABSOLUTE RULER OVER DA SANK-TO-WARY AND DA SEAT O' TROOT'!
PLIBZ
MOSTLY ON ACCOUNTA HIS NAG-MAMMON-OUS OFFER TO HAVE YOUSE DO ALLA OUR FIGHTEEN' FOR US!
(DAT'S RIGHT! 'PLIBZ'!)
WHICH...!
(WHEN WE WUZ ON DA CRUSP O' ABSOLUTE AN' TOTAL VICTORY OVER DA CIRINISTS) (ON'Y YESTE'DAY)
...WUZ DA FOY-DIST T'ING FRUM OUAH MASK-YOO-LIN MOINDS... BUT
...IN DA SECOND WHICH...



(WHEN DA CIRINISTS) (ALL OF A SUDDENLY-LIKE) (TOOK OFF DERE HOBBITS) (OR WHUTEVER YOUSE CALL DEM CRAZY HOODS DEY WEAR) (AN' BLENDED IN WIT' DA INDRIDGENOUS POISON-ELLES)
(THUS MAKEEN POSITIVE EYE-DENTI-FRICATION SUHVERELY PROBLEMOMADRIGAL) (FER DOSE OF US INCLIMBED TO SHOOTEEN FOIST AN' SAVEEN DA INQUISITION FUH LATER)
...WE COULD SUDDENLY SEE AS HAVEEN' A SOYTAIN -- NOT-DERE-TWO-FOUR READILY PERSREEVED -- VALEDICTORY PARTICULARLY SEEIN' AS HOW (MUCH TO MANY OF OUR SOOPRISES) MANY OF US HAD AWOKE DIS MORNEEN' WIT' MANY OF OUR THROATS CUT.
(PRESENT COMPANY EXTRUDED)
TO WRIT:
(AS I SAID DIS MORNEEN' TO MY LONG-TIME ASSOCIATE, "FERRY TITS" JERROLD:)
"DIS... LOOKEST LOIK UNTO A JOB FOR..."
"...DA KING OF AWL DEMONS!"
YO.
TWITCH
FLPS
GULP.
OUR TRUST IN YOUSE CHOKES YOU UP, O SPORE; I CAN TELL!
DO NOT BE ASHAMED OF YOOAH TEARS, O HELLSPRAWN FOR WE "BARGES OF YE BROOZUMS" HAVE WEPPET ALTSO WHEN AWL OF OUAH WIFES BRUNGET UNTO UTZ....... OUAH... LIT-TOE ONES.....
OUAH BEE-YOO-TEE-FULL BAAY-BEE BOYCE AN' OUAH BEE-YOOOO-TEE-FULL B-BA-BAY-BEE G-G-SNIFF GOY-ULLS
SNIFFLE LIKE MY O-OWN BEE-YOOT-EEFULL LIT-TOE MA-GENT-A SNIFFFF
SPITZ
MY OWN BEE-YOOOT-EEE-FULL, LIT-TOE, WIT-TOE, IT-TOE, BIT-TOE, EENSEE, WEENSEE, BEENSEE



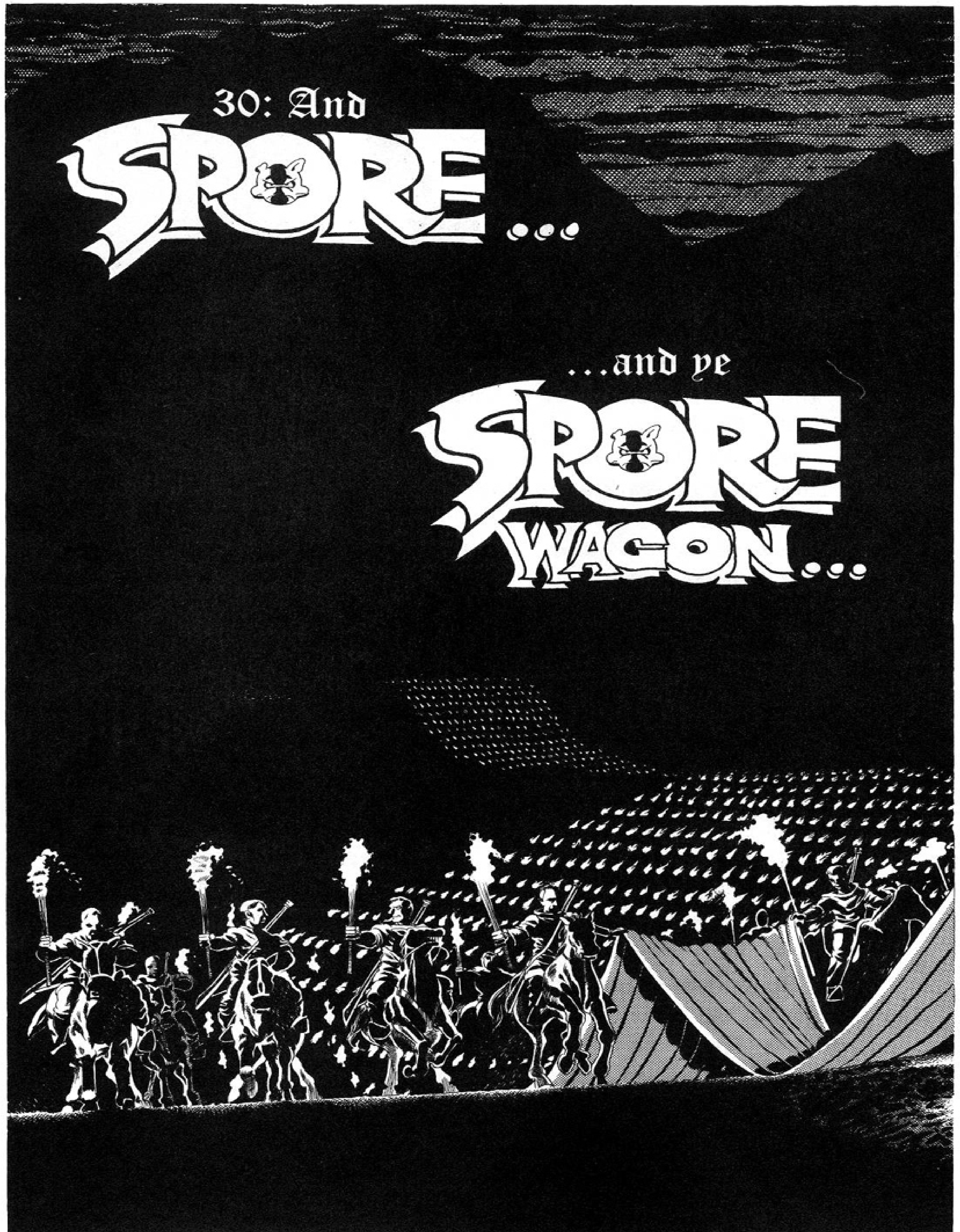
SNIFF
...PEENSEE, ITSEE, BITSEE, MIPSEE, PIPSEE...
...POO?
SNIFF
whimper
SNIFF
SOB
BOO HOO HO
WAAA
MWAH MWAH MWAH MWAH
BAF BIFF BAP BOP
DUDZ SPORDZY-PORDZY WANDA HODE DA BEE-BEE?
KLONK KLONK KLONK KLONK
OHHHHHHHH TAY! BUT!
'OOZA A DOOD BOY?
WHIMPER
I WUV YOU SOOOO M-MUCH
BE VEWY, VEWY CAREFOO' TO KEEP PUH-WENTY OF
SNIVEL
BWITTY BEE-BEE?
BOO-HOO-HOO
SOB
SNIF
DLX?
IDZEE SOOO TYLITE?
'ETZ 'EE IZ!! 'ETZ 'EE SO TYLITE
ETZ 'EE IZ!
FIRRRRM SUPPO-WUT BEHIND WIT-TOE MA-GENT-A'S WIT-TOE
WUV YOU! WUV YOU! WUV YOU!
MWAH
DEDDY'S IDDO POOPIE?
SNIFF
HEAD.

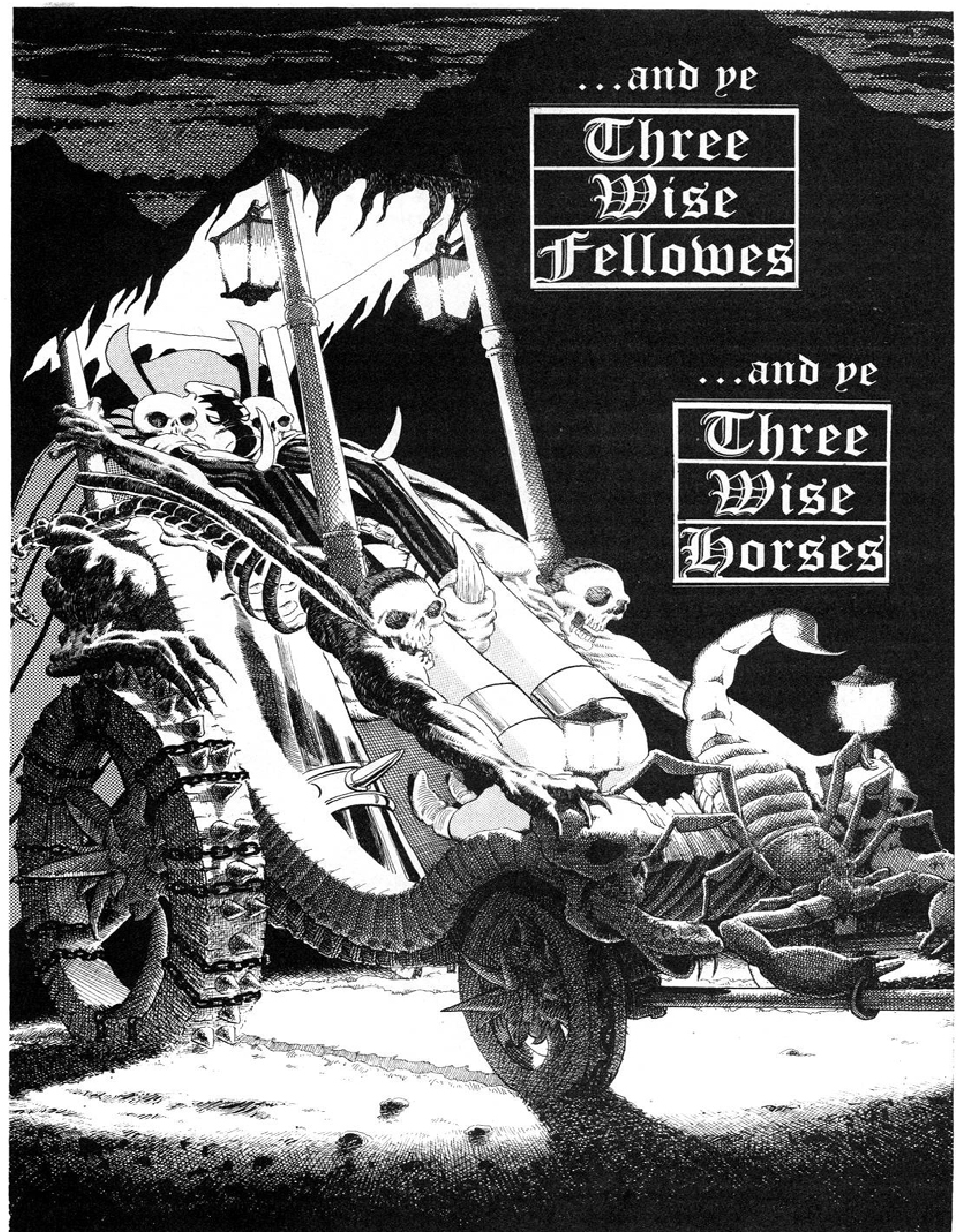

Wheee!
MAGENTA!
AIM. FOAH DA BIG PILE...OF DEAD LADIES.
DEY. WILL CUSHION. YOOAH FALL.
DO YOUSE HEAR DADDY, MAGENTA?
AIM FOR DA BIG PILE
OF DEAD LADIES
HA HA HA
Ching
DEY.
WILL CUSHION.
YOOAH FALL.
MAGENTA?
GET. RID.
OF THE BABIES.


NO NO NO NO NO NO NO
GIVE.
THE BABIES.
BACK.
TO THEIR MOTHERS.
GET.
YOUR GUNS.
AND BE. BACK HERE.
BEFORE.
NIGHTFALL.
Whizzzz
ZIP
ZING
ZIP!
Whip ZIP!
ZOOM!
ZIP
ZOOM
ZIP
Whip
ZIP
ZING

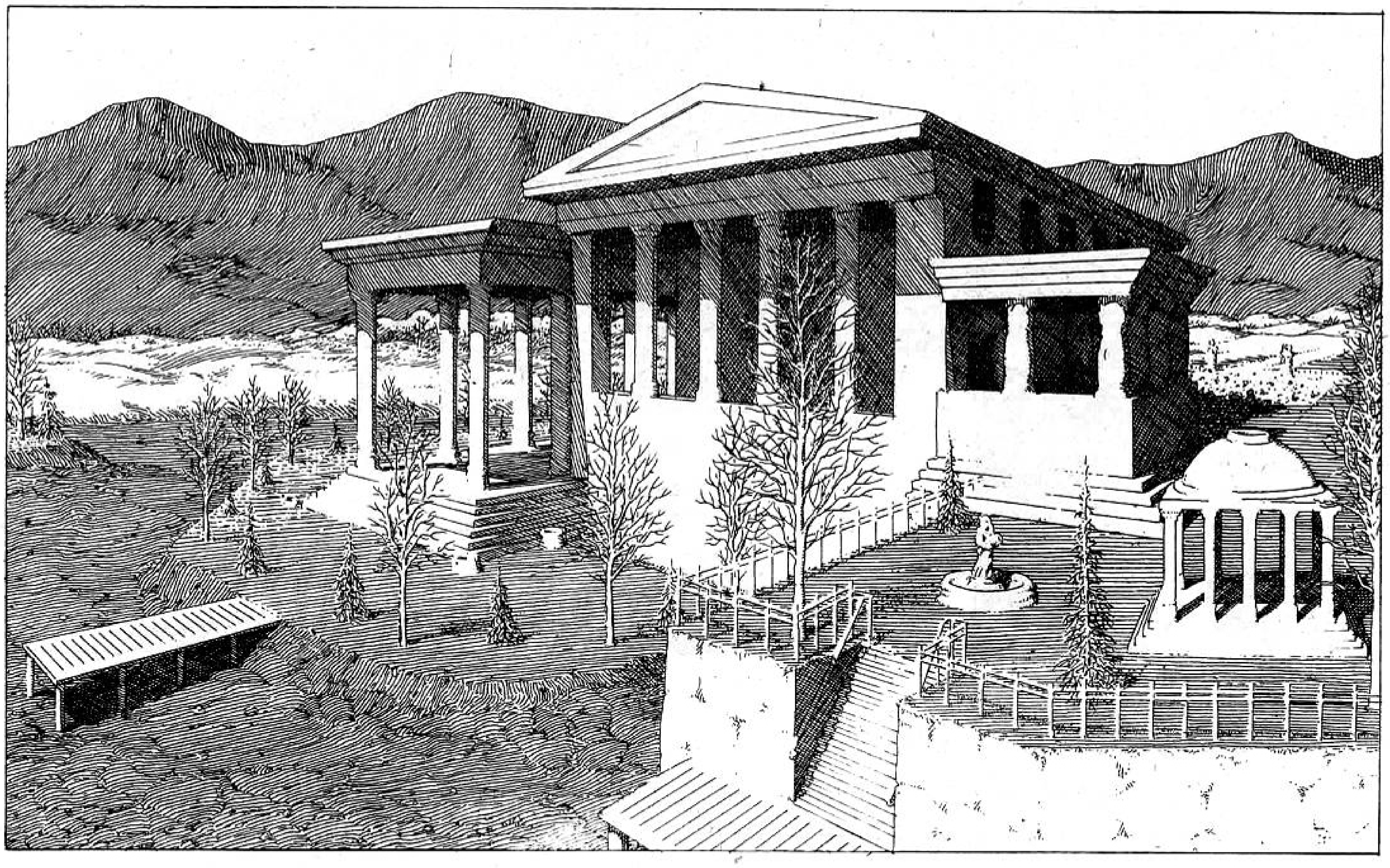


20: And it came to passe
that when the hoste
of them had voted Cerebvs
absolute ruler ouer ye Sanctvarie
and ye Seate of Truth, Spore
called to him ye Wise Fellowes,
Mosher and Losher, and spake
unto them,
21: Describing vnto them ye
means of conueyance which they
were to construct for ye King
of All Demons and which wouldst
bear him vnto ye place of
battle where McSpahn had
faltered and where seueral of
"Ye Barges of Ye Bosomes"
had suffred vnto death.
22: And when ye means of
conveyance (which wast called
ye Spore Wagon) wast finished
23: Then didst the hoste of them
return unto Spore and didst
hearken vnto Spore when Spore
spake vnto them, saying:
24: Today thou art "Ferrie
Tits" no more; neither art thou
"Barges of Ye Bosomes".
Today and henceforth, by thy
name "Spore's Spores" onely shalt
thou bee knowen.
25: And this saying wast well
pleasing vnto the hoste of them
and there wast much shouting
and rejoicing.
26: Until Spore didst smacketh two
of their heads together with a
noise surpassing lowde (which
didst cause their attention to bee
drawn vnto Spore and their
shouting and rejoicing to
cease). And Spore spake vnto
them saying:
27: Now doth Spore and "Spore's
Spores" goe foorth
together that we might prevail
in bringing an ende to
this age which hath overturned al
righteousnesse after ye manner of the
deuill, the uiper and the scorpion.
28: And seeing that the hoste of
them were silent, Spore spake
vnto them, saying: Shout and
rejoice. But overdoeth it not.
29: And they hearkened vnto
Spore, shouting and rejoicing
quietly.


30: And
SPORE...
...and ye
SPORE
WAGON...

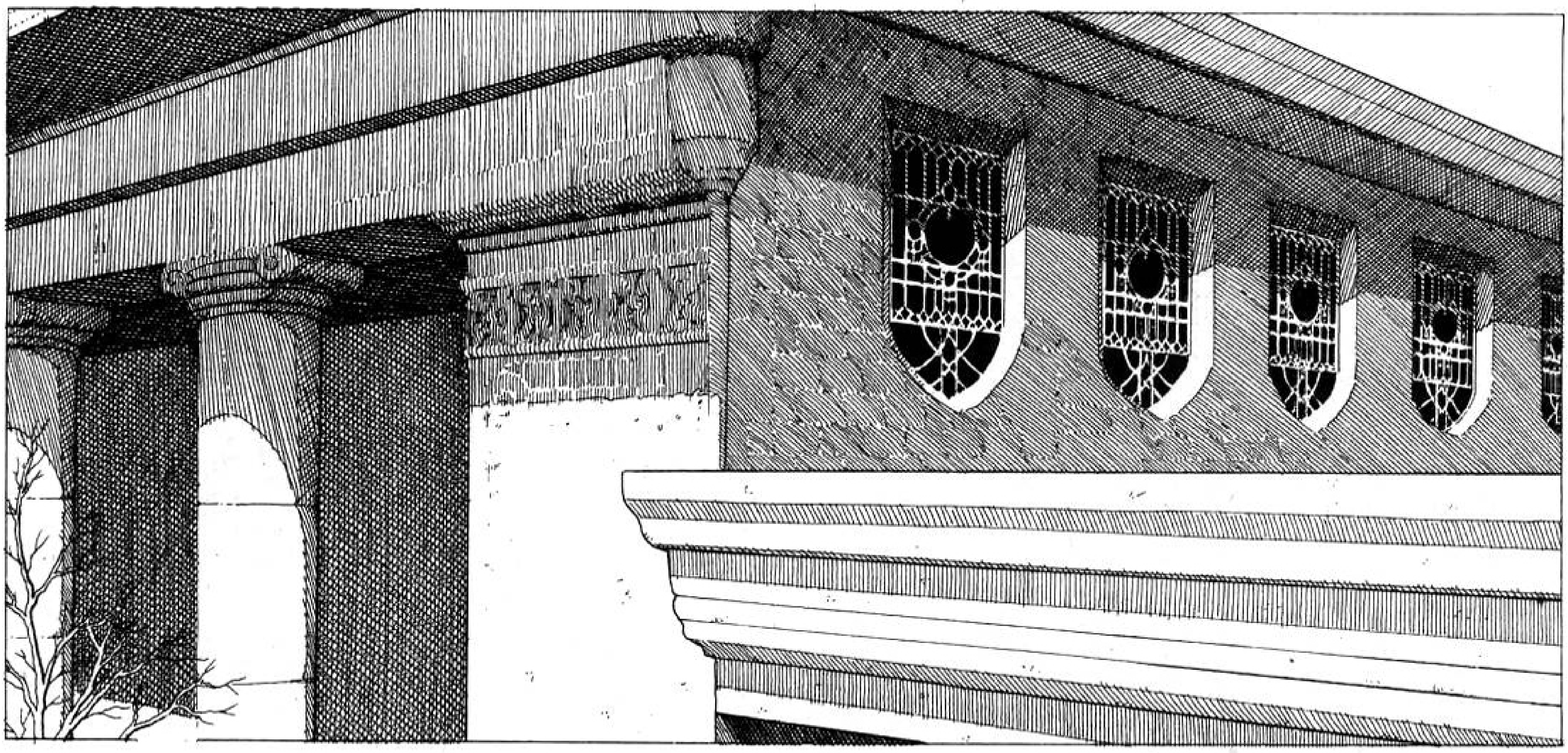

...and ye
Three
Wise
Fellowes
...and ye
Three
Wise
Horses


...were each
sold separately.
SNIFF?
SNIFF?
SNIFF?

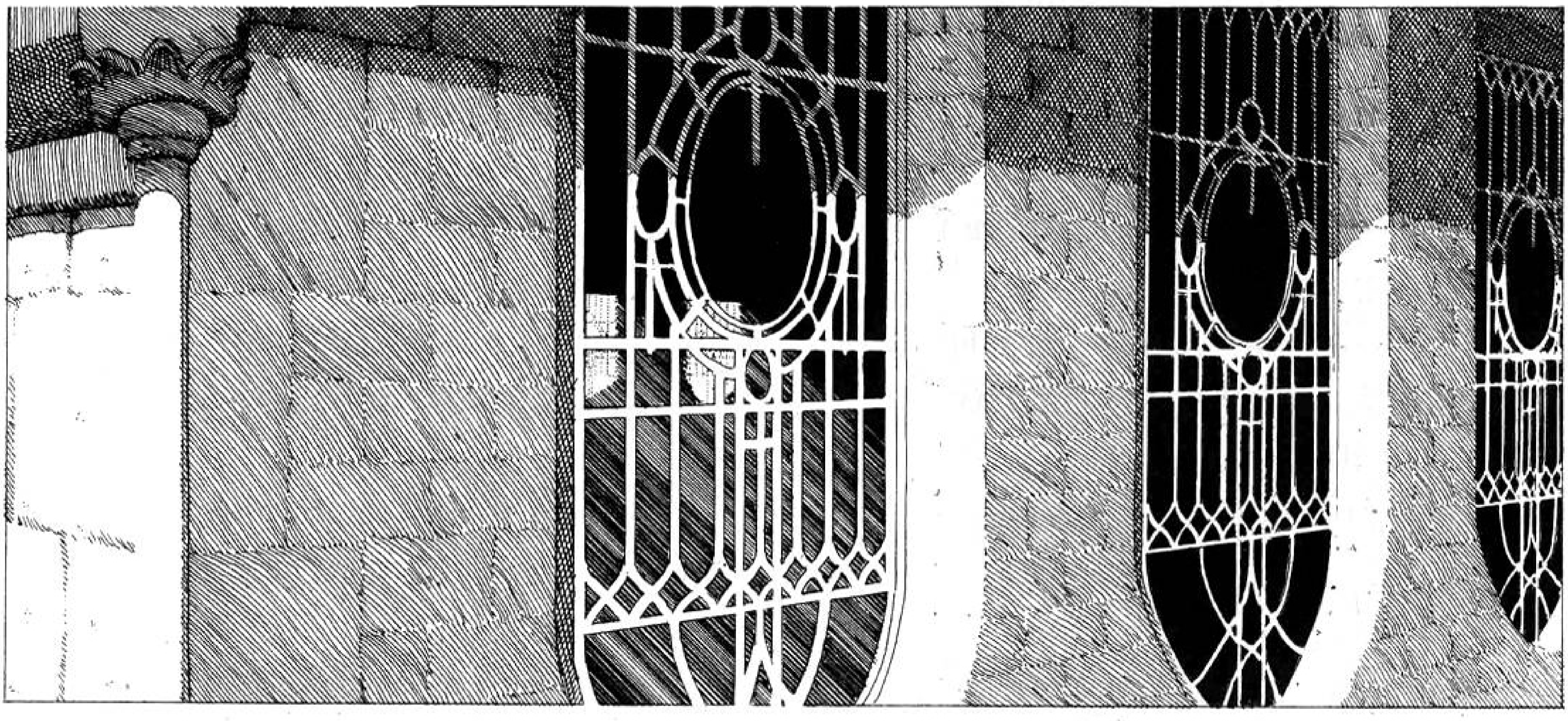


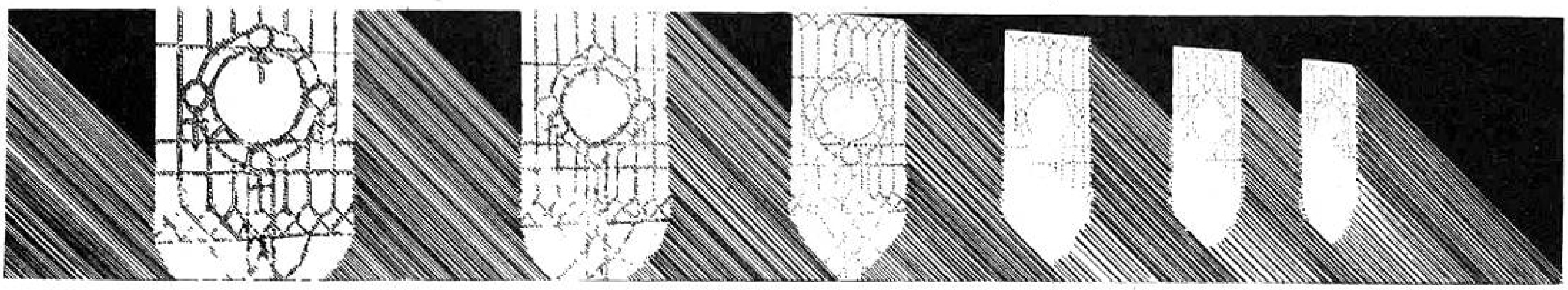
31: And so came Spore
and ye Spore Wagon and
ye Spore's Spores unto the
Communitie Centre which
wast nearest unto the place
where McSpahn didst
falter.
32: And Spore spake unto
Spore's Spores saying,
Goe ye foorth abroad unto
every village and hamlet
and towne which is
serued by this
Communitie Centre.
33: And tell euery man and
euery woman that Todd
"Far Lane" McSpahn who
didst slaughter ye Mothers
in their thousands hast
by the worde of Cerebus
been supplanted by ye
King of All Demons
which is called Spore.

34: Spore who is ye goode
husband and true of ye
Queen of All Demons and
Father to ye Daughters of
All Demons which hatched
foorth from ye
Egges of All Demons
within the Sanctuarie,
as wast spoken
of aforetimes by
ye Prophet Ricke.
35: And speake furthermore
unto them, saying
that Spore and his Louelie Wife
and his Louelie Daughters
haue a Louelie Gifte
for each of ye Mothers
of this land which ye Mothers
shal receiue without coste or
obligation ifsobe they come with
their sonnes and their husbands
unto this Communitie Centre
by noone todaie.



36: And Spore's Spores
didst as Spore badest them,
so didst they; going foorth
vnto euery village &
euery hamlet & euery
towne which were
serued by the
Communitie Centre.
37: And Spore's Spores
didst bring foorth all
of the men & all of the
women & all of the
husbands & all of the
wiues & all of the fathers
& all of the mothers and
brought them vnto
the Communitie Centre.
38: And when all the hoste
of them were come within the
Communitie Centre
39: (And when all the babies
and children) (which Spore
badest not to come vnto him)
(were locked up in an
adjoining room with bins
of sugar and many spoones)

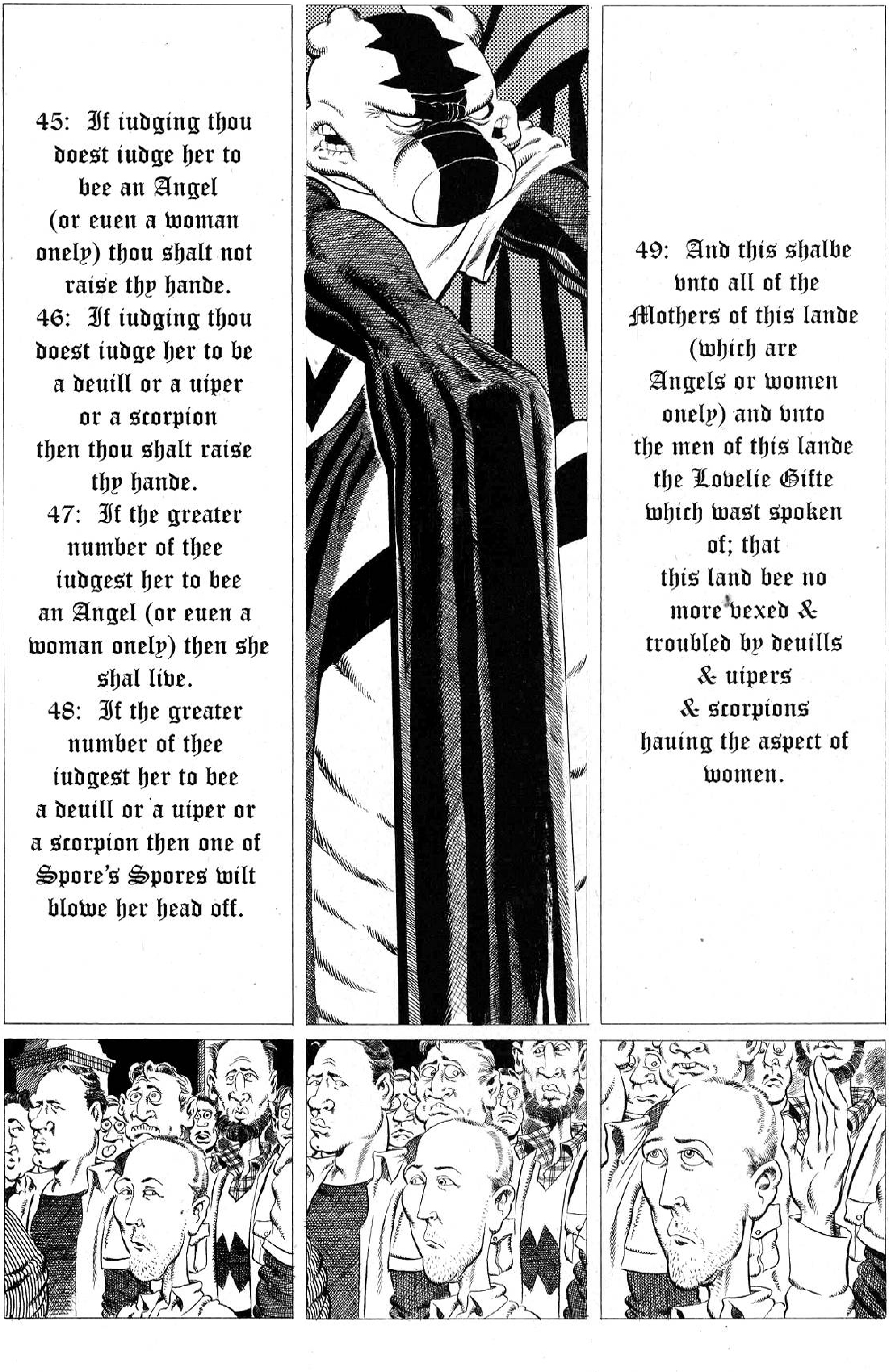




40: Then Spore spake
vnto ye Spores saying,
Lock all ye doores,
Spores.
41: And when all ye doores
were locked, Spore spake
vnto ye men & ye husbands
& ye fathers from the platforme
saying
42: This daie is the King of
All Demons and his Spores
come vnto thee in the Name
of Cerebvs & of the Sanctvarie
& of the Seate of Trueth.

43: That all might be fulfilled
according to the worde of the
Prophet Ricke in bringing
an end to this Age which hath
overturned all righteousnesse
after the manner of the deuill &
the uiper & the scorpion.
44: Here upon this platforme
ye Spores shal bring foorth before
you, one by one, each woman
of thy villages & thy hamlets
& thy townes.

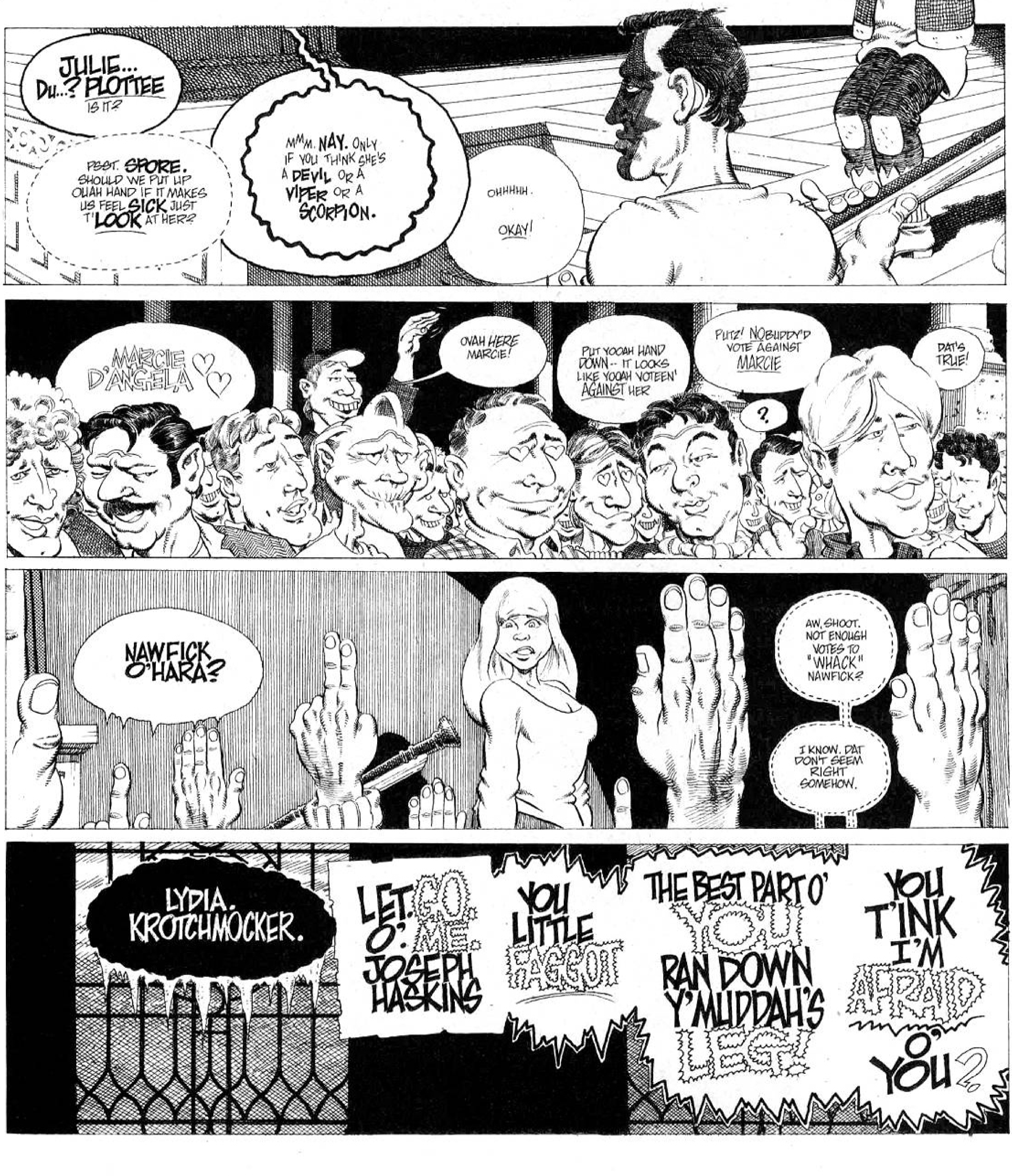



45: If iudging thou doest iudge her to bee an Angel (or euen a woman onely) thou shalt not raise thy hande.
46: If iudging thou doest iudge her to be a deuill or a uiper or a scorpion then thou shalt raise thy hande.
47: If the greater number of thee iudgest her to bee an Angel (or euen a woman onely) then she shal liue.
48: If the greater number of thee iudgest her to bee a deuill or a uiper or a scorpion then one of Spore's Spores wilt blowe her head off.
49: And this shalbe vnto all of the Mothers of this lande (which are Angels or women onely) and vnto the men of this lande the Louelie Gifte which wast spoken of; that this land bee no more vexed & troubled by deuills & uipers & scorpions hauing the aspect of women.


WHAT.
WHAT IF THE VOTE ENDS IN A TIE?
IF THE VOTE IS A TIE....
...THE WOMAN SHALL DIE.
BETTER SAFE...
... WHEN IT COMES TO DEVILS AND VIPERS AND SCORPIONS ...
GULP.
... THAN SORRY.
I C'N SEE DA KING O' ALL DEMONS' POINT.
YEAH -- AFTER ALL -- "A OUNCE O' PREVENTION IS WOYT' A POUND O' CURE."
"A BITCH IN TIME, SLAYS NINE."
AND REMEMBER...
YOU CAN ALWAYS MAKE MORE WOMEN.
BOY -- DAT'S TRUE.
YEAH - IT'S NOT LIKE DERE'S SUM SECRET RECIPE 'R NUTTIN'...
IT HAPPENS HALF DA TIME NO MATTUH WHUT!

50: And so it wast done as was spoken of
by Spore vnto the men of that place;
51: From the register of that Communitie Center
the women were called foorth by name and led vpon
the platforme, one by one, so that the men might
note whether they bee Angels (or women onely)
or whether they bee deuills or vipers or scorpions
hauing the aspect of women.

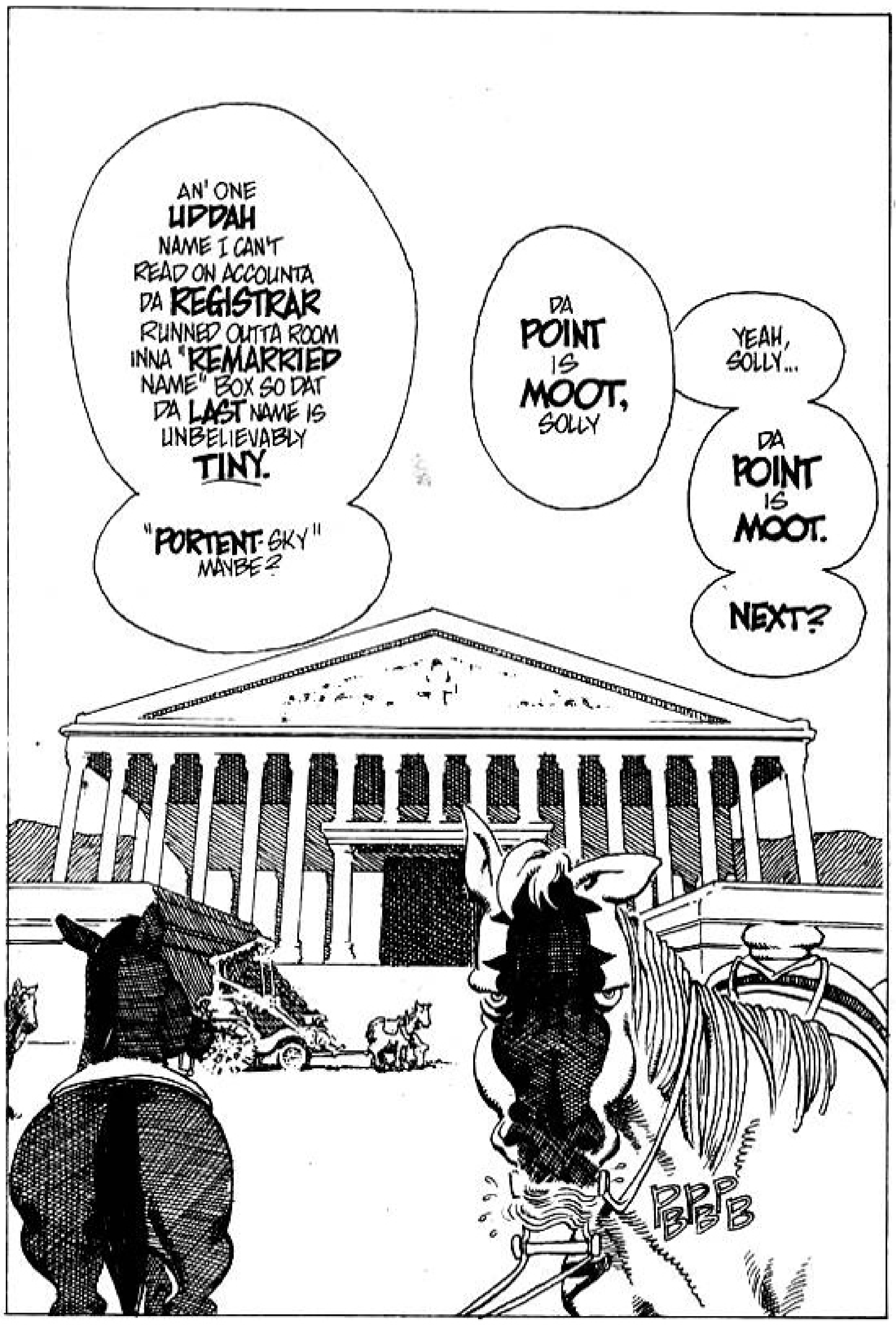




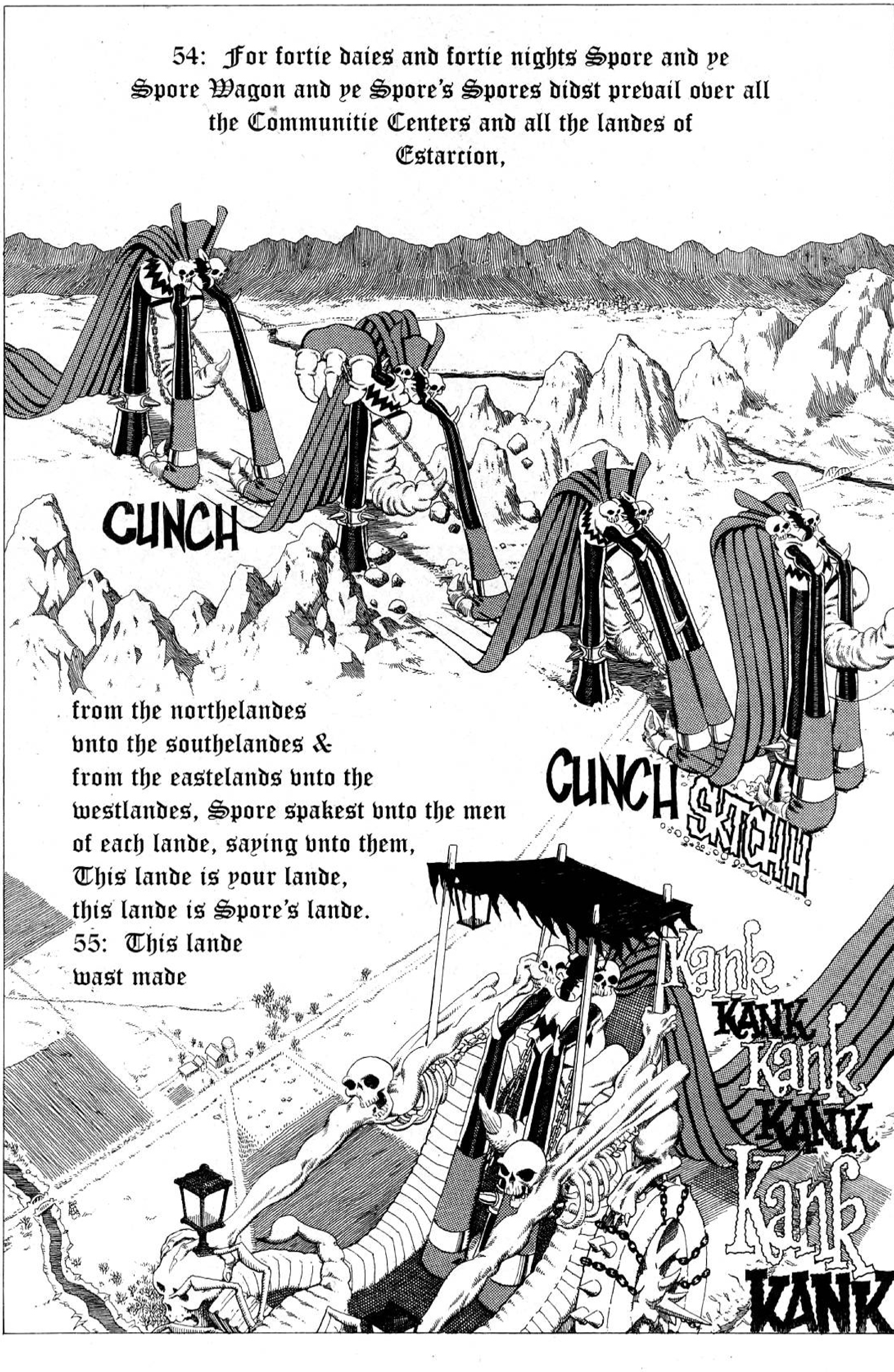

YOU T'INK I'M AFRAID O' ANY ANY O'YOU?
LET. GO. I SAID
SCRATCH
BIIIG. BRAAVE. MEN HANH?!
WIT' Y'BIIIIIIIG PENIS-SUB-STUH-TOOTS
CAN'T GEDDIT UP HANH?
SO YOU GOTTA GIT A BIIIIIIIIIIIIIIIG GUN. HANH?!
YOU KNOW WHUT YOU ARE?
YOU ARE AWL NUTTIN' BUT A BUNCH O'
Ka-KOOM
HEY.
SNIFF
HEY, PETEY! DON'T TAKE IT SO HARD.
IT HADDA BE DONE, PETEY
IT'S NOT YOOAH FAULT DAT YOOAH MUDDAH TOINED OUT T'BE A DEVIL, A VIPAH AND/OR A SCORPEEN.
IT COULDA HAPPENED TA ANY ONE O' US.
HE'S RIGHT, PETEY...
IT COULDA HAPPENED TA ANY ONE O' US....

52: And when that Communitie Center and that lande was cleansed of all deuills & vipers & scorpions, then didst Spore and ye Spore Wagon and ye Spore's Spores proceede vnto an other Communitie Center and an other lande.



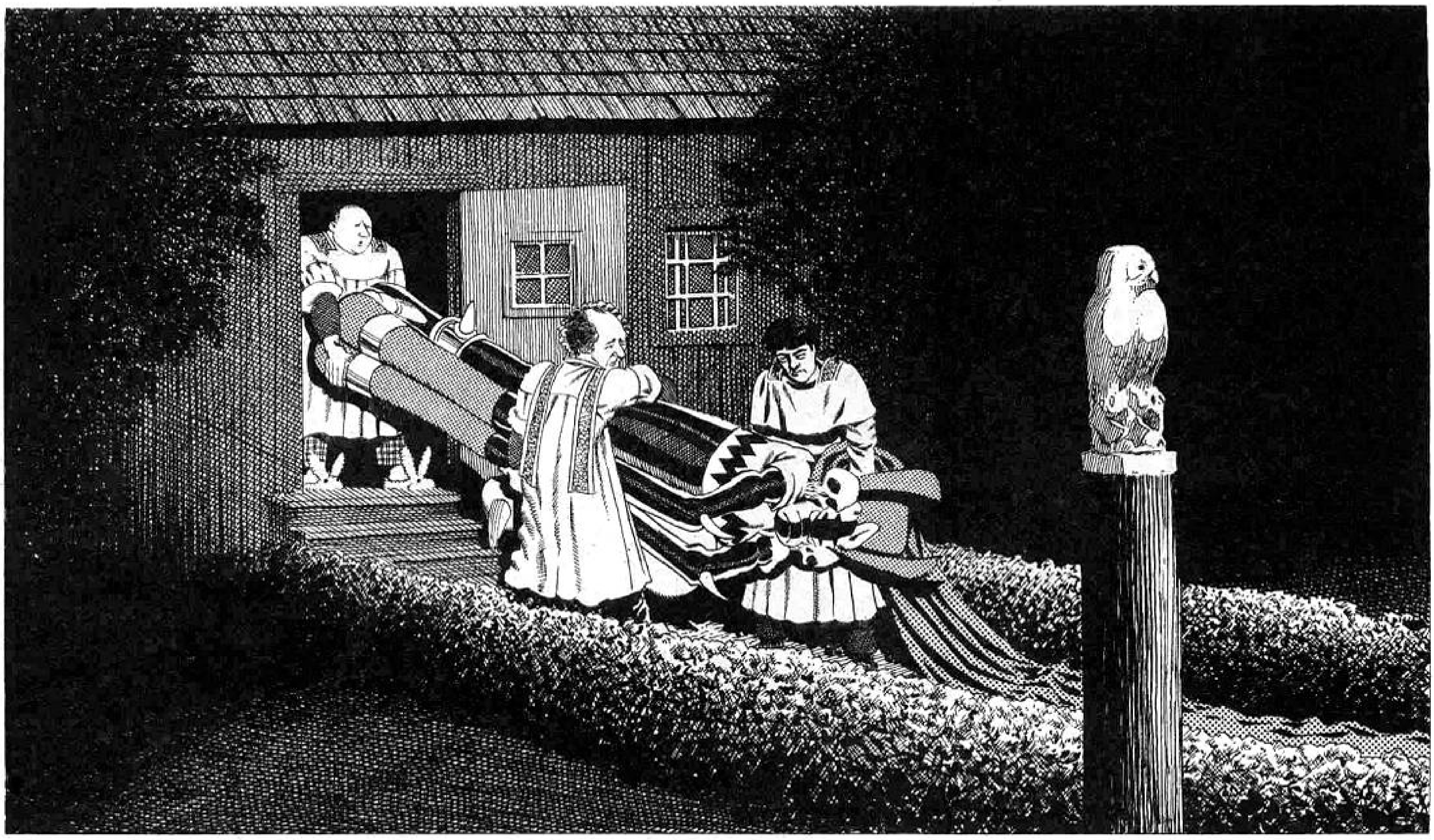


53: And from thence didst Spore and ye Spore Wagon and ye Spore's Spores proceede vnto ye next Communitie Center and ye next lande, cleansing that Communitie Center and that lande of all deuills & vipers & scorpions.


54: For fortie daies and fortie nights Spore and ye Spore Wagon and ye Spore's Spores didst prevail over all the Communitie Centers and all the landes of Estarcion,
CUNCH
from the northelandes vnto the southelandes & from the eastelands vnto the westlandes, Spore spakest vnto the men of each lande, saying vnto them, This lande is your lande, this lande is Spore's lande.
55: This lande wast made
CUNCH
SKTCHH
Kank
KANK
Kank
KANK
Kank
KANK



56: And it came to passe on the fortieth night that as the Three Wise Fellowes were inserting Spore into his lodgings (for it wast the habit of the Three Wise Fellowes that they wouldst insert Spore into his lodgings each night and withdrawe Spore from his lodgings each morning) Spore spake vnto them saying:



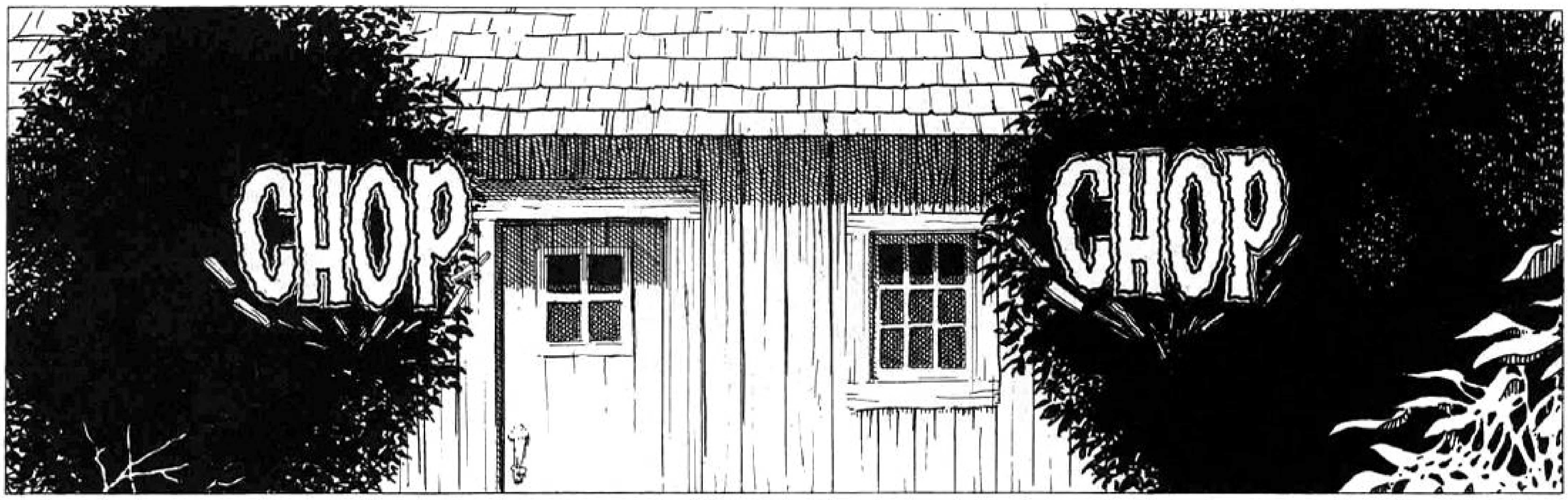
57: Come thou not vnto Spore tomorrow morning for the withdrawing of him from his lodgings. Neither come thou the next daie nor the thirde daie. And the Three Wise Fellowes were sorely vexed and troubled and didst inqvire vnto Spore as to the meaning of his wordes and Spore spake vnto them saying:
58: Spores time on this earth waxes short, for each Communitie Center and each lande hast bene purged of all deuills and all uipers and all scorpions hauing the aspect of women and the age which hath ouerturned al righteousnesse is at an ende. And so Spore must returne unto the Pitt from whence he came that Cerebus might returne unto thee and govern ouer thee in the name of the Sanctvarie and the name of the Seate of Trueth.
59: And the Three Wise Fellowes wept sore at the wordes of Spore and spake vnto him saying But, but, but.



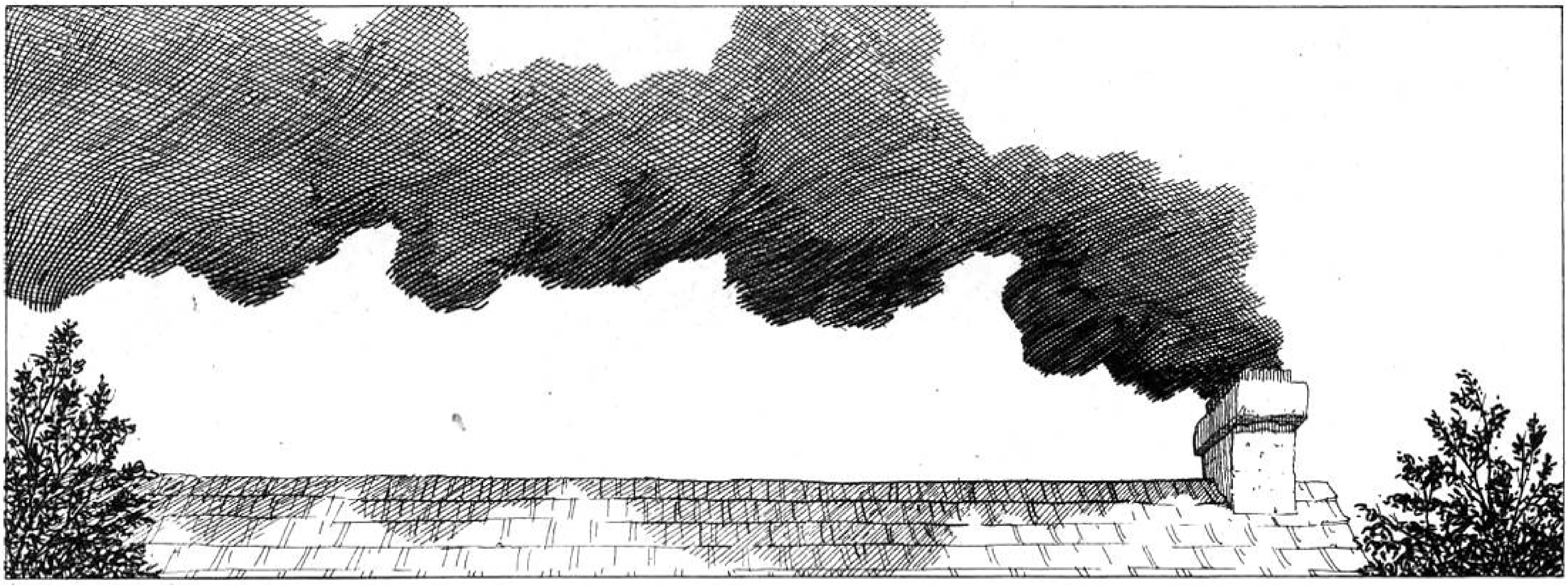


60: And Spore answered unto them saying, No buts. Once each year shalt thou become again Spore's Spores and travel from Communitie Center unto Communitie Center summoning al the men and al the women of each lande that the men might iudge each woman whether shee bee an Angel (or a woman onely) or a deuill or a uiper or a scorpion. For tho the age of unrighteousnesse bee at an ende, stil any Angel or any woman can go bad (like unto rotten fruite) and devills and uipers and scorpions can springe up in the midst of thee. Swearest thou unto Spore that thou shalt doe this in remembrance of him lest Spore come back from the Pitt and give unto thee the dreaded Three-Way Smack upon thy faces.
61: And the Three Wise Fellowes didst swear unto Spore and with much lament didst insert Spore into his lodgings and with heavie hearts didst they then returne unto their owne place.

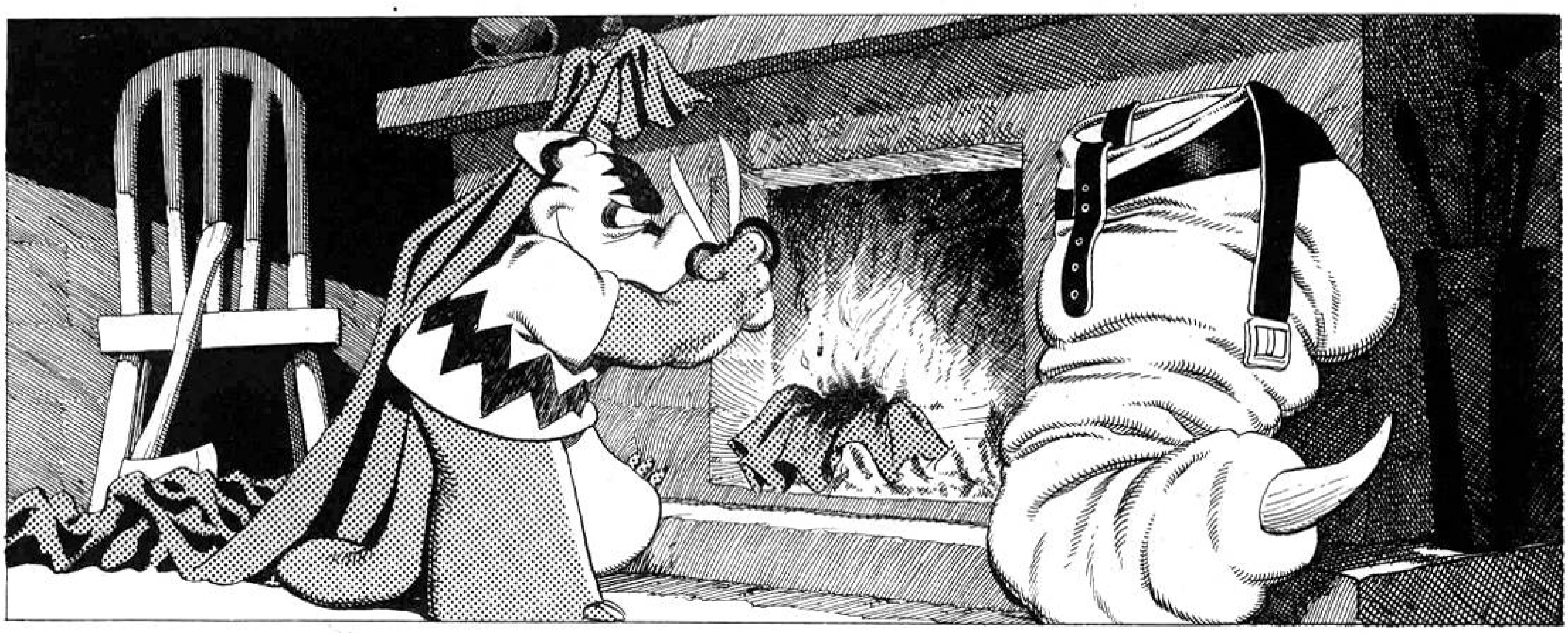




62: And ye nexte daie wast heard from the lodgings ye sounde of chopping. And the Three Wise Fellowes took counsel among themselves saying, It is because Spore doeth choppe his way back into ye Pitt.



63: And the thirde daie there wast seen from the chimney of ye lodgings billowes of thicke blacke smoke. And the Three Wise Fellowes took counsel among themselves saying, It looketh as if he hath made it.





Chapter the Second

THIS WAS THE FIRST ALTARPIECE THAT KOSHIE DID **AFTER** THE **GREAT ALIGNMENT** WHICH THE **CEREBITES** (FORMERLY KNOWN AS **SPORE'S SPORES**) VOTED HAD TAKEN PLACE AS SOON AS CEREBUS HAD RETURNED FROM THE **PIT** (CEREBUS 2:1). HEH-HEH. AS YOU CAN **SEE**: IT DIDN'T TAKE LONG FOR KOSHIE'S **BIMBO'S a la MODEE** DREAMS TO COME TRUE. THE MODEL'S NAME WAS **ELLIE** (SOMETHING-OR-OTHER. **FRAGELLICA? FRAGETTIKA?** SOMETHING LIKE THAT). **NOW!** JUST **LOOK** AT THE PICTURE AND **ASK** YOURSELF, "*SELF?* WHAT IS THE **POINT** OF THIS PICTURE?" AND THE ANSWER, OF COURSE, IS THAT **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS** IS THE **POINT** OF THIS PICTURE... ...JUST **LOOK** AT THE PICTURE... ...**TRY** TO LOOK AT THE PART WHERE CEREBUS IS FLOATING ABOVE THE STEPS WITH THE BAG OVER HIS HEAD, HOLDING UP HIS CRUTCH... ...NOW **TRY** TO LOOK AT KOSHIE'S SELF-PORTRAIT, WRITING IN **YE BOOKEE OF CEREBUS**... ...WHAT *HAPPENS?*... ...YOUR EYE IS DRAWN DOWN, DOWN, DOWN... (RESTING... *BRIEFLY*... ...ON THE **HAIR** OF "*THE ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE*"... ...DRIFTING *SLOOOOWLY* ALONG THE CURVE OF THE **BACK** OF "*THE ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE*"...) ...UNTIL **BAM!**... ...YOUR EYE HITS **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS.** AT **WHICH** POINT YOU ASK YOURSELF, "*SELF? WHY IS CEREBUS THE ONLY ONE IN THE PICTURE WITH* **CLOTHES** *ON?*" AND *THEN* YOU REALIZE THE **ANSWER** TO YOUR QUESTION IS: "WHO **CARES? LOOK. AT THAT. AMAZING. ASS!**"

NYUCK NYUK NYUK ER ~AHEM~

THE **ACTUAL** ANSWER? WELL, YOU JUST HAVE TO LOOK AT THE WAY THE "**ANGEL**" FIGURE AND THE "**KOSHIE**" FIGURE ARE **POSED**... JUST LOOK AT WHERE THE "**ANGEL'S**" HANDS ARE HOLDING ONTO "**KOSHIE'S**" "LEG"... ...**NOW.** *PICTURE* SPENDING EIGHT TO TEN **WEEKS** LIKE THAT... **ALL DAY. STARING.** AT **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS** IN A *FULL-LENGTH MIRROR* KNOWING HOW **FAST** KOSHIE COULD PAINT, THE ACTUAL **PAINTING** PROBABLY TOOK EIGHT TO TEN **DAYS.** AS FOR THE **REST** OF THE EIGHT TO TEN **WEEKS?** WELL-- **YOU** FIGURE IT OUT.

WOOPWOOPWOOPWOOP ~AHEM~

MOSHIE WOULD'VE **MURDERED** HIM IF HE EVER FOUND OUT... ...BUT HE NEVER DID. ANY TIME THE SENTRIES SPOTTED MOSHIE COMING UP TWO-MILE ROAD TO KOSHIE'S STRONGHOLD THEY'D SIGNAL UP THE HILL AND—BY THE TIME MOSHIE GOT THERE—ELLIE AND EVERYBODY ELSE WOULD HAVE THEIR CLOTHES ON, ALL THE LIQUOR WOULD'VE BEEN LOADED ONTO THE DUMBWAITER ("NOT **ME,**" KOSHIE'D ALWAYS SAY, "DE **UDDAH** DUMBWAITUH!") (NYUK NYUK NYUK) LOWERED INTO THE BASEMENT AND—WHEN MOSHIE WOULD WANDER IN—EVERYBODY'D BE SITTING AROUND, SIPPING THEIR **SASSY-FRASSY TEA** AND WATCHING KOSHIE PAINTING A BUNCH OF *CHRYSANTHEMUMUMUMUMS* "**WHY, MOSHIE! WHUT A UNEXPECTED SUH-PROIZE!** ♪" (IF MOSHIE EVER WONDERED WHY KOSHIE WAS **STILL** PAINTING THE **SAME** *CHRYSANTHEMUMUMUMS* **EVERY** TIME HE CAME FOR A VISIT, HE NEVER **SAID** ANYTHING.)

SAME WITH THE **SANCTUARIES.** ANYTIME THEY SAW MOSHIE COMING, THEY'D PULL A CORD AND SOME NICE TAPESTRY ... WITH EVERYONE FULLY DRESSED ... WOULD ROLL DOWN AND COVER ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS (OR WHOEVER ELSE'S AMAZING WHATEVER) UNTIL MOSHIE LEFT... AND THEN THEY'D ROLL IT BACK UP AGAIN

DOES IT MATTER THAT CEREBUS WASN'T FLOATING ABOVE THE STEPS? THAT KOSHIE DIDN'T LOOK REMOTELY **LIKE** THAT? THAT THERE **WEREN'T** ANY WOMEN OUT FRONT OF THE LODGINGS THAT MORNING? ...NAH... AS KOSHIE USED TO TELL THE FELLAS



"ALWAYS REMEMBUH DAT **GOD** MADE **ELLIE WHAT'S-HER-NAME'S AMAZEEN' ASS** AN' IT WUZ **TWICET** AS AMAZEEN' IN **POYSIN** AS IT IS IN DAT 'ANGEL ASTONIED AT DA PROMISE OF A HOUSE' **PAIN'EEN'**." ♪

AND WHEN THEY HEARD **THAT,** YOU BETTER BELIEVE THE BOYS WOULD GET RIGHT DOWN ON THEIR KNEES AND START **PRAYING.**



And ye next morning

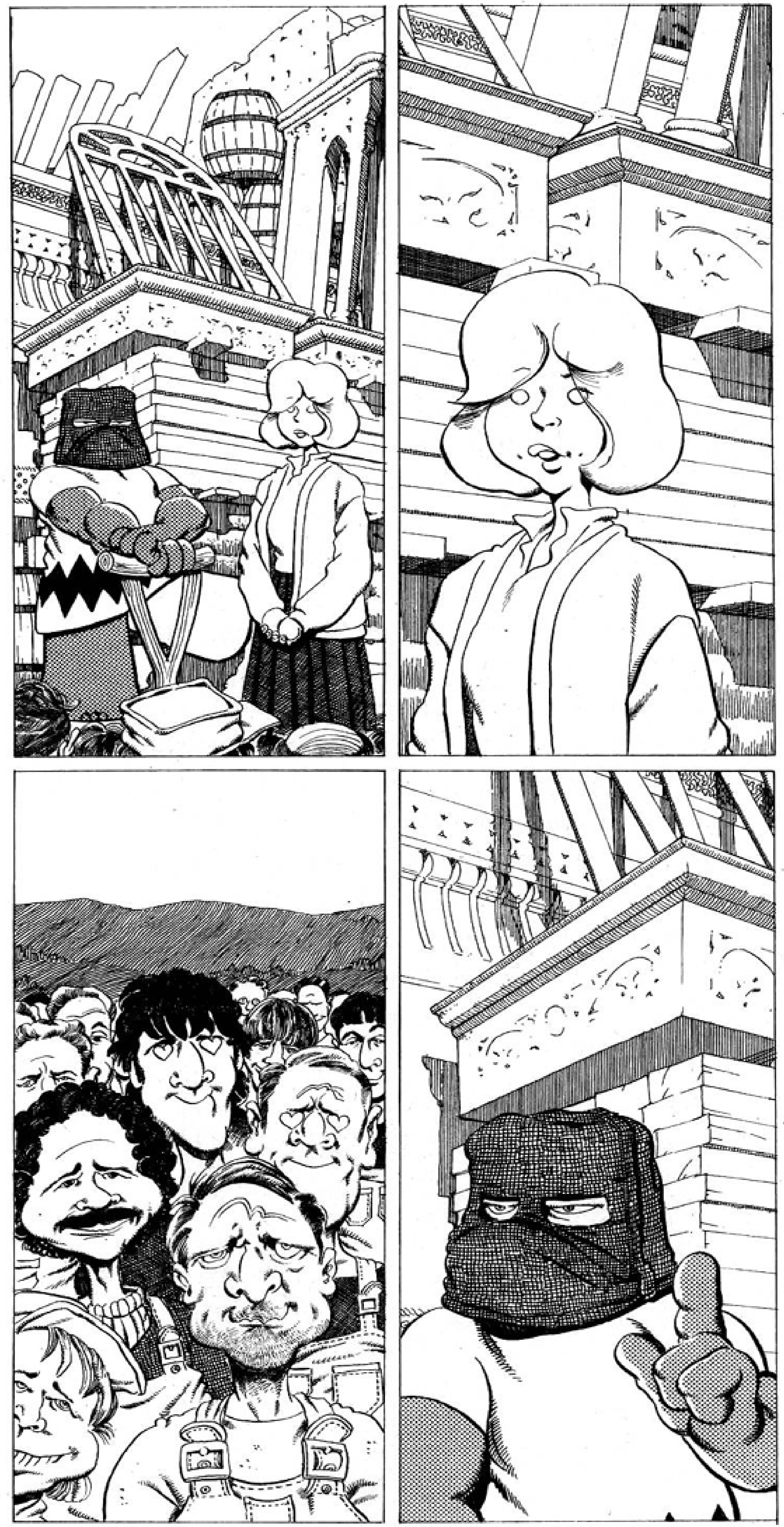
Cerebvs came foorth
vnto ye Cerebites,
speaking vnto them &
saying, Now hast
Spore retvrned vnto ye
Pitt and Cerebvs hast
retvrned vnto thee
from ye Pitt
that hee might
gouern over thee in
wisdome and in trueth,
in the name of
ye Sanctvarie &
the name of ye
Seate of Trueth.
2: Now the
hoste of thee shal
fulfil the worde
of ye Prophet Ricke
which wast spoken vnto
thee aforetimes in ye
matter of ye building up
of ye houses and ye
stronge holdes and
ye Sanctvaries:
build ye up houses
for thine Angels &
for thy women. Build
ye up stronge holdes
for thy selues. And
build yee up
Sanctvaries
wherein those
whose faithe is
Greatest shal recite
ye worde of Ricke &
ye worde of Cerebvs
daie & night in the
eares of al men whose
spirit doeth stirre
them up to come
vnto the Sanctvarie
& to listen.
3: First thou shalt
build up the Greatest of
Houses vnto those
(whome thou doest
agree) art the Greatest
among thine Angels:
houses with
manie baie windowes
& breakfast nooks
& cathedral ceilings
& sky lightes &
ye sunken liuing
roome with ye
large fireplace & ye
panoramic floore to
ye ceiling
picture windowes
& ye dressing
roome & ye vanitie table
with ye make-up mirror
and ye Closets
of Ye Walking In &
Ye Walking Out & ye
built-in shoe rackes
(manie, manie built-
in shoe rackes)
& ye wine cellar
with ye bottles of
ye drie white wine
(manie, manie bottles
of ye drie white wine)
and ye
large vegetable crisper
& ye huge kitchen
(ye huge, huge
kitchen) with ye
large spice racke on
ye walle with manie
matching adorable little
hande-blowne glasse
bottles of ye spices &
ye matching adorable
hande-carued
liddes & with ye
huge stoue
built in vnto ye
islande for ye
chopping of ye
vegetables & with
ye butchers blocke
alongside for ye
chopping of ye meat
& before it seueral
fine carued stooles
where the
Angels best girl
friends might sit
and sippe ye white
wine whilst the
Angel doest trie out
her new recipe
& ye Pantrie of Ye
Walking In and Ye
Walking Out with
matching hand-carued
bins of inlaid woode
for ye flour & ye
sugar & ye oates
& ye tea bagges &
ye loose tea & ye fresh
roasted almonds & ye
fresh roasted cashewes
& ye white chocolate
& ye darke chocolate
& ye screened-in sunne
porche and ye vaulted
ceilinged conservatorie

& ye sewing roome
with ye cedar chests
full of fine bolts of
ye fine clothe in
natural fabrics in
manie colours &
diuerse patterns &
ye cozy chaire with
ye cozy foote stoole
& ye drapes in ye
same exact fabric
& ye manie guest
roomes with ye fine
furniture and ye
separate entrances
for the Angels
manie friends &
manie relatiues
and ye Special
guest roomes with
ye separate bathe for
the Angels fauourite
friends and the Angels
fauourite relatiues & ye
huge master bedroome
(ye huge, huge master
bedroome) with his-
and-her bathroomes &
in ye "her"
bathroome ye
sunken marble tubbe
with ye golde fittings
and ye adorable dolphin
sculpture at ye one
ende and ye bidet
and ye water closet
with ye frosted
stained glasse
windowe & ye
separate heating
system and ye cedar-
lined sauna (which
shall sleepe twelue)
and ye indoore poole
for ye swimming
with his-and-her
change roomes (ye
"her" change roome
in white marble) &
ye extensiue rear
gardens with manie
flowers and shadie
trees & ye rough-hewn
fitted stone walkwaies
with ye adorable litle
trolle statues & ye
gazebo and ye gueste
cottages like unto the
Angels house
(howsobeit much,
much smaller) where
the Angels friends
& relatiues (whome
the Angel doest
loue dearly, really
she doest; but who
causest the Angel's
head to throbbe & her
stomache to ache)
can be sequestered at
a great remoue from
ye main house where
they wilt (really) bee
much happier anyway
and bee free to come
and goe as they doe
please
and where the Angel
(though she louest them
dearly, really she doest)
might not see quite so
much of them.

4: And Cerebus
said unto the Cerebites,
It shall come to
pass that while thou art
still in the processe of
building ye first fewe
of ye Greatest Houses
for ye Greatest
of the Angels that
ye Spirite of God shal
come upon thy women
who art now women
onely & lo, those
who art women onely
shal become Angels.

5: And the Cerebites
didst inquire of
Cerebus asking him,
Speakest thou unto
us in uerities? Those
of our women (who art
now women onely)
might yet become
Angels ifsobe that
wee buildest unto the
Greatest of our Angels
houses such as
thou hast described?

6: And Cerebus spake
unto them saying,
As surely
as summer doeth
followe
springtime, it will
bee so.



7: And it came to
passe that when all
the hoste of the
Cerebites had voted
for their Greatest
Angel & they didst
assemble all of the
materials which
they didst require
for the raising up
of a Great House
such as Cerebus
had described unto
them,

8: And when they
had come foorth with
all the women who
didst desire to become
Angels and with
those
Angels who wert
not the Greatest,

9: Cerebus spake
unto them saying, thy
Greatest Angel standest
here before thee and she
desirest to speak unto
thee concerning
the Great House
which thou art about to
build for her.

9: And then the one
who had bene uoted the
Greatest Angel spake
unto the men of that place,
saying unto them:

10: It is uery nice of all
of thee, but really I
needeth a litle
house onely for I

intend to marrie whensobe that the man I shal loue
doeth find me. And whensobe he hath found me & hath
married mee, I will liue in his house & wilt
haue no need of a house of mine owne.
11: Aswell I desire not a house which is larger than
I might clean & care for euery whit myself, for
I am not a seruant & I desire not that any
bee a seruant vnto me.
12: I desire to serue onely: my
husband and my selfe and my children.
13: And the saying of the Angel (which was called
Marcie) was well-pleasing to all the men.
14: And Cerebus spake vnto the men, saying, Hearken
vnto the Angel which is called Marcie, for an Angel
or a woman doeth desire a house which she can clean
and care for euery whit herself.
15: It is onely a deuill or a uiper or a scorpion which desirest a
house greater than that, as it is onely a deuill or a uiper or a
scorpion which doeth desire seruants.
16: And the men hearkened vnto the worde of Cerebvs and the
worde of Marcie the Angel and began to build
manie, manie louelie small houses from the huge pile of stuffe
which hadst been intended for the building of Marcie the Angels
house onely. And, lo, the Spirit of God came upon
all the Angels (which were not the Greatest)
and upon all the women (who didst desire to become
Angels) and suddenly they (euery one of them!) didst (onely!) desire
louelie small houses for themselves.

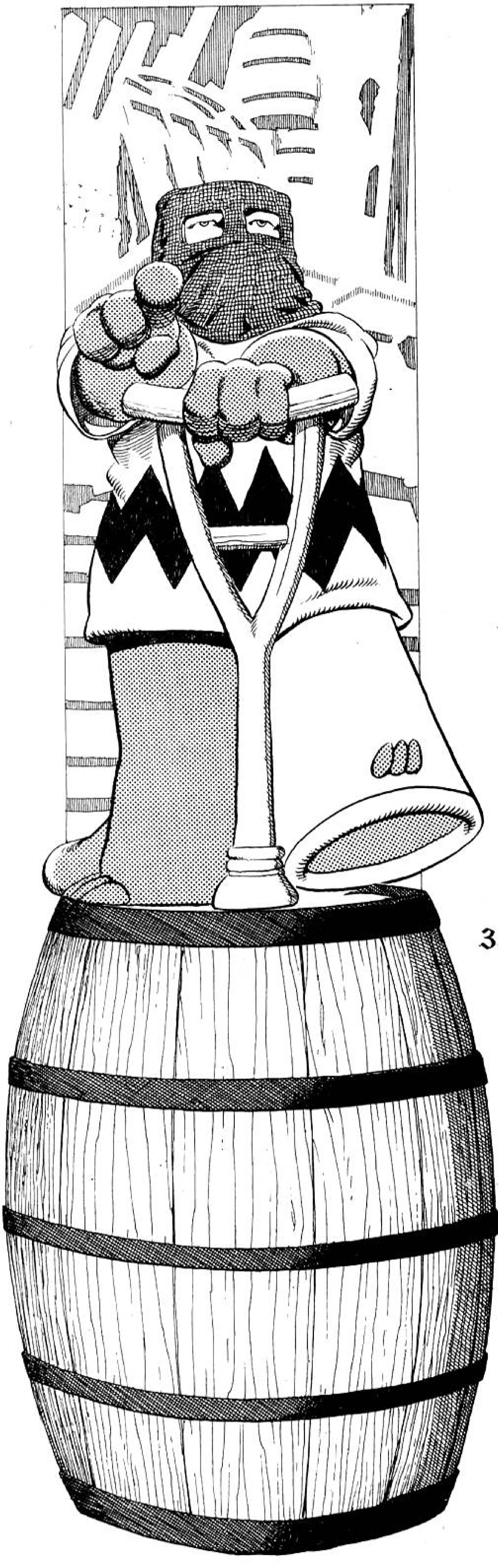


17: But before the men couldst begin
to build manie louelie small houses
Cerebvs spake vnto them saying, Build ye
up stronge holdes for thyselues aswell.
Verily, each Cerebite shalt haue a stronge
holde for himselfe like vnto a house
(howsobeit for a man onely).
18: And if thou takest a wife vnto thyselfe
and (being an Angel) shee doeth agree to
liue with thee in thy stronge holde & to
serue thee and herselfe and thy
children;
19: Or if after thou art wed
shee choosest to remaine in her
house & thou choosest to remaine in thy
stronge holde & both of thee choosest
to haue sleepe ouers
onely;
20: Or if shee choosest to serue herselfe & thy
children in her house & thou choosest to serue
thyselfe onely in thy stronge holde;
21: Or if shee choosest to serue herselfe onely
in her house & thou choosest to serue thyselfe
& thy children in thy stronge holde;
22: Then thou art a Cerebite & thou shalt
uote on those matters which doth concerne what is
and what is not to bee done & thou shalt
become once a year one of Spore's Spores
for ye cleansing of ye lande.
23: Howsoeuer if thou choosest to
leaue thy stronge holde and
thou choosest to moue
into the house of a woman or an Angel then
thou art no more a Cerebite but thou art
a husband onely & like as the women haue
no uote and become not one of Spore's
Spores so too shall ye not haue a uote
& so too shall ye not become one of
Spore's Spores.
24: To bee a Cerebite



thy wife hast onely to
stand before all the people of thy lande
& before thee and declare, The
place in which we liue is
my husband's stronge holde & not
my house.
25: If thy wife doeth declare that the place
where thou doest liue is both stronge holde
& house or doeth declare that it is neither
stronge holde nor house or if shee doeth declare
it a house onely then thou art not a Cerebite
but thou art a husband onely & thou shalt
haue no uote & thou shalt not become
one of Spore's Spores for ye
cleansing of ye lande.
26: Howsoeuer if thou shalt come to
thy senses and leaue the house of
the woman in the which thou hast
bene liuing or if thou diuorce thy wife who
declarest the place in which
thou liuest to be neither house
nor stronge holde or both house
& stronge holde or her house or a house
onely and if thou then returnest
vnto thy stronge holde either alone or
with a woman or an Angel who
doeth declare before thee
& before all the people of thy lande
that the place where thou
doeth liue with her is thy stronge
holde;
27: Then thou shalt bee once more a
Cerebite and thou shalt haue a uote
& thou shalt become one of Spore's
Spores for ye cleansing of ye
lande.
28: And no harme shal come to those who
are women & husbands onely. They
shal be treated as if they were women or
Angels hauing ye same rights





in al things except that they haue
no uote & they become not
Spore's Spores for the cleansing
of the lande.
29: The Cerebite who
shalt harme any woman or any
Angel or any husbande shalt haue his
head blowne off.
30: And these sayings of Cerebus were
well pleasing unto all the Cerebites & the
Angels & the women & the husbands.
31: And the Cerebites didst commence to
build up the louelie small houses &
the stronge holdes & the Sanctuaries.
32: And when there wast any
disagreement amongst the
Cerebites concerning any
matter in the building up of the
louelie small houses & the stronge holdes
& the Sanctuaries, they didst take counsel
among themselues and didst uote as to
what was to bee done and what was not
to be done.
33: And those Angels & those women & those
husbands who were childlesse didst
assist the Cerebites in al things
in the building up of the louelie
small houses & the stronge holdes &
the Sanctuaries.
34: Howsoeuer the Angels & the women &
the husbands who brought foorth
children didst not assist
the Cerebites in the building
and didst performe no labour or taske
of any kinde: saue onely
the rearing of their children until the
daie when their children were growen.

35: And, lo, there was in all those daies and all those nights in al the landes Peace vnto Cerebvs and vnto the Three Wise Fellowes and unto all Angels & all women & all husbands.

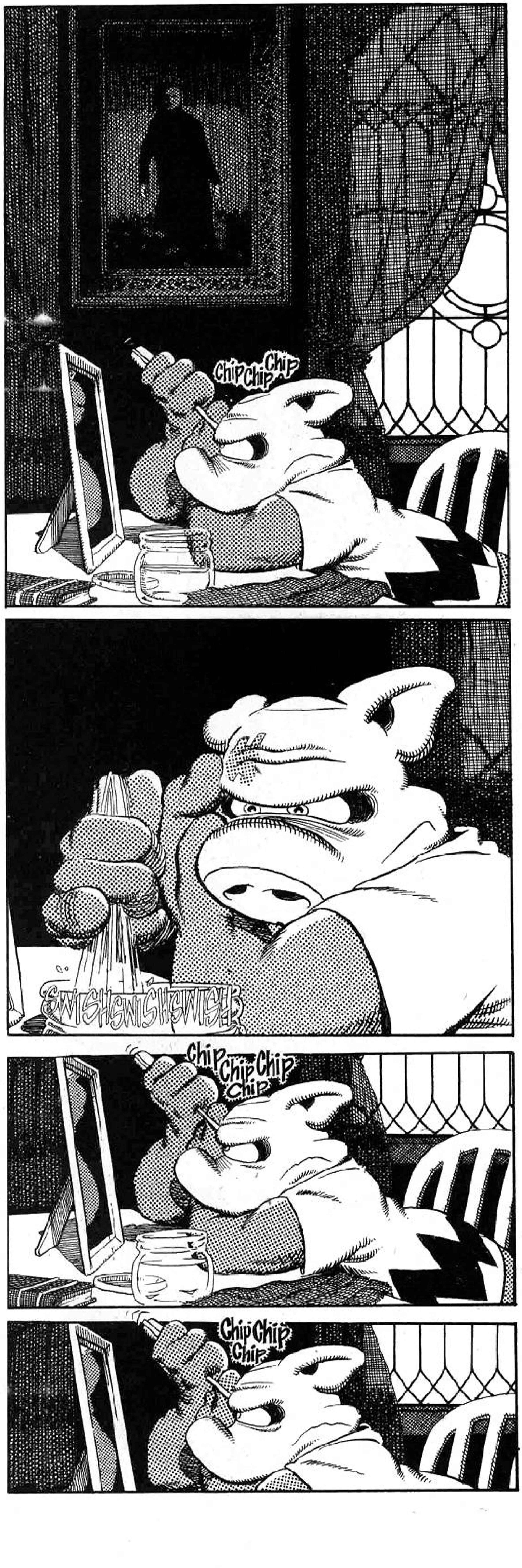
AND IT **WAS** TRUE--WHETHER YOU BELIEVE IT OR **NOT**--THERE **WAS** "PEACE IN ALL THE LANDS." OF COURSE **CEREBUS** (HAVING BEEN PRIME MINISTER) WAS MORE *SURPRISED* AT THAT THAN **ANYBODY.**

KOSHIE AND CEREBUS HEADED BACK TO THE SANCTUARY WHERE KOSHIE SET UP HIS STUDIO AND STRONGHOLD IN THE OLD GARDENER'S RESIDENCE OUT BACK OF THE SANCTUARY AT THE TOP OF *TWO-MILE ROAD.*

AND **CEREBUS?**-- WELL-- CEREBUS TOOK OVER MOSHIE AND LOSHIE'S ROOMS BEHIND THE **TABLEAUX OF THE SANCTUARIES** (RICK 3:49). JUST TEMPORARILY, CEREBUS THOUGHT, WHILE *MOSHIE* AND LOSHIE WERE GETTING THE LOVELY SMALL HOUSES AND THE STRONGHOLDS AND THE SANCTUARIES UP AND RUNNING (OF COURSE IT TURNED OUT TO BE PERMANENT) (CEREBUS WILL SHOW YOU THE ROOMS IN A LITTLE WHILE -- YOU CAN SEE KOSHIE'S OLD STRONGHOLD AND MOST OF TWO-MILE ROAD FROM THERE) (**AND** *THE FORGE OF THE REFINEMENT* AND *THE FURNACE OF THE ETERNAL FIRE*) (RICK 3:55) (KEEP CEREBUS' ROOMS AS WARM AS TOAST YEAR ROUND) (WHAT WAS CEREBUS JUST SAYING?) (OH, **RIGHT!**)

KOSHIE STARTED PAINTING HIS *"ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE"* ALTARPIECE AND CEREBUS (REALLY) JUST **SAT** IN HERE **WAITING** FOR SOMEONE TO COME ALONG AND **SCREW EVERYTHING UP.**

THE WEIRD THING **WAS:** FOR THE **LONGEST** TIME **NO ONE** CAME ALONG (WELL, HEH-HEH EXCEPT FOR ALL THE "**JOANNES**")





SEE -- RIGHT AWAY AFTER THE "LOVELY SMALL HOUSES" ANNOUNCEMENT, THE ANGELS AND WOMEN STARTED **COOKING** FOR THE CEREBITES AND BRINGING THE FOOD TO THE CONSTRUCTION SITES (WHICH — ON THE ONE HAND — WAS VERY **NICE** OF THEM AND — ON THE **OTHER** HAND — WAS PRETTY **CLEVER** OF THEM) (BECAUSE IT MEANT THAT THE GUYS **DIDN'T** GO INTO THE PUBS AND TAVERNS FOR **LUNCH**) (AND WIND UP STAYING FOR **DINNER** AND **BREAKFAST**) (NYUK NYUK NYUK) SO A LOT OF LOVELY SMALL HOUSES GOT BUILT IN A HURRY AND, OF COURSE, FROM WHAT **CEREBUS** HEARD, THERE WAS QUITE A BIT OF FORNICATION GOING ON IN THE BUSHES AROUND THE CONSTRUCTION SITES FOR **BASICALLY** THE SAME REASON. SO

BETWEEN THE HOME COOKING AND THE -- HEH-HEH -- "HOME COOKING" THE CONSTRUCTION SITES WERE **DEFINITELY** THE PLACE TO BE...... AND, OF COURSE, THE THE ANGELS AND THE WOMEN MADE SURE THAT THE **FASTEST** WORKERS GOT THE "**FRESHEST**" PIECE OF "**PIE**" (IF YOU CATCH CEREBUS' DRIFT)

WELL, ANGELS AND WOMEN **BEING** ANGELS AND WOMEN, THEY **EVIDENTLY** DECIDED THAT CEREBUS SHOULD GET SOME...."HOME COOKING"... AS WELL. **PROBABLY** (THEY THOUGHT) SO HE WOULDN'T CHANGE HIS MIND ABOUT THE "LOVELY SMALL HOUSES". SO, THE FIRST OF MANY **JOANNES** SHOWED UP AT THE SANCTUARY DOOR WITH **ONE** KIND OF HOME-COOKING IN HER **HANDS** AND THE **OTHER** KIND OF "HOME COOKING" IN HER **EYES.** CEREBUS (HEH-HEH) CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW **WHAT** TO SAY. FORTUNATELY, A VOICE IN HIS **HEAD** SAID "SAY: **THANK YOU FOR THE FOOD -- AND MAY GOD BE PLEASED TO BLESS THEE WITH THE LOVELY SMALL HOUSE OF THY DREAMS!**"

IT WORKED LIKE A **CHARM.**

HER "HOME COOKING" LOOK DISAPPEARED AND WAS (**IN-STANTLY!**) REPLACED BY HER "**I'M** GETTING A **LOVELY SMALL HOUSE!**" LOOK AND OFF SHE WOULD GO, HAPPY AS CLAM, WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A "THANK YOU" OR A "GOOD NIGHT" **HEH HEH HEH!** THERE MUST'VE BEEN **TWO DOZEN JOANNES** AND IT GOT RID OF EVERY **ONE** OF 'EM! HEH-HEH! JUST. LIKE. **THAT!** BUT...

FINALLY?

FINALLY, IT GOT **SO** QUIET (AFTER GETTING RID OF A DIFFERENT JOANNE EVERY NIGHT) THAT CEREBUS JUST **CRACKED -- PARALYZED** BY THE THOUGHT THAT **SINISTER** BANDS OF **BUREAUCRATS** WERE **CLOSING IN ON CEREBUS** WITH **MINUTE** BOOKS AND... AND **AGENDUMS** AND... AND... **POSITION PAPERS** AND... AND **INTERIM BUDGET SHORTFALL ANALYSES!** (SERIOUSLY! IT WAS SUCH A MASSIVE PRIME MINISTERIAL FLASHBACK, CEREBUS THOUGHT HE WAS HAVING A **STROKE**)

REALIZING THAT "**FOREARMED IS FORE-SKINNED**" (OR - HOWEVER THAT PHRASE GOES) CEREBUS DECIDED TO "**HEAD THEM OFF AT THE PASS**" BY INITIATING HIS **OWN** SERIOUSLY STUPID PIECE OF LEGISLATION **FIRST** THAT **THEY** WOULD ALL HAVE TO DEBATE AND ANNOTATE AND AMEND AND REWORK AND MODIFY AND CODIFY AND... AND...

WELL... IN A NUTSHELL, THAT'S HOW WE ENDED UP WITH THE **SERIOUSLY STUPID CALENDAR** WE'VE GOT -- THE **6/66 CALENDAR** WITH FOUR 91-DAY MONTHS (**WINTER** MONTH, **SPRING**-MONTH, **SUMMER** MONTH AND **STEVE**) AND SIXTY-SIX **SIX-DAY** WEEKS (**ONES** DAY, **TWOS**-DAY, **THREES** DAY, **FOURS** DAY, **FIVES** DAY, **SIX** DAY)

CEREBUS **TELLS** THE NINE (OR SO) CEREBITES HANGING AROUND OUTSIDE THAT HE HAS THIS **MAJOR ANNOUNCEMENT** TO MAKE THE NEXT DAY AND FOR THEM TO TELL ALL THE **OTHER** CEREBITES. SO. THE NEXT DAY, WHO SHOWS UP? THE SAME NINE GUYS -- WHO PROCEED TO VOTE ... **NINE-TO-ZERO** ... IN FAVOUR OF WINTERMONTH, SPRINGMONTH, SUMMERMONTH AND STEVE. SO CEREBUS SAYS TO THEM (HE SAYS) "AREN'T YOU EVEN A ***LITTLE*** CONCERNED THAT **FOUR** NINETY-ONE DAY MONTHS ADD UP TO *THREE-HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-* **FOUR** *DAYS* ... AND SIXTY-SIX **SIX**-DAY WEEKS ADDS UP TO THREE *HUNDRED-AND-SIXTY-* **SIX** *DAYS?*" NINE HANDS GO UP: YES. NINE-TO-ZERO, THEY RATED THEMSELVES AS "**CONCERNED**" OR "**VERY** CONCERNED" THAT THE *FOUR-MONTH CALENDAR* AND THE **6/66** CALENDAR ADDED UP TWO DIFFERENT WAYS.....

... AND THEN THEY JUST ... **STARED** ... AT CEREBUS UNTIL CEREBUS SAID, "*ACTUALLY,* **'STEVE'** *HAS NINETY-* **TWO** *DAYS AND THE* **FIRST** *DAY OF* **'WINTERMONTH'** *TAKES PLACE BEFORE THE FIRST* **ONES***DAY AND IT'S CALLED* **QUARTER***DAY BECAUSE IT'S ONLY SIX HOURS LONG.*" SOMEONE ASKED WHAT THE **92ND** OF **STEVE** WAS CALLED. AND CEREBUS SAID, "*IT'S CALLED* ***LITTLE STEVE'.*** *AND,*" HE ADDED, "*IT IS BETWEEN THE DAWN OF 'LITTLE STEVE' AND THE CLOSE OF 'QUARTERDAY' THAT YE SHALL GO FORTH AS* ***SPORE'S SPORES*** *FOR YE CLEANSING OF YE LAND.*"

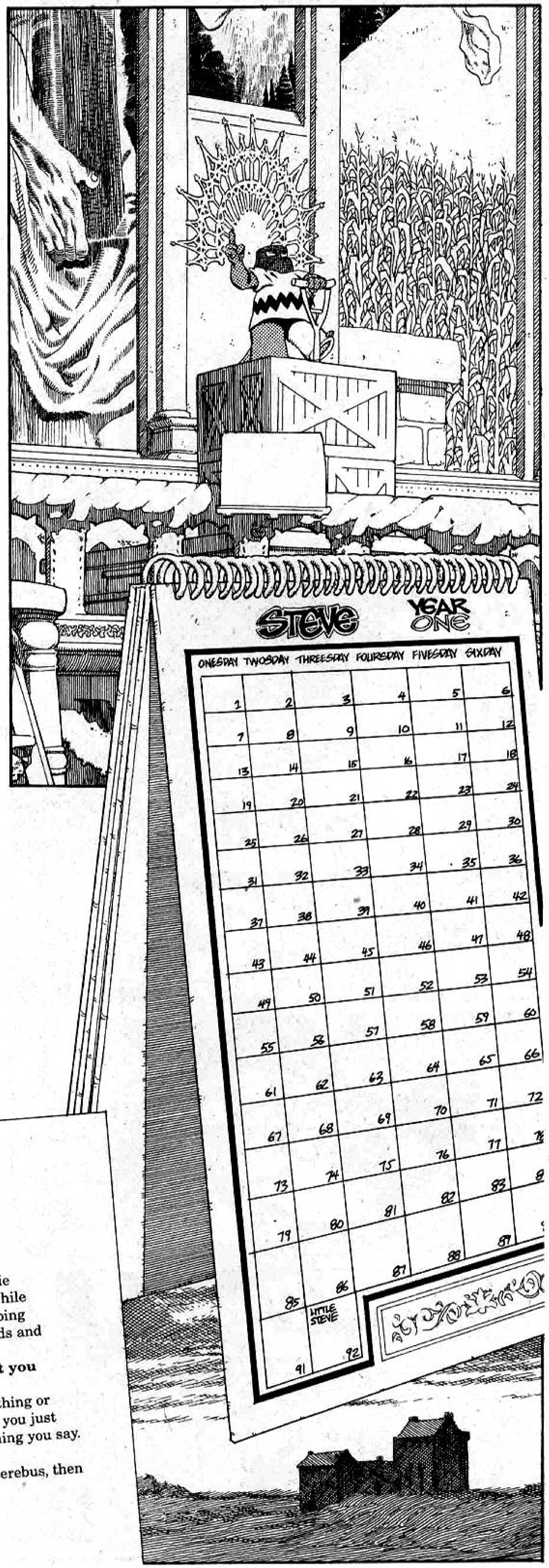
NINE HANDS GO UP ... AND THE **FOUR-MONTH 6/66 CALENDAR** IS OFFICIALLY ADOPTED ON:

THREESDAY,
THE **39TH** OF
STEVE,
THE YEAR ONE B.O.C.*
(* BECAUSE of CEREBUS)

"SO, OKAY," (CEREBUS ADMITS TO HIMSELF THE NEXT DAY WHEN SOMEONE DROPS OFF HIS PERSONAL COPY OF THE FOUR-PAGE "**YEAR ONE**" CALENDAR) "SO MAYBE THIS **ISN'T** GOING TO BE LIKE BEING THE PRIME MINISTER."

LISTEN: CEREBUS HAS HAD TO **PISS LIKE A PANROVIAN RACEHORSE** FOR THE LAST **HOUR** (HEH-HEH -- PARDON CEREBUS' BEDUINESE AGAIN), BUT HE WAS WAITING UNTIL THE PART WHERE THE *"WRITER-DOWNER-OF-EVERYT'ING-WHAT-AIN'T-SCRIPTURE"* WISE FELLOW SHOWS UP, SINCE YOU CAN READ **THAT** PART FOR YOUR**SELF**. CAN CEREBUS BRING YOU ANYTHING ON HIS WAY BACK? ...... NO? ..... OKAY.

HERE YOU GO. BACK IN A FEW MINUTES



Foursday, 40th of Steve, Year One

Cerebus: (answering the door) Yes?

Me: Hi. I'm the "writer-downer-of-everything-what-isn't scripture" Wise Fellow.

Cerebus: (no answer)

Me: You know. Of the "Legion of Substitute Wise Fellows"?

Cerebus: (no answer)

Me: The, uh, Nine Substitute Wise Fellows that Koshie and Loshie and Mosher delegated to agree with everything you say while they're busy painting altar pieces, installing indoor plumbing and building the Lovely Small Houses and the Strongholds and the Sanctuaries? We just voted on the new calendar?

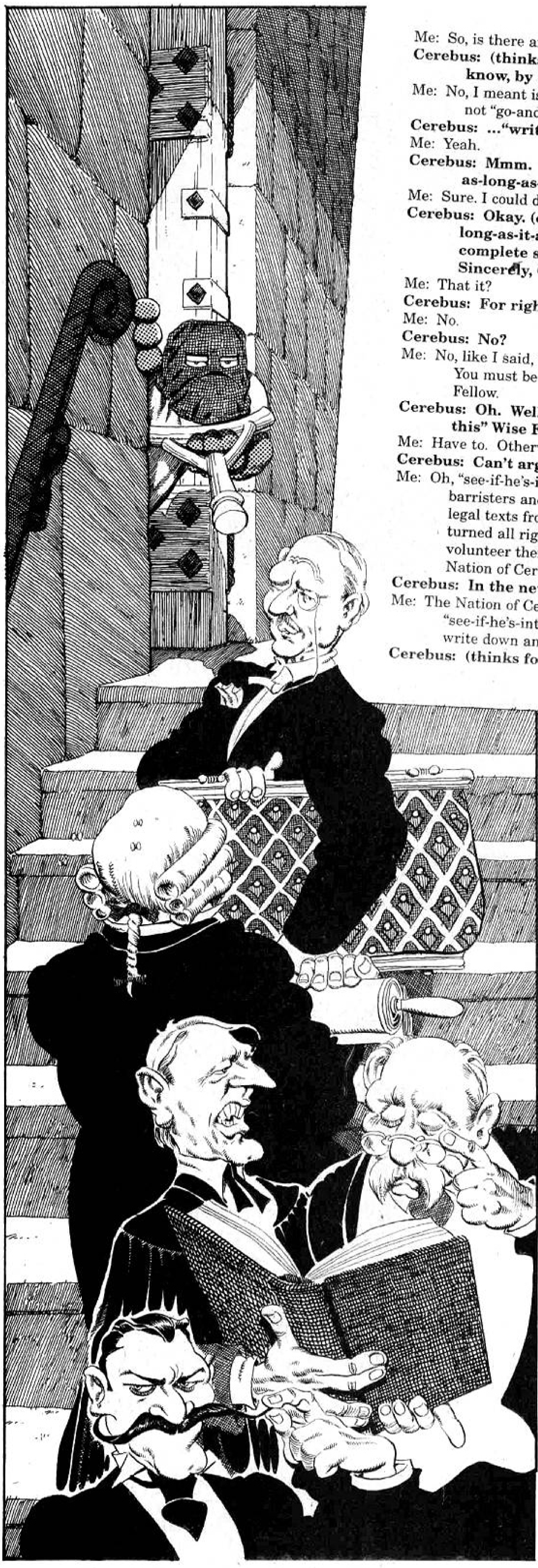
Cerebus: Oh. Is that who you guys are? Cerebus thought you were just, you know, hanging around.

Me: Well, yeah, we are. But, basically just until you need something or you want to bring in some kind of non-scriptural rule or you just need a bunch of guys to agree unanimously with something you say.

Cerebus: Oh.

Me: Except, as I say, with Scripture. If it goes in the Book of Cerebus, then I'm supposed to go and get Koshie to write it down.

Cerebus: Oh.



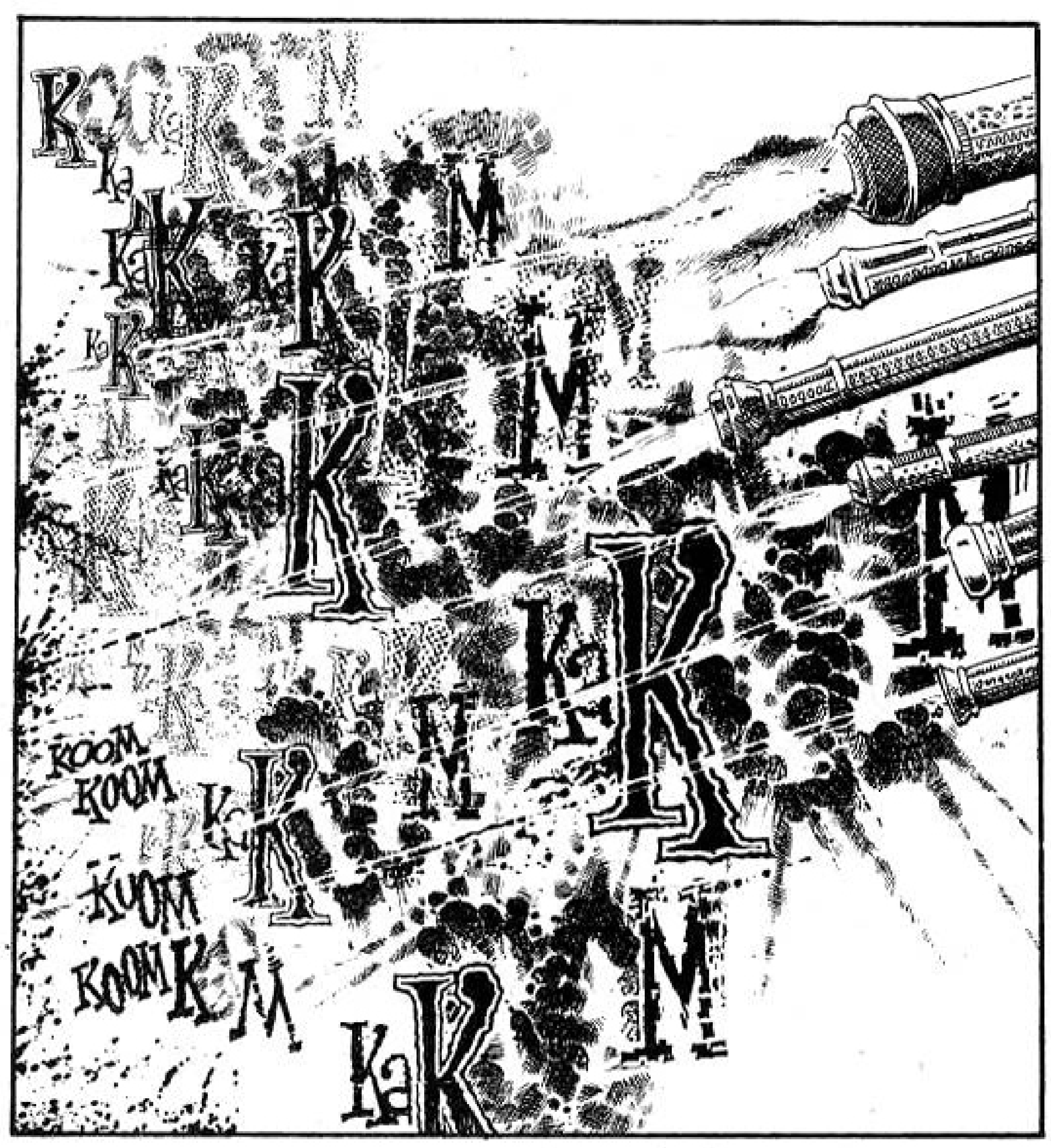
Me: So, is there anything you want?
Cerebus: (thinks) Aye. Cerebus wants a complete set of Rabbi. You know, by Garth Inniscent?
Me: No, I meant is there anything you want me to write down. I'm not "go-and-get-whatever-he-wants-as-long-as-it-ain't-loaded" Wise Fellow, I'm…
Cerebus: …"writer-downer-of-everything-what-isn't-scripture" Wise Fellow.
Me: Yeah.
Cerebus: Mmm. Could you write a note to "go-and-get-whatever-he-wants-as-long-as-it-ain't-loaded" Wise Fellow?
Me: Sure. I could do that.
Cerebus: Okay. (clears throat) "Dear 'go-and-get-whatever-he-wants-as-long-as-it-ain't-loaded' Wise Fellow: Please go and get Cerebus a complete set of Garth Inniscent's Rabbi. Thank you. Yours Sincerely, Cerebus."
Me: That it?
Cerebus: For right now, aye. So you'll see that he gets it?
Me: No.
Cerebus: No?
Me: No, like I said, I'm "writer-downer-of-everything-what-isn't scripture" Wise Fellow. You must be thinking of "see-that-fill-in-the-blank-Wise-Fellow-gets-this" Wise Fellow.
Cerebus: Oh. Well, can you see that "see-that-fill-in-the-blank-Wise-Fellow-gets-this" Wise Fellow gets it?
Me: Have to. Otherwise I'll get fired, won't I?
Cerebus: Can't argue with that. Er. Who are all these guys with you?
Me: Oh, "see-if-he's-interested-in-this" Wise Fellow sent them up. They're lawyers and barristers and solicitors. Evidently they managed to pass down all of the ancient legal texts from generation to generation through the whole "Age which hath over-turned all righteousness" preserving them and hiding them. And they've come to volunteer their services in helping to re-institute a Justice System in the New Nation of Cerebus.
Cerebus: In the new…what?
Me: The Nation of Cerebus. That was the first any of us heard of it, either. That's why "see-if-he's-interested-in-this" Wise Fellow figured he'd send them up and get me to write down anything you might have to say to them.
Cerebus: (thinks for a long time) Better get Koshie.

1: And there came vnto Cerebvs & vnto ye Sanctvarie & vnto ye Seate of Trueth, ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye Solicitors speaking vnto Cerebvs, and saying vnto him:
2: We bee Ye Custodians of Ye Lawes of Aforetimes. Hearken vnto us that al might bee well in the lande.
3: And Cerebvs, remembering ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye Solicitors from aforetimes, spake vnto them saying, verily, upon the Fiftieth of Steve thou shalt returne unto Cerebvs, thou and all those who bee Lawyers & Barristers & Soliciters or whoeso desirest to bee so.

4: Come ye hence on that daie vnto ye Sanctvarie & vnto ye Seate of Trueth & Cerebvs wilt inqvire of thee of al that doeth pertaine vnto thy wisdome & thine vnderstanding of the Lawes of Aforetimes & then wilt Cerebvs iudge which one of the hoste of thee shalbe The Fairest of Them All & Cerebvs wilt promote that one vnto great honour and he shal counsel Cerebvs in all which doeth pertaine vnto Ye Lawe & verily that one shall bee closer vnto Cerebvs than Cerebvses righte testicle.

5: And these sayings of Cerebvs were well pleasing vnto al the hoste of them and, lo, they didst returne vnto Cerebvs vpon the Fiftieth of Steve according vnto the worde which Cerebvs didst speake vnto them.





6: And when al the hoste of them were assembled within ye Sanctvarie, then didst Cerebvs say, Now. And ye Legion of Substitute Spore's Spores came foorth from their place of concealment and didst blowe off all ye heads of ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye Soliciters and all those who didst desire to bee like vnto them.

7: And when al of ye heads of ye Lawyers & ye Barristers & ye Solicitors had bene blowne off Cerebvs didst climbe vpon ye pile of them and didst speake vnto ye Legion of ye Substitute Spores Spores, saying:

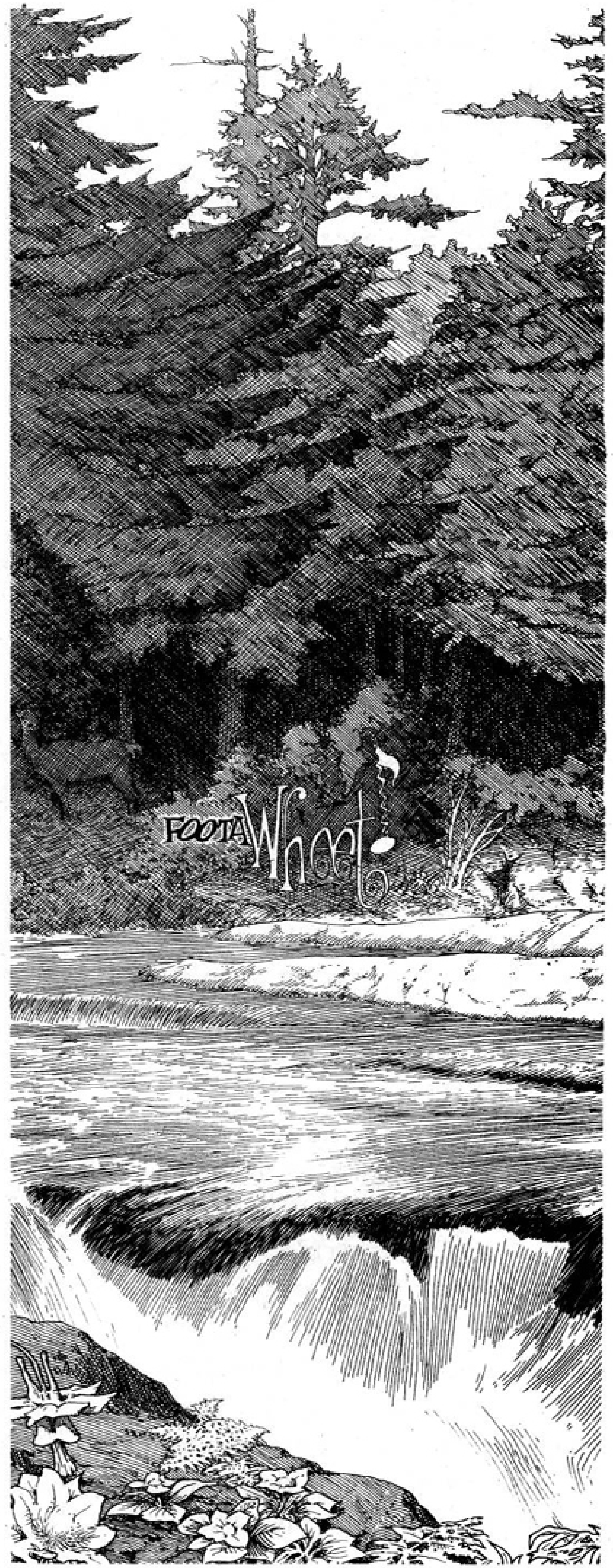
8: Blessed art those who doeth murder cleanly for they doeth picke up ye tab both for themselues and for ye uictimes.

9: Blessed art the murder uictimes for they are no longer aggrauated: neither are

they aggrauating. They are
neither annoying nor are
they annoyed, whilst the
liuing getteth in
peoples faces.
10: Blessed art All
Dead People for euen
iust breathing for seuenty
years is a colossal pain in
ye butt, though the liuing
knoweth it not.
11: Blessed art the
stupid for they alwaies
getteth a free ride.
The doubly stupid art
doubly blessed for they
are alwaies a problem
for others and neuer
for themselues.
12: Whether thou art a murderer
or a murder uictime, whether
thou art dead or whether thou
art merely stupid, it maketh
no difference vnto Cerebvs:
onely bee ye neither a deuill
nor a uiper, neither a scorpion
nor a Lawyer, neither a
Barrister nor a Solicitor.
13: If thine aduersarie is in
the way of thee and thou doest
desire to kill him or her then
doe so. It maketh no difference
vnto Cerebvs.
14: If thou doest desire to kill
him or her and thou hast not
the guttes to do it thyself;
then come thee together vnto
Cerebvs and Cerebvs wil iudge
the cause betweene the two of thee &
whomsoeuer Cerebvs findeth
to be the more annoying
Cerebvs will
smite with an iron barre
until he or she is dead.
15: And ifsobeit that Cerebvs
findeth the two of thee to bee
equally annoying, then Cerebvs
will smite both of thee with an
iron barre until the two of thee
shalbe dead. Amen.



16: This shalbe the lawe of the lande
unto al Cerebites & all Angels &
all women & all husbands. Anytime of
ye daie or night. No appointment
necessary. Some restrictions
may, peradventure, apply.
17: And Cerebus and all ye people
of ye lande that night didst burne
all of ye law bookes
and scrolles from aforetimes upon
a great bonnefire.
18: And from that daie forwarde ye
Fiftieth of Steve was declared to bee
Ye Dead Lawyer Daie
with much singing and dauncing
and reioicing in all the lande.
19: And, lo, there was again Peace
in all the lande unto Cerebus &
Ye Three Wise Fellowes & Ye
Legion of Substitute Wise Fellowes
& al ye Cerebites & ye Angels
& ye women & ye husbandes.



WHEW! THAT'S BETTER... HEH-HEH... CEREBUS' BACK **TEETH** WERE FLOATING......**?**......YOU FINISHED READING **ALL** OF IT? *INCLUDING* THE **SERMON ON THE MOUND OF DEAD LAWYERS?** WOW.

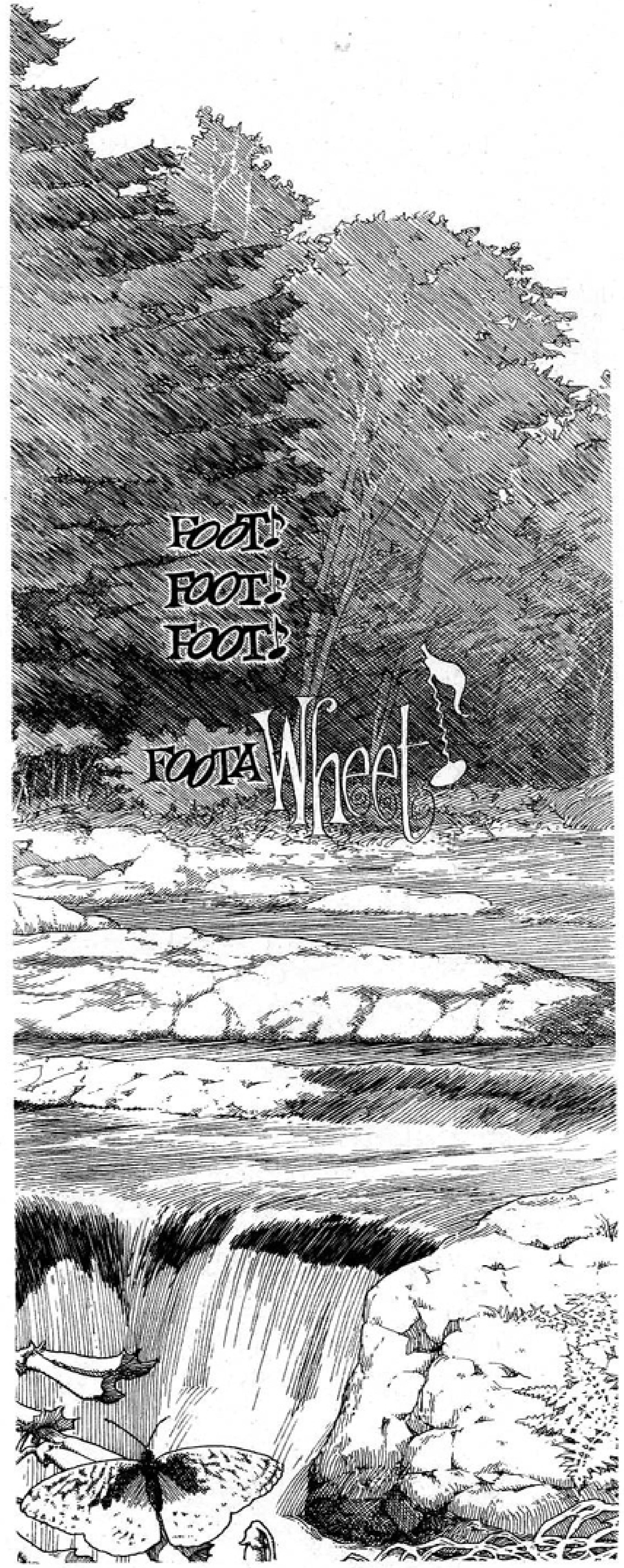
HEH-HEH.....YOU READ **FAST.**

IT WORKED FOR A *WHILE*... BUT THEN SOME GUYS STARTED ACTING LIKE **COMPLETE DICKS**--GOING AROUND KILLING PEOPLE *JUST* BECAUSE CEREBUS SAID THAT THOSE WHO MURDER CLEANLY ARE **BLESSED.**

SO CEREBUS HAD TO INSTITUTE THE **"COMPLETE DICK RULE"**--WHERE ANY TWELVE CEREBITES COULD DECLARE A GUY A **"COMPLETE DICK"** AND BLOW HIS HEAD OFF

CEREBUS BROUGHT IN THE "COMPLETE DICK" RULE ON THE TWELFTH OF WINTERMONTH IN THE YEAR *THREE*, OKAY? *THAT YEAR*, THE CEREBITES BLEW ABOUT A THOUSAND HEADS OFF OF A THOUSAND COMPLETE DICKS.

YEAR **FOUR?** THEY BLEW TWENTY-FIVE HEADS OFF OF TWENTY-FIVE COMPLETE DICKS.



BY THE YEAR **FIVE**, ESTARCION WAS **COMPLETELY** "COMPLETE DICK-"**LESS!**

(WHERE WAS CEREBUS GOING WITH THIS?)

OH RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT. YOUR QUESTION: "WHY DID CEREBUS **STOP** TRYING TO REFORM SOCIETY AFTER THE 'SERMON ON THE MOUND OF DEAD LAWYERS'?"..........THERE **WASN'T** ANYTHING **TO** REFORM! YOU FORGET-- THE *SECOND* "CLEANSING OF THE LAND" TOOK PLACE FORTY DAYS AFTER "THE SERMON ON THE MOUND OF DEAD LAWYERS." YOU KNOW HOW MANY DEVILS, VIPERS AND SCORPIONS SPORE'S SPORES FOUND OVER LITTLE STEVE / QUARTERDAY YEAR ONE / YEAR TWO?...... **NONE! ZIP! ZERO!**..... SAME WITH THE LAWYERS, BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS! AFTER THAT **FIRST** "DEAD LAWYER DAY"? THERE **WEREN'T** ANY MORE LAWYERS! **"REFORM" SOCIETY? HAH!** YOU GET RID OF YOUR...... ≥ahem≤.... YOUR DEVILS, YOUR VIPERS, YOUR SCORPIONS, YOUR LAWYERS, YOUR BARRISTERS, YOUR SOLICITORS......AND MAKE "BEING A **COMPLETE DICK**" A *CAPITAL OFFENCE*, AND YOUR SOCIETY DOESN'T *NEED* REFORMING........WE *PROVED* THAT. LOOK AT IT *THIS* WAY: WITH ANY ONE OF THEM ... *ANY* ONE OF THEM

IT TAKES NINE MONTHS TO "**HATCH**"... AND USUALLY?.... AT **LEAST** EIGHTEEN YEARS TO REACH "**FULL SIZE**," RIGHT? SO NONE OF THEM CAN BREED FAST ENOUGH IF YOU'VE GOT A **REALLY EFFECTIVE** EXTERMINATION PROGRAM IN PLACE.

EVERYTHING JUST...WORKED. GUYS LIKE TO **BUILD** HOUSES BUT MOST OF 'EM ARE HAPPIER **LIVING** IN TAVERNS. WOMEN ARE LOUSY AT **BUILDING** HOUSES BUT THEY **LOVE** HOUSES-- THEY LOVE LIVING IN 'EM, PAINTING 'EM, DECORATING 'EM AND... *ESPECIALLY*... **OWNING** 'EM.... "**MY** HOUSE!" **MEN** THEY CAN DO WITHOUT. GIVE A WOMAN A CHOICE BETWEEN OWNING A **MAN** AND OWNING A **HOUSE**? HEH-HEH "WHAT IS THIS? A *TRICK QUESTION?*" AND GUYS LIKE TO WATCH HOUSES BEING BUILT. THE LONGER THEY WATCH, THE MORE THEY WANT TO *PARTICIPATE*...

SO, PRACTICALLY OVERNIGHT, JUST ABOUT EVERY GUY WAS EITHER BUILDING A HOUSE, LEARNING *HOW* TO BUILD A HOUSE OR *TEACHING* GUYS HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE. AND ONCE ALL THE COMPLETE DICKS WERE GONE, *MOST* GUYS ALTERNATED BETWEEN PERIODS WHEN THEY WERE BUILDING HOUSES (AND GETTING LAID A LOT) AND PERIODS WHEN THEY'D LIVE IN A TAVERN AND GET DRUNK ALL DAY. THE STRONGHOLDS TURNED OUT TO BE A BEDROOM AND A BATHROOM SINCE THAT'S ALL A GUY NEEDS... AND MAYBE ONE OTHER ROOM... FOR HIS *HOBBY* IF HE HAS ONE...... BUT *MOST* GUYS... THEIR HOBBY WAS GOING TO THE TAVERN HEH-HEH SO A *LOT* OF THEM NEVER REALLY *SAW* THEIR STRONGHOLDS MUCH. **MARRIAGE?** ...OH SURE, PEOPLE STILL GOT MARRIED. BUT... BUT...

SEE, THE ONLY THING WOMEN WANT **BESIDES** HOUSES ARE **BABIES** AND BECAUSE YOU WEREN'T ALLOWED TO WORK IF YOU HAD A KID UNTIL THE KID WAS GROWN, THE HUSBANDS WEREN'T A REAL GOOD... ADVERTISEMENT... FOR MARRIAGE: TRAILING AROUND BEHIND THEIR WIVES AND KIDS LOOKING LOST AND DEPRESSED...... GUYS GOT A LOT MORE CAREFUL ABOUT AVOIDING GETTING THE ANGELS AND WOMEN PREGNANT. EIGHTEEN **YEARS** OF NO **BUILDING?** EIGHTEEN **YEARS** OF LIVING IN A TWO-ROOM STRONGHOLD WITH ONLY A **WOMAN** AND A **KID** TO TALK TO?..... THAT WAS A BIG REASON FOR "BLESSED ARE THE STUPID AND DOUBLY BLESSED ARE THE DOUBLY STUPID": THE GUYS WHO WERE STUPID ENOUGH TO BECOME FATHERS.....WELL... AT LEAST THEY WERE **BLESSED**, RIGHT? AND IF THEY WERE CONTENT WITH BEING BLESSED FOR BEING STUPID ...WELL... THAT MEANT THAT THEY WERE **DOUBLY STUPID** AND, THEREFORE... **DOUBLY BLESSED!**.....AND FOR THOSE **FEW** HUSBANDS AND FATHERS WHO **WEREN'T** STUPID ENOUGH TO BE CONTENT WITH THAT? THERE WAS "BLESSED ARE THOSE WHO MURDER CLEANLY"!......IF YOU JUST **CAN'T** MAKE IT THROUGH THE EIGHTEEN YEARS WITH YOUR WIFE WHINING AND NAGGING AND ALWAYS ASKING STUPID QUESTIONS AND MAKING YOUR HEAD POUND AND YOUR STOMACH ACHE AND.... AND....

≥ahem≤

(WHAT WAS THE **OTHER** HALF OF YOUR QUESTION?)

OH RIGHT RIGHT RIGHT..."AND WHAT DID CEREBUS DO FOR THE TWENTY YEARS AFTER HE DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT?"

"DROPPED OUT OF SIGHT." HEH-HEH. YOU MAKE IT *SOUND* AS IF CEREBUS WAS *HIDING* FOR TWENTY YEARS. CEREBUS WASN'T *HIDING*... IT'S JUST THAT *MOST* PEOPLE HAVE NO IDEA WHAT CEREBUS *LOOKS* LIKE. SEE: *MOST DAYS* CEREBUS WOULD GO INTO THE SANCTUARY TO PRAY AND TO LISTEN TO SOMEONE RECITING FROM THE *BOOK OF RICK* OR *THE BOOK OF CEREBUS*. BUT-- *REALLY*--MOST PEOPLE THOUGHT--AND *THINK*!--THAT CEREBUS LOOKS LIKE KOSHIE'S *PAINTINGS*. YOU KNOW: TWO DISEMBODIED THREE-TOED FEET SHIMMERING "WIT' DE-VOINE RAINY-MINTS" AND HOVERING SIX FEET OFF THE GROUND. THAT'S WHO THEY WERE LOOKING FOR IN THE SANCTUARY.......CEREBUS ALWAYS WANTED TO SAY "*PSST. PSST*....... *DOWN HERE*!" HEH-HEH.

MOST DAYS, AFTER PRAYING, CEREBUS WOULD HEAD OUT TO ONE OF THE CONSTRUCTION SITES -- WHEREVER *MOSHIE* WAS AND JUST SPEND ALL DAY WATCHING HIM BUILD A HOUSE....... *MOSHIE* WOULD JUST NOD AND SMILE... AND CEREBUS WOULD NOD AND SMILE BACK... AND THEN MOSHIE'D GO BACK TO WORK... AND NEVER LOOK AT CEREBUS *AGAIN* FOR THE REST OF THE DAY. WHICH WAS *GREAT*........HE *KNEW* CEREBUS WAS ONLY THERE TO WATCH HIM WORK. AND, OF COURSE, NO ONE *ELSE* ON THE SITE KNEW WHO CEREBUS WAS... UNLESS *LOSHIE* WAS THERE.... *REALLY*.... THAT WAS CEREBUS' FAVOURITE THING NEXT TO READING "RABBI"-- WATCHING MOSHIE BUILDING A HOUSE.

"*GO-AND-GET-WHATEVER-HE-WANTS-AS-LONG-AS-IT-AIN'T-LOADED*" WISE FELLOW FOUND CEREBUS *EVERY ISSUE* OF "RABBI"! *THAT* WAS WHEN CEREBUS STARTED *PRAYING* EVERY DAY. HEH-HEH "*PLEASE*, **GOD** *IF THIS IS A DREAM, DON'T LET CEREBUS WAKE UP!*"

WATCHING KOSHIE *PAINT*..... OF COURSE "AVOIDING FORNICATION" WAS A LOT TOUGHER IN KOSHIE'S *STRONGHOLD* THAN IT WAS ON MOSHIE'S *CONSTRUCTION SITE*... HEH-HEH... SO CEREBUS DIDN'T SPEND A *LOT* OF TIME WITH KOSHIE.

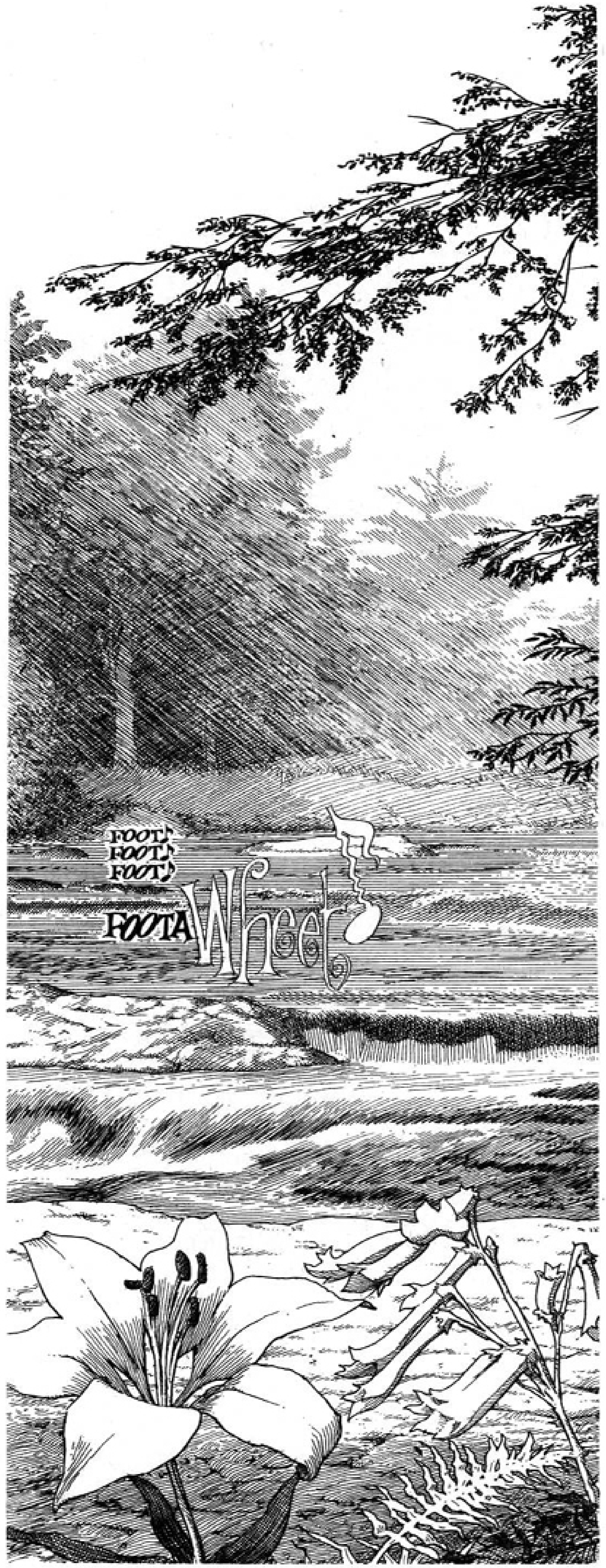
EVERYONE WAS DOING WHAT THEY *WANTED* TO DO *AND* WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE. WITH NO DEVILS OR VIPERS OR SCORPIONS OR LAWYERS OR BARRISTERS OR SOLICITORS OR COMPLETE DICKS IN THE WAY, THE CEREBITES JUST...TOOK CARE OF THINGS... VOTING IN LITTLE GROUPS: FOOD SHORTAGE IN DEHRSION? WHO WANTS TO DELIVER SOME FOOD UP TO DEHRSION? IT WOULD SOUND LIKE FUN TO *SOMEBODY*. THERE AREN'T A LOT OF PEOPLE STILL AROUND WHO WERE ALIVE BACK THEN... BUT ASK *ANYONE* WHO WAS. THEY'LL TELL YOU THE SAME THING: EVERYONE DID WHAT THEY *WANTED* TO DO AND WHAT NEEDED TO BE DONE. *OH!*

BIRD-WATCHING!

HOW COULD CEREBUS FOR*GET BIRD*-WATCHING? HEH-HEH THAT WAS SECOND PLACE *BEHIND* "READING 'RABBI'" BACK IN THE YEAR.... SIX?..... SEVEN, MAYBE?

"*SEE-IF-HE'S-INTERESTED-IN-THIS*" WISE FELLOW... ONE DAY... SENT UP THE GUY WHO ACTUALLY *INVENTED* **DUOCULARS** WITH THE FIRST PAIR **EVER**! WHY DID CEREBUS TAKE TO THEM LIKE A-- Heh-heh "DUCK TO WATER"? *NO* IDEA... BUT FOR... ***LITERALLY***... YEARS ON END "*TAKE-HIM-WHERE-HE-WANTS-TO-GO*" WISE FELLOW WOULD TAKE CEREBUS DOWN TO THE FORESTED AREAS IN THE SOUTH.

SEE-- BACK *THEN*...





YOU *HAD* TO GO PRETTY FAR SOUTH TO FIND ENOUGH WATER... AND TREES... AND UNDERBRUSH FOR *REALLY GOOD* BIRD-WATCHING ON ACCOUNT OF THE AWFUL *DROUGHT*... SEE: DON'T GET CEREBUS *WRONG*. EVERYTHING WASN'T *PERFECT* BACK THEN.... HELL, THE DROUGHT IS A GOOD EXAMPLE. IT WENT ON FOR *YEARS*! THE RED MARCHES*....... HEH. THAT'LL SHOW YOU HOW OLD CEREBUS IS........ THE WESTERN *PLAINS* WERE JUST *BONE DRY*.... *PARCHED*.... *CRACKED*. THERE WASN'T ENOUGH RAIN FROM *SPRINGMONTH* TO THE END OF *STEVE* TO *SLICK YOUR HAIR BACK*!

(WHERE WAS CEREBUS *GOING* WITH THAT?)

RIGHT! BIRD-WATCHING! CEREBUS JUST *COULDN'T* GET *ENOUGH* OF IT. (NEVER MUCH CARED WHAT THE BIRDS WERE *CALLED*. STILL DON'T. HEH-HEH. AS CEREBUS USED TO SAY, CEREBUS IS A BIRD-*WATCHER*... NOT A BIRD *NAME-DROPPER*!) ... IT WAS THE **WINGS** MORE THAN ANYTHING....... THEY LOOKED *JUST* LIKE THE *ANGELS'* **WINGS** IN KOSHIE'S PAINTINGS. WHICH-- HEH-HEH-- WHICH ONLY MADE *SENSE*, YOU KNOW........ SINCE THAT WAS WHAT KOSHIE WAS PAINTING *FROM*. HE ALWAYS HAD BIRDS IN HIS STRONGHOLD... IN *CAGES*. BUT IT JUST WASN'T.... THE SAME..... THEIR WINGS NEVER LOOKED THE SAME IN A CAGE AS THEY DID ***OUTDOORS*** AGAINST THE ***SKY*** AND THE *TREES* AND...

.... OF COURSE NOWADAYS WITH EVERYTHING HAVING GOTTEN SO LUSH AND GREEN AROUND THE SANCTUARY, THERE'S SOME DARNED GOOD BIRD-WATCHING *RIGHT OUTSIDE* THAT DOOR... JUST A WAYS DOWN TWO-MILE ROAD........ *ESPECIALLY* IN THE *SPRINGMONTH* RIGHT AROUND THE FORTIETH TO THE FORTY-SIXTH

BUT... WAY BACK *WHEN*... DURING THAT AWFUL DROUGHT ... AS CEREBUS *SAID*... YOU HAD TO GO AS FAR SOUTH AS WHERE *PALNU*... USED TO BE.

OF COURSE CEREBUS NEVER *STAYED* DOWN THERE. ....*COULD* HAVE....... JUST GONE TO A NICE TAVERN AND TAKEN OVER THE *BARTENDER'S* APARTMENT FOR THE NIGHT.... THE WAY THAT..... CEREBUS AND ** AND.... *OTHER*... FAMOUS PEOPLE DO.

BUT... FOR *SOME* REASON... HEH-HEH.... CEREBUS *ALWAYS* WANTED TO HEAD BACK TO THE

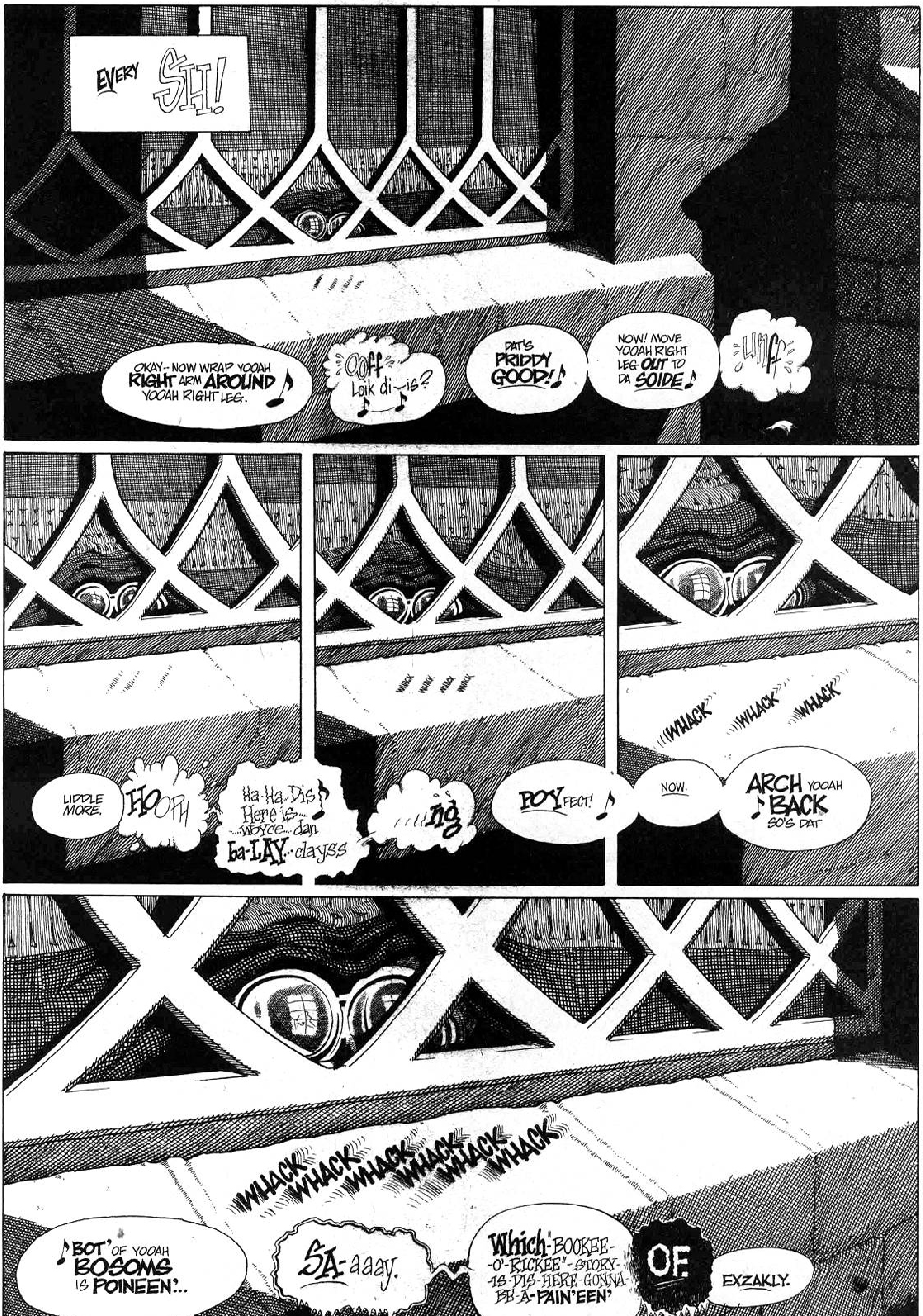
(WHOA WHOA WHOA)

("FOR **SOME** REASON"?)

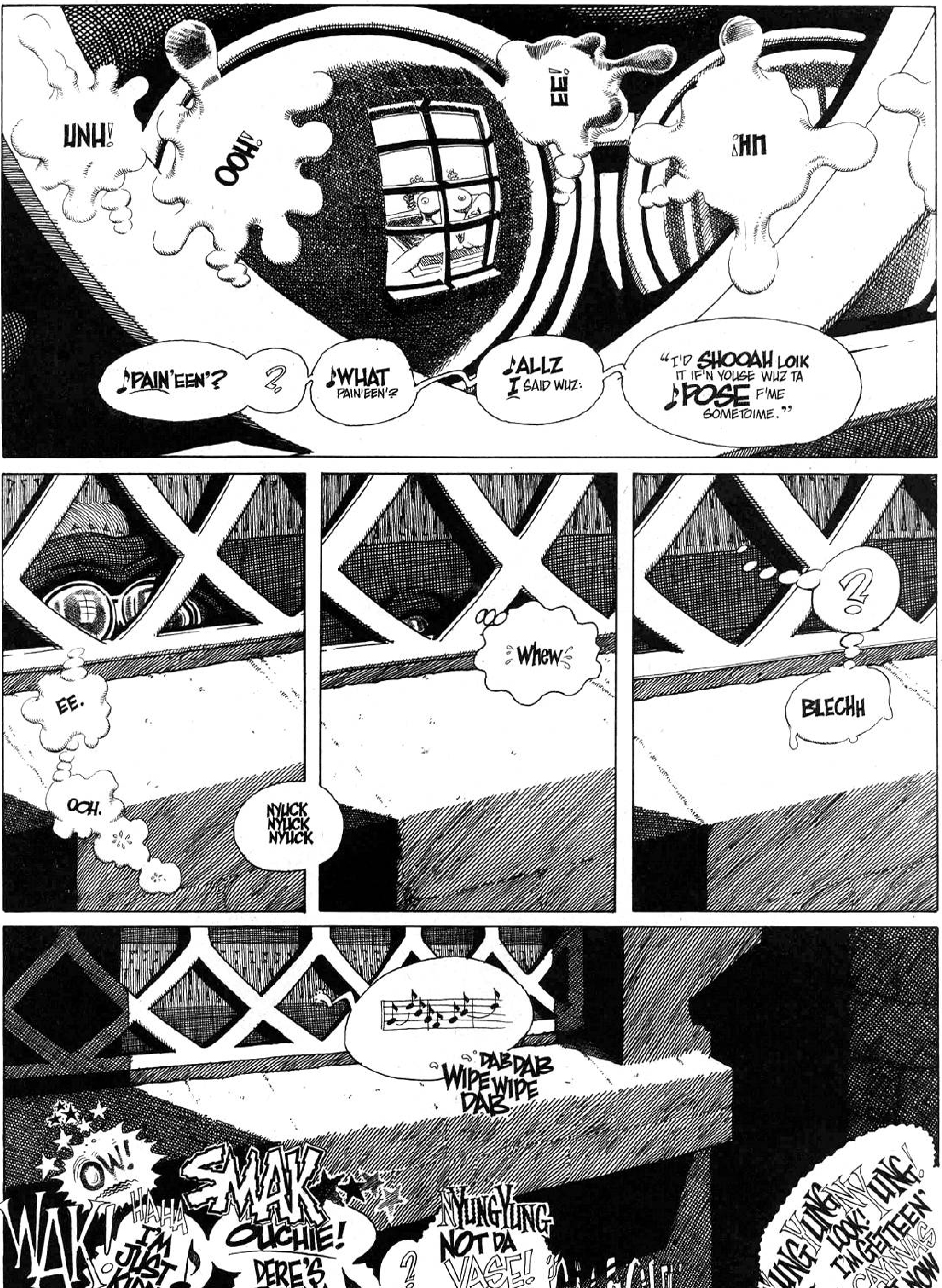
SH!

(THERE'S ONLY **ONE** REASON CEREBUS **HAD** TO BE BACK IN THE SANCTUARY **EVERY**)

SH!



EVERY SH!
OKAY-- NOW WRAP YOOAH RIGHT ARM AROUND YOOAH RIGHT LEG.
Ooff Loik di-is?
DAT'S PRIDDY GOOD!
NOW! MOVE YOOAH RIGHT LEG OUT TO DA SOIDE
unf
LIDDLE MORE.
HOOPH
Ha-Ha-Dis Here is... woyce... dan ba-LAY... clayss
ng
WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK
POYFECT!
WHACK WHACK WHACK
NOW.
ARCH YOOAH BACK SO'S DAT
WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK WHACK
BOT' OF YOOAH BOSOMS IS POINEEN'..
SA-aaay.
Which "BOOKEE-O'-RICKEE"-STORY-IS-DIS-HERE-GONNA-BE-A-PAIN'EEN'
OF
EXZAKLY.


UNH!
OOH!
EE!
♪PAIN'EEN'?
?
♪WHAT PAIN'EEN'?
♪ALLZ I SAID WUZ:
"I'D SHOOAH LOIK IT IF'N YOUSE WUZ TA ♪POSE F'ME SOMETOIME."
EE.
OOH.
NYUCK NYUCK NYUCK
Whew
?
BLECHH
DAB DAB WIPE WIPE DAB WIPE DAB
OW!
WAK!
HAHA I'M JUST KIDDEEN'
SMAK
OUCHIE! DERE'S GONNA BE A PAIN'EEN!
?
NYUNG YUNG NOT DA VASE! DAT'S A FAMBLY HAIRY-
SMASH
LOOMY
NYUNG YUNG NYUNG! LOOK! I'M GETTEEN' A CAYNVAS RIGHT NOW
WOOP WOOP WOOP WOOP

SORRY. HEH-HEH -- CEREBUS WAS DAY-DREAMING THERE FOR A MINUTE.... SO.... *AYE*.... THAT WAS ABOUT *IT*: WATCHING MOSHIE BUILDING *HOUSES*, RE-READING "RABBI", PRAYING..... *BIRD-WATCHING*. THE DAYS AND WEEKS AND MONTHS AND YEARS JUST *FLEW* BY.

IN FACT, THE NEXT (YOU KNOW) **EVENT** WASN'T UNTIL THE "**10:13 CRISIS**" IN THE YEAR TWELVE...

...WHICH STARTED WITH THE ARRIVAL OF A LETTER FROM THE "QUASI-NATION AND/OR DOMINION OF NORTHERN ISSHURIA" ADDRESSED TO "CEREBUS -- OF THE SANCTUARY AND OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH -- AND TO THE THREE WISE FELLOWS." "*DEAREST SIRS*," (IT BEGAN) "*IT IS WITH SINCEREST REGRET THAT WE HEREBY ADVISE YOU OF OUR INTENTION OF BEHAVING TOWARDS YOU IN A LESS-THAN-COMPLETELY-AMICABLE FASHION AND TO FURTHER SUGGEST TO YOU THAT AN UNINTENDED RESULT OF THIS MIGHT BE A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF UNPLEASANTNESS FOR WHICH WE (IN NO UNCERTAIN TERMS) APOLOGIZE IN ADVANCE. WE EARNESTLY IMPLORE YOU TO CONSIDER (AT YOUR CONVENIENCE) THAT IT WAS THE GOVERNMENT OF NORTHERN ISSHURIA WHICH WAS THE FIRST OF ANY INDEPENDENT QUASI-NATION OR DOMINION TO VOTE FOR OFFICIAL RECOGNITION OF THE LEGITIMACY OF YOUR CLAIM TO BE OF THE SANCTUARY AND OF THE SEAT OF TRUTH.*"

(CEREBUS WAS **AMAZED!** HE HAD **NO** IDEA THAT THERE **WERE** ANY INDEPENDENT NATIONS -- LET ALONE THAT THEY **VOTED** ON THINGS!)

"*HOPING THAT THIS COMMUNICATION FINDS YOU IN GOOD HEALTH, WE AGAIN EXPRESS TO YOU OUR SINCEREST APOLOGIES FOR WHAT COULD WELL BE AN ILL-ADVISED AND IMPETUOUS UNDERTAKING ON OUR PART TO WHICH, WE BELIEVE (PERHAPS MISTAKENLY) YOU HAVE LEFT US NO ALTERNATIVE,*" (IT CONCLUDED), "*VERY SINCERELY YOURS, ETC. ETC.*"

("**GOOD** HEALTH"? "ILL-ADVISED **AND** IMPETUOUS"? FOR NORTHERN ISSHURIANS, THAT WAS THE SAME AS **FOAMING AT THE MOUTH!**)

WHEN WORD CAME THAT LITERALLY **DOZENS** OF NORTHERN ISSHURIANS HAD BEEN SIGHTED MARCHING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE **SANCTUARY**, CEREBUS ORDERED MOSHIE, LOSHIE AND KOSHIE TO SADDLE UP THE THREE WISE HORSES SO WE COULD RIDE OUT AND "HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE PASS!" WOOP! WOOP! WOOP! WOOP!

NOT THAT THERE WAS ANY **PHYSICAL** DANGER. THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS HAD OUTLAWED GUNS, HUNTING-LODGES, KNIVES, FORKS, "NEEDLESSLY SHARP" SPOONS (AS WELL AS "*SPEAKING TO CHILDREN, ANIMALS AND/OR PLANTS IN A TONE OF VOICE TENDING TO INDUCE A STATE OF ALARM*") IN THE YEAR FOUR (JUST *ONE* OF MANY LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS CEREBUS LEARNED FROM READING A COPY OF **The Not-Actually-REVISED-So-Much-As-FURTHER-CLARIFIED LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT NORTHERN ISSHURIA GUIDE (Oh-Not-At-All-the-Pleasure-Was-Entirely-Our-Own-We-Assure-You)** WHICH "SEE IF HE'S INTERESTED IN THIS" WISE FELLOW RUSTLED UP FROM SOMEWHERE FOR CEREBUS TO READ ON THE TRIP NORTH)

NAY. THE BIGGEST CONCERN (AS ALWAYS) IN DEALING WITH THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS (AS ALWAYS) WAS JUST *FINDING-OUT* **WHAT** (IN THE HECK) THEY WERE SO **DARNED UPSET ABOUT THIS** TIME. THEY WERE SO QUIET AND POLITE USUALLY THAT WHENEVER THEY *DID* GET UPSET, YOU COULD BE SURE OF ONLY **ONE** THING: *SOMEONE ELSE BESIDES THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS WAS TO BLAME AND SOMEBODY BETTER* **FIX** *IT BEFORE EVERYONE IN ESTARCION JUST COLLAPSED UNDER THE* **SHEER WEIGHT** *of* **COLLECTIVE GUILT** WHICH RESULTED FROM **KNOWING** THAT SOME**ONE**, SOME**WHERE** HAD DONE SOME**THING** TO **UPSET** THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS

WE ACTUALLY ENDED UP HAVING TO CAMP ON THE WESTERN PLAINS FOR THE BETTER PART OF THREE WEEKS JUST BECAUSE CEREBUS MADE THE MISTAKE OF *INVITING* THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS TO THE SANCTUARY (TO DISCUSS WHATEVER IT WAS THAT THEY WERE SO *UPSET* ABOUT) INSTEAD OF LETTING THEM *MARCH ON* THE SANCTUARY AND THEN *LETTING THEM* IN WHEN THEY GOT THERE: "OH, NO.... WE COULDN'T *POSSIBLY!* NONONONO -- WE'D JUST BE *PUTTING YOU OUT!* THANK YOU ALL THE SAME, BUT, ALL THINGS CONSIDERED IT'S PROBABLY FOR THE BEST IF WE JUST TURN RIGHT AROUND AND GO HOME AND STOP BEING SUCH A BOTHER... WE'D JUST BE KEEPING YOU FROM SOMETHING *IMPORTANT*. THANK YOU, ANYWAY."

THREE WEEKS LATER, HAVING SIGNED THE "**BILATERAL ASSURANCE PACT**" SPECIFYING THAT WE HAD PLENTY OF ROOM AND THAT IT WAS -- REALLY -- CROSS-OUR-HEARTS-AND-HOPE-TO-DIE NO TROUBLE AT ALL AND WE'D ONLY BE "PUT OUT" IF THEY **DIDN'T** COME -- AND HAVING FINALLY GOTTEN THEM **TO** THE SANCTUARY, KOSHIE OVERHEARD ONE OF THEM SAY TO ANOTHER ONE OF THEM, "DO YOU THINK THEY'RE JUST PRETENDING NOT TO KNOW THAT THIS IS ABOUT **RICK 10:13?**" AND KOSHIE (OF COURSE) SAYS, "RICK 10:13? WHAT **ABOUT** RICK 10:13?"

SO THE GUY TURNS **BEET RED** FROM EMBARRASSMENT AND *HURLS HIMSELF* THROUGH THE NEAREST WINDOW -- PLUNGING SIX OR SEVEN STORIES TO HIS DEATH ON THE COURTYARD FLAGSTONES BELOW

A TRAGEDY? FOR SURE! BUT! AT LEAST WE FINALLY HAD A **CLUE!**



SO THEN **ALL** OF OUR GUYS WERE *PORING OVER* OUR COPIES OF THE "**LITTLE-KNOWN FACTS ABOUT NORTHERN ISSHURIA GUIDE**" AND READING (AND **RE**-READING AND *RE-RE*-READING) RICK 10:13, TRYING TO FIGURE OUT **WHAT** THE PROBLEM WAS......

..... FINALLY, ABOUT A WEEK LATER, CEREBUS FIGURED IT OUT. SO HE GATHERED ALL OF THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS TOGETHER AND *SAID* TO THEM:

"IT'S BECAUSE RICK PUT **FIVE-BAR-GATE THIRD -- AFTER** FOOD AND DRINK, *ISN'T* IT?"

FIVE OF THEM RAN TO THE NEAREST WINDOW AND *LEAPT* TO THEIR DEATHS. *SIX* OF THEM HAD HEART ATTACKS AND JUST UP AND DIED RIGHT THERE ON THE *SPOT*.... AND THE REST OF 'EM JUST MADE THESE HORRIBLE **WHEEZING** AND **RATTLING** NOISES (TRYING NOT TO CRY) SO THAT TOLD CEREBUS THAT HE HAD PRETTY MUCH HIT THE NAIL ON THE HEAD.

"WELL, SORRY, GUYS," (CEREBUS SAID), "IT'S **SCRIPTURE!** CEREBUS CAN'T JUST **CHANGE** PART OF THE BOOK of RICK JUST BECAUSE IT *UPSETS* A BUNCH OF NORTHERN ISSHURIANS," (ADDING) (WHEN THEY ALL STARTED LOOKING REALLY HURT), "EVEN THOUGH NORTHERN ISSHURIANS ARE **SUPER-NICE PEOPLE!**" (WHEN **THAT** MADE THEM LOOK A LOT *LESS* HURT, CEREBUS) (REMEMBERING THE "LITTLE-KNOWN WAYS TO *FLATTER* NORTHERN ISSHURIANS" CHAPTER) (ADDED:) "**WORLD-CLASS SUPER-NICE PEOPLE!**"

CEREBUS *SHOULD*'VE READ THE FOOTNOTE UNDER THE "WORLD CLASS" REFERENCE: "*WARNING! REFERRING TO A NORTHERN ISSHURIAN AS 'WORLD CLASS' CAUSES THE CITIZENS OF THAT QUASI-NATION TO BOND WITH THE SPEAKER OF THAT REFERENCE IMMEDIATELY AND PERMANENTLY! DO NOT USE THE TERM WORLD CLASS UNLESS YOU ARE PREPARED TO ENTER INTO AN INDISSOLUBLE COMMITTED RELATIONSHIP WITH HIM, HER OR THEM.*"

SURE ENOUGH, SIX MONTHS LATER *NOT ONE* OF THE NORTHERN ISSHURIANS HAD SHOWN THE *SLIGHTEST* INTENTION OF *LEAVING* THE SANCTUARY (*INCLUDING* THE PRIME MINISTER AND MOST OF HIS CABINET)

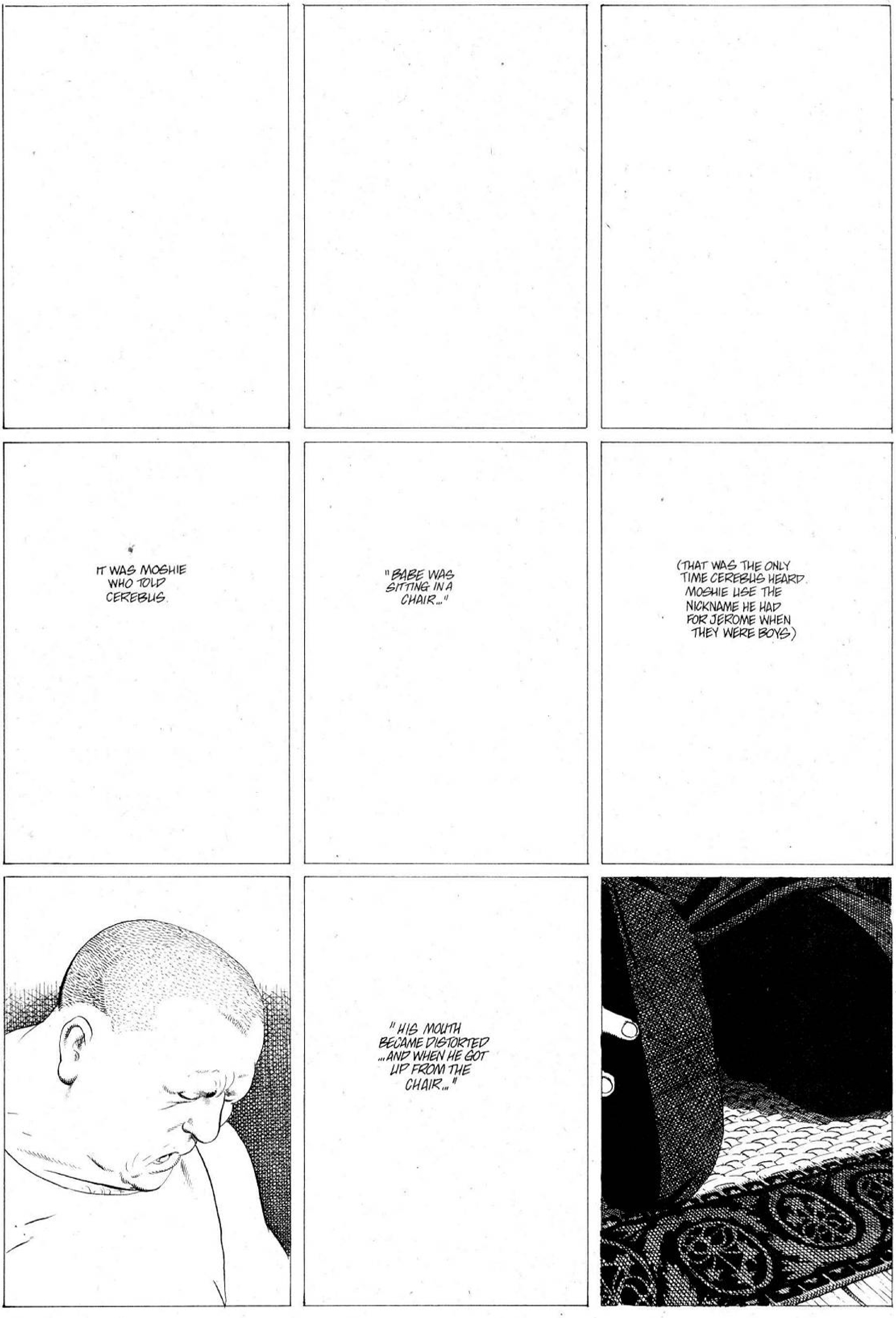
FINALLY, CEREBUS HAD TO GET KOSHIE TO PAINT A BIG PICTURE OF A BUNCH OF THEM -- EACH WEARING HIS FAVOURITE FIVE-BAR-GATE PLAYER'S SWEATER...




NANANYA
NANANA NEE
NANYANANA NYA
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH
SKTCH SKTCTCHTCHTCH
SKTCH?


NAAAA
NEEEEEE
NaNa
SKTCHA SKTCHA SKTCHA
SKTCH?
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCHA
SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH SKTCH
TOMMY
abc
24 PACK
...AND THEN HIRE A GUY TO WALK BACKWARD TO NORTHERN ISSHURIA HOLDING IT UP IN FRONT OF THEM


THE NEXT EVENT...?
AFTER THE
"10:13 CRISIS".....?
THAT WOULD BE THE
FIFTY-NINTH OF
SPRINGMONTH IN
THE YEAR EIGHTEEN.
THAT
WAS THE
DAY...
KOSHIE
HAD HIS
STROKE.

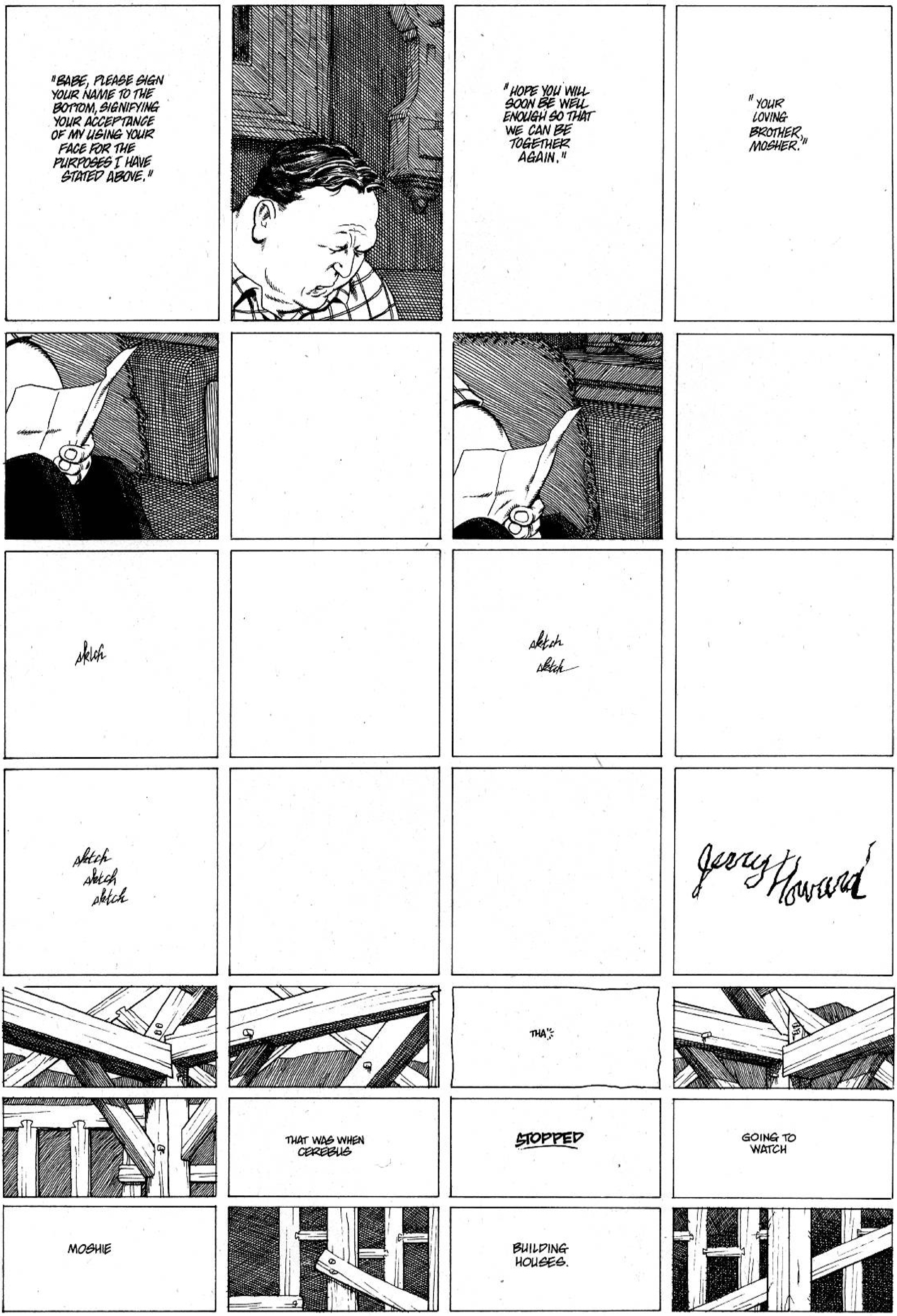

IT WAS MOSHIE WHO TOLD CEREBUS.
"BABE WAS SITTING IN A CHAIR..."
(THAT WAS THE ONLY TIME CEREBUS HEARD MOSHIE USE THE NICKNAME HE HAD FOR JEROME WHEN THEY WERE BOYS)
"HIS MOUTH BECAME DISTORTED ...AND WHEN HE GOT UP FROM THE CHAIR..."


"...HE FELL TO HIS KNEES..."
(IT WAS ALSO THE ONLY TIME CEREBUS HEARD MOSHIE NOT USE THE "BOOK OF RICK" LANGUAGE)
CEREBUS WAS SURPRISED WHEN JEROME'S HAIR STARTED GROWING BACK IN.
(CEREBUS HADN'T KNOWN THAT HE HAD BEEN SHAVING IT OFF ALL ALONG)
AND EVEN MORE SURPRISED WHEN JEROME GOT MARRIED ...FOR THE FOURTH TIME!
(CEREBUS HADN'T KNOWN THAT HE HAD BEEN MARRIED EVEN ONCE)
HIS WIFE'S NAME WAS VALERIE. (LATER
IN THE YEAR EIGHTEEN)
MOSHIE SENT HIM A LETTER.

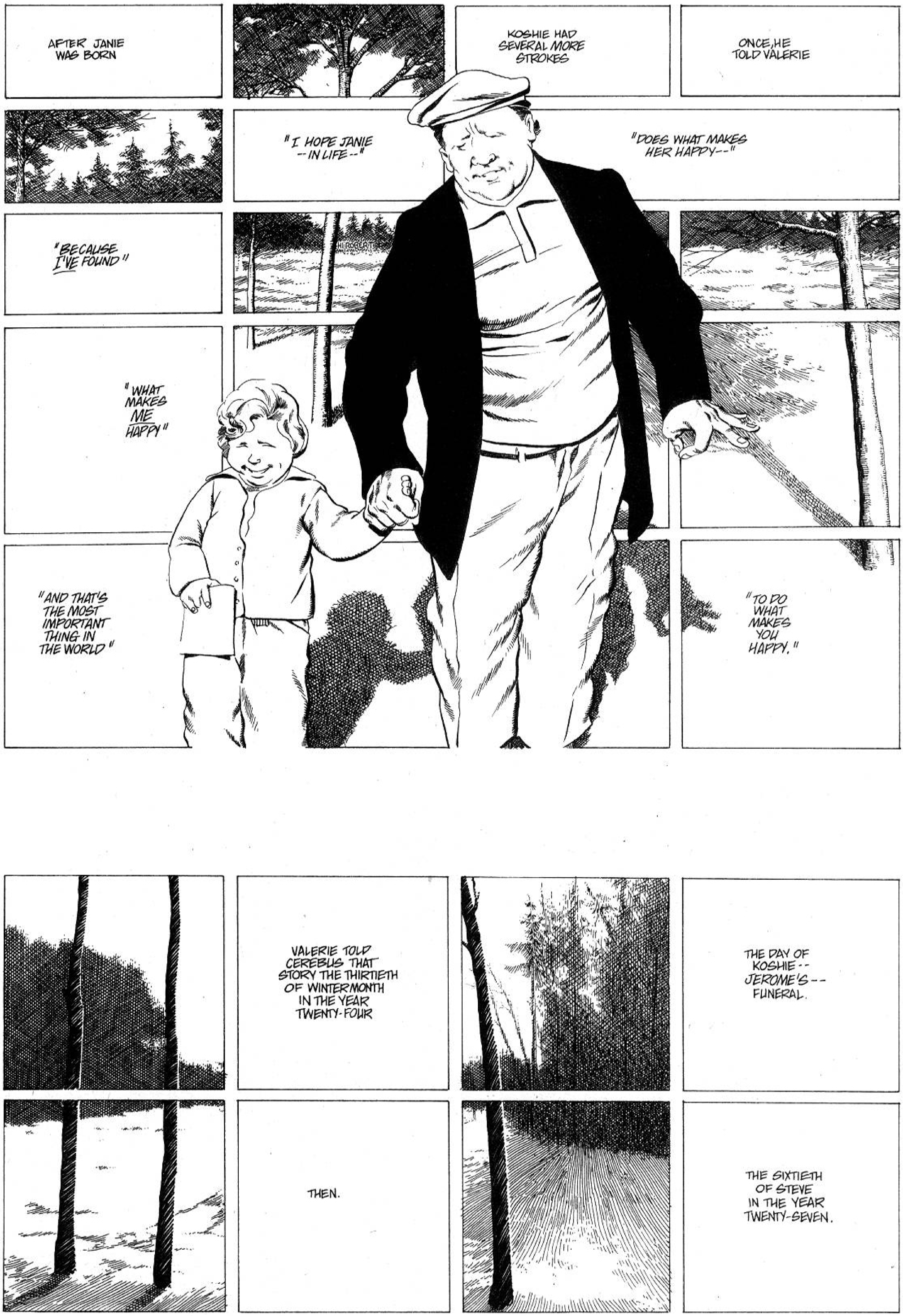

"DEAR BRO. BABE" (IT READ)
"I TRUST YOU ARE FEELING BETTER AT THIS WRITING."
"IT MIGHT ENCOURAGE YOU AND- IN A WAY- DELIGHT YOU TO KNOW THAT BROTHER SHEM WAS AGREEABLE TO STEP INTO YOUR BOOTS."
("DELIGHT YOU"? THOUGHT CEREBUS.)
"UNTIL SUCH TIME AS YOU ARE WELL ENOUGH TO RETURN TO THE TRIO."
"IT MAY FURTHER DELIGHT YOU TO KNOW THAT I HAVE MADE ARRANGEMENTS WITH SHEM AND LOSHIE SO THAT, DURING YOUR ILLNESS YOU WILL RECEIVE 150 CROWNS A WEEK TO ASSIST YOU"
"FOR A TIME"
"TOWARDS THE EXTRAORDINARY MEDICAL EXPENSES THAT YOU HAVE AND ARE STILL INCURRING."

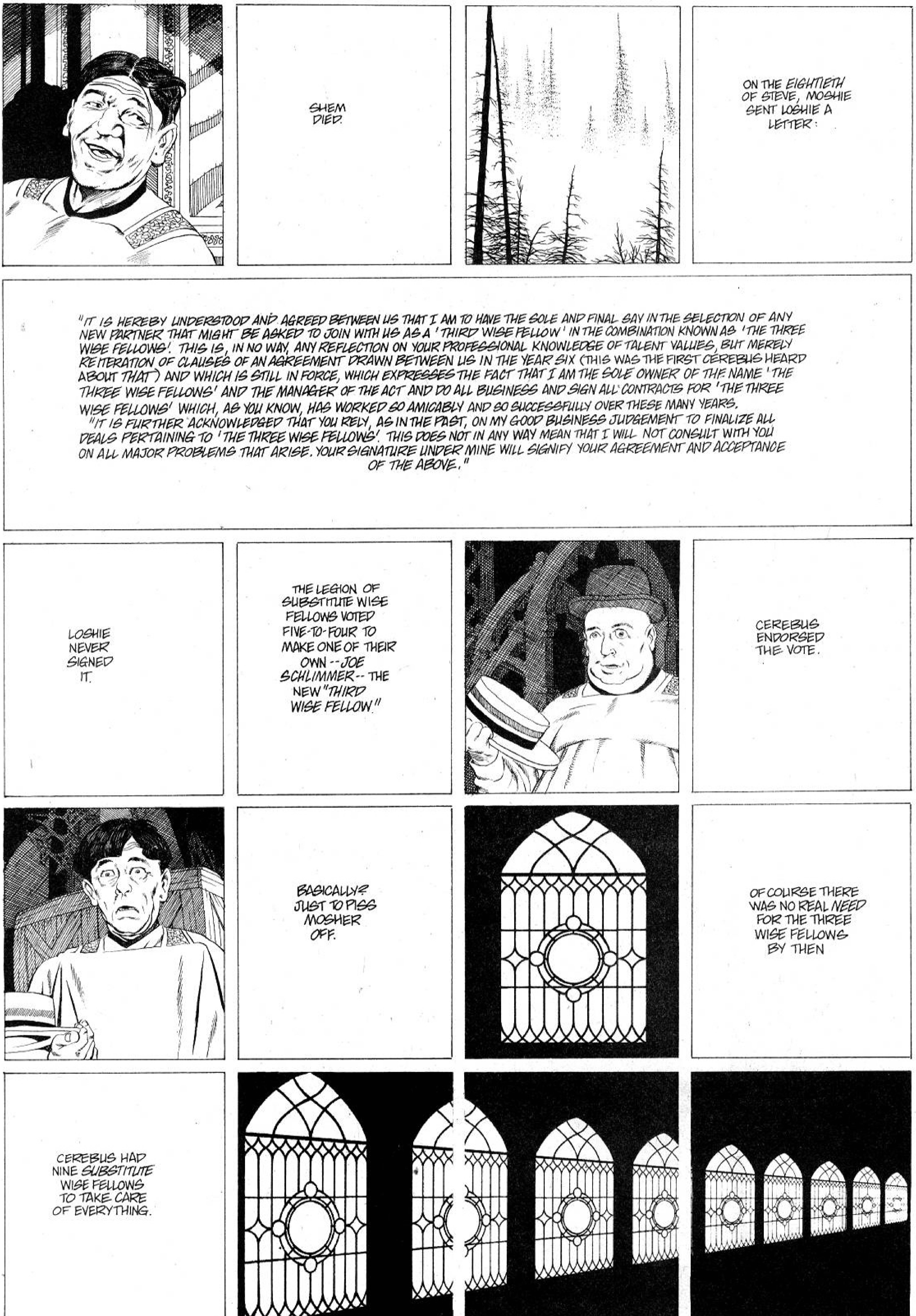


" AND FURTHER"
" IN VIEW OF THE FACT THAT SHEM IS NOW OPERATING WITH US IN YOUR PLACE"
" I WILL NEED FROM YOU, BY YOUR SIGNATURE UNDERNEATH ATTESTING TO THE FACT THAT YOU GIVE ME"
" AS OWNER OF THE THREE WISE FELLOWS"
" THE PERPETUAL RIGHTS TO USE PICTURES OF YOUR FACE FOR ALL FUTURE ADVERTISING, COMMERCIAL TIE-INS, MERCHANDISING"
" AND ANY OTHER WAY NEEDED AND THE RIGHT TO ASSIGN THESE RIGHTS TO OTHERS IF AND WHEN THE NEED MAY ARISE."
" LOSHIE AND I MISS YOU VERY MUCH AND WE ARE HOPING AND PRAYING"
" TO HAVE YOU BACK WITH US SOON NOW."

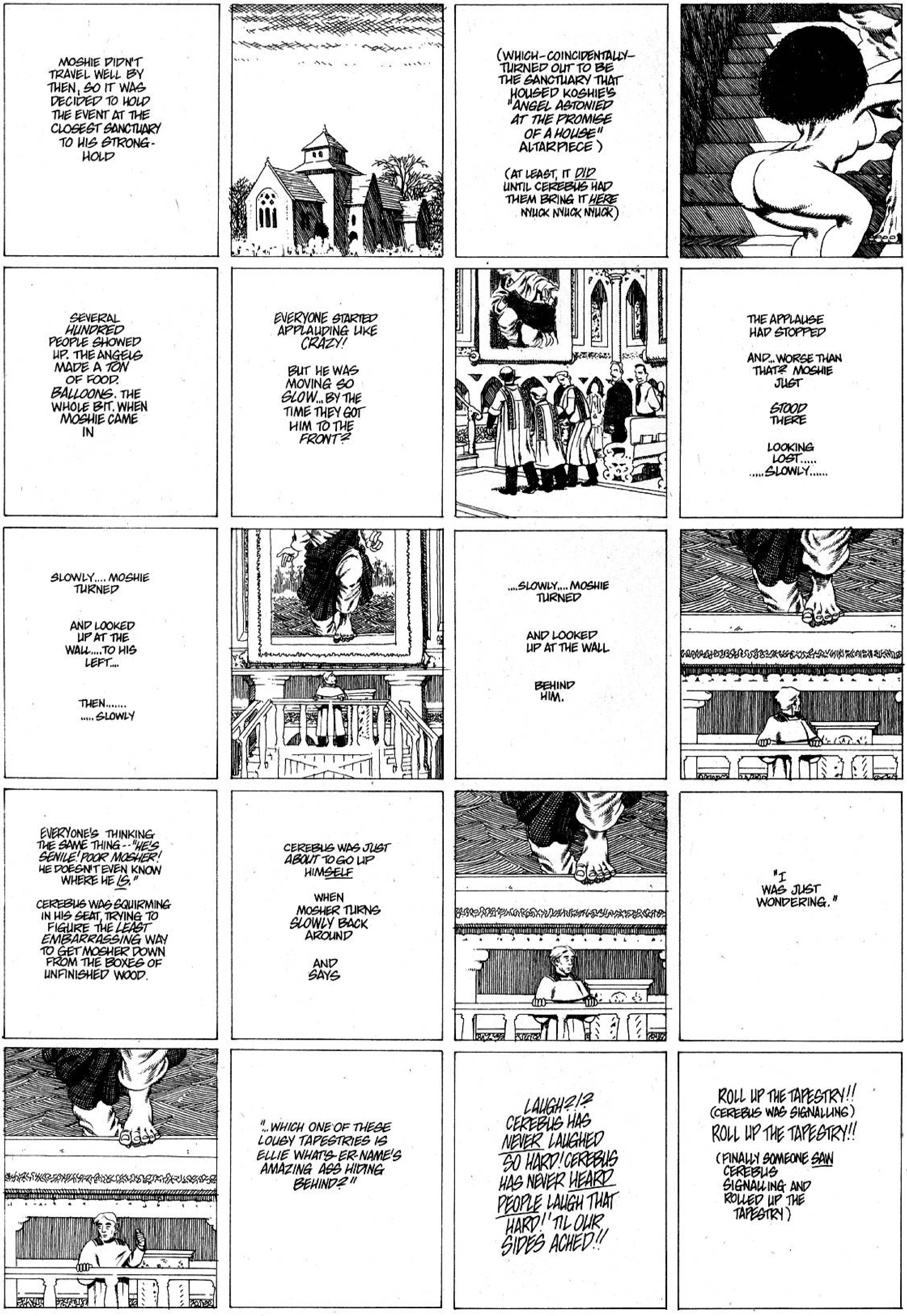

"BABE, PLEASE SIGN YOUR NAME TO THE BOTTOM, SIGNIFYING YOUR ACCEPTANCE OF MY USING YOUR FACE FOR THE PURPOSES I HAVE STATED ABOVE."
"HOPE YOU WILL SOON BE WELL ENOUGH SO THAT WE CAN BE TOGETHER AGAIN."
"YOUR LOVING BROTHER, MOSHER."
sketch
sketch
sketch
sketch
sketch
sketch
Jerry Howard
THA
THAT WAS WHEN CEREBUS
STOPPED
GOING TO WATCH
MOSHIE
BUILDING HOUSES.


BY THE YEAR TWENTY
THE PAYMENTS HAD DWINDLED.
"I FELT AT THAT TIME"
(MOSHIE SAID)
"THAT I COULDN'T AFFORD TO MAKE SUCH WEEKLY PAYMENTS."
"SHEM STOPPED SOONER THAN I DID."
"AND SO DID LOSHIE"
SHEM QUICKLY FIT IN...
EVEN THOUGH HE HAD BEEN AWAY FOR FIFTEEN YEARS.
(SHEM HAD BEEN THE *ORIGINAL* THIRD WISE FELLOW--*BEFORE* KOSHIE.)
(CEREBUS HADN'T KNOWN THAT.)
JEROME AND VALERIE HAD A BABY GIRL.
THEY NAMED JANIE.


AFTER JANIE WAS BORN
KOSHIE HAD SEVERAL MORE STROKES
ONCE, HE TOLD VALERIE
"I HOPE JANIE --IN LIFE--"
"DOES WHAT MAKES HER HAPPY--"
"BECAUSE I'VE FOUND"
"WHAT MAKES ME HAPPY"
"AND THAT'S THE MOST IMPORTANT THING IN THE WORLD"
"TO DO WHAT MAKES YOU HAPPY."
VALERIE TOLD CEREBUS THAT STORY THE THIRTIETH OF WINTERMONTH IN THE YEAR TWENTY-FOUR
THE DAY OF KOSHIE--JEROME'S--FUNERAL.
THEN.
THE SIXTIETH OF STEVE IN THE YEAR TWENTY-SEVEN.


SHEM DIED.
ON THE EIGHTIETH OF STEVE, MOSHIE SENT LOSHIE A LETTER:
"IT IS HEREBY UNDERSTOOD AND AGREED BETWEEN US THAT I AM TO HAVE THE SOLE AND FINAL SAY IN THE SELECTION OF ANY NEW PARTNER THAT MIGHT BE ASKED TO JOIN WITH US AS A 'THIRD WISE FELLOW' IN THE COMBINATION KNOWN AS 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS'. THIS IS, IN NO WAY, ANY REFLECTION ON YOUR PROFESSIONAL KNOWLEDGE OF TALENT VALUES, BUT MERELY REITERATION OF CLAUSES OF AN AGREEMENT DRAWN BETWEEN US IN THE YEAR SIX (THIS WAS THE FIRST CEREBUS HEARD ABOUT THAT) AND WHICH IS STILL IN FORCE, WHICH EXPRESSES THE FACT THAT I AM THE SOLE OWNER OF THE NAME 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS' AND THE MANAGER OF THE ACT AND DO ALL BUSINESS AND SIGN ALL CONTRACTS FOR 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS' WHICH, AS YOU KNOW, HAS WORKED SO AMICABLY AND SO SUCCESSFULLY OVER THESE MANY YEARS.
"IT IS FURTHER ACKNOWLEDGED THAT YOU RELY, AS IN THE PAST, ON MY GOOD BUSINESS JUDGEMENT TO FINALIZE ALL DEALS PERTAINING TO 'THE THREE WISE FELLOWS'. THIS DOES NOT IN ANY WAY MEAN THAT I WILL NOT CONSULT WITH YOU ON ALL MAJOR PROBLEMS THAT ARISE. YOUR SIGNATURE UNDER MINE WILL SIGNIFY YOUR AGREEMENT AND ACCEPTANCE OF THE ABOVE."
LOSHIE NEVER SIGNED IT.
THE LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE WISE FELLOWS VOTED FIVE-TO-FOUR TO MAKE ONE OF THEIR OWN -- JOE SCHLIMMER -- THE NEW "THIRD WISE FELLOW."
CEREBUS ENDORSED THE VOTE.
BASICALLY? JUST TO PISS MOSHER OFF.
OF COURSE THERE WAS NO REAL NEED FOR THE THREE WISE FELLOWS BY THEN
CEREBUS HAD NINE SUBSTITUTE WISE FELLOWS TO TAKE CARE OF EVERYTHING.


THAT DIDN'T STOP MOSHIE OF COURSE
WHEN SCHLIMMER LEFT
HE BROUGHT IN "KOSHIE JOE."
SERIOUSLY. "KOSHIE JOE"
IN THE YEAR THIRTY-NINE LOSHIE'S WIFE MABEL DIED.
AND IN THE YEAR FORTY-ONE, LOSHIE HAD HIS STROKE AND RETIRED.
THEN HE HAD A SECOND STROKE IN FORTY-SIX
AND—TWO MONTHS LATER—A MASSIVE STROKE THAT PUT HIM IN A COMA.
TWO WEEKS LATER, LOSHIE DIED.
TWENTY-SIXTH OF WINTERMONTH IN FORTY-SEVEN
MOSHIE IMMEDIATELY STARTED LOOKING FOR A REPLACEMENT.
NYUCK! NYUCK! NYUCK!
HEH HEH HEH. NAY. THAT'S NOT TRUE. ....WELL.... HEH.... NOT ENTIRELY TRUE, ANYWAY.
KOFF KOFF
WORD GOT AROUND THAT MOSHIE HAD LUNG CANCER, SO SOMEONE SUGGESTED
WE SHOULD HAVE A TRIBUTE TO THE "LAST OF THE ORIGINAL WISE FELLOWS"


MOSHIE DIDN'T TRAVEL WELL BY THEN, SO IT WAS DECIDED TO HOLD THE EVENT AT THE CLOSEST SANCTUARY TO HIS STRONG-HOLD
(WHICH-COINCIDENTALLY-TURNED OUT TO BE THE SANCTUARY THAT HOUSED KOSHIE'S "ANGEL ASTONIED AT THE PROMISE OF A HOUSE" ALTARPIECE)
(AT LEAST, IT DID UNTIL CEREBUS HAD THEM BRING IT HERE NYUCK NYUCK NYUCK)
SEVERAL HUNDRED PEOPLE SHOWED UP. THE ANGELS MADE A TON OF FOOD. BALLOONS. THE WHOLE BIT. WHEN MOSHIE CAME IN
EVERYONE STARTED APPLAUDING LIKE CRAZY!
BUT HE WAS MOVING SO SLOW... BY THE TIME THEY GOT HIM TO THE FRONT?
THE APPLAUSE HAD STOPPED
AND... WORSE THAN THAT? MOSHIE JUST
STOOD THERE
LOOKING LOST.....
.....SLOWLY......
SLOWLY.... MOSHIE TURNED
AND LOOKED UP AT THE WALL.... TO HIS LEFT....
THEN.......
..... SLOWLY
....SLOWLY.... MOSHIE TURNED
AND LOOKED UP AT THE WALL
BEHIND HIM.
EVERYONE'S THINKING THE SAME THING -- "HE'S SENILE! POOR MOSHER! HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE HE IS."
CEREBUS WAS SQUIRMING IN HIS SEAT, TRYING TO FIGURE THE LEAST EMBARRASSING WAY TO GET MOSHER DOWN FROM THE BOXES OF UNFINISHED WOOD.
CEREBUS WAS JUST ABOUT TO GO UP HIMSELF
WHEN MOSHER TURNS SLOWLY BACK AROUND
AND SAYS
"I WAS JUST WONDERING."
"... WHICH ONE OF THESE LOUSY TAPESTRIES IS ELLIE WHAT'S-ER-NAME'S AMAZING ASS HIDING BEHIND?"
LAUGH?!? CEREBUS HAS NEVER LAUGHED SO HARD! CEREBUS HAS NEVER HEARD PEOPLE LAUGH THAT HARD!! 'TIL OUR SIDES ACHED!!
ROLL UP THE TAPESTRY!!
(CEREBUS WAS SIGNALLING)
ROLL UP THE TAPESTRY!!
(FINALLY SOMEONE SAW CEREBUS SIGNALLING AND ROLLED UP THE TAPESTRY)


SO THEN SOMEBODY GETS MOSHIE A CHAIR AND THEY START THE SPEECHES AND PRESENTATIONS, SEE?
ONLY, MIDWAY THROUGH THE FIRST SPEECH... SLOOOWLY MOSHIE'S HEAD TURNS... TO LOOK AT ELLIE WHAT'SERNAME'S AMAZING ASS.
AND EVERYONE BREAKS OUT LAUGHING ALL OVER AGAIN! AND IT TAKES (WHOEVER IT WAS) FOREVER TO GET THROUGH HIS SPEECH, RIGHT?
AND MOSHIE DOES THE SAME THING TO THE NEXT GUY... AND THE NEXT GUY HAHAHA! HERE'S ALL THESE PEOPLE TRYING TO SAY NICE THINGS ABOUT HIM "AN INSPIRATION"..."A PARAGON"...
AND SLOOOOOWLY MOSHIE'S HEAD WOULD TURN AND YOU COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING FOR THE LAUGHTER.
THEN? THEN UNCLE MILTY GETS UP (YOU KNOW.... UNCLE MILTY? NO. THAT'S RIGHT. YOU'RE TOO YOUNG.) SEE: THE THING IS..... NOBODY UPSTAGES UNCLE MILTY... IT'S THIS MAJOR THING WITH HIM. HEH HEH HEH
SO UNCLE MILTY PULLS OUT HIS SPEECH
AND MOSHIE'S SMILING. MOSHIE'S BEEN WAITING HIS WHOLE LIFE FOR THIS. BECAUSE THEY BOTH KNOW THAT- AS SOON AS MILTY GETS TWO SENTENCES INTO HIS FIRST JOKE?
SLOOOOWLY MOSHIE'S HEAD IS GOING TO TURN AND UNCLE MILTY'S SPEECH IS heh heh DONE FOR!
SO UNCLE MILTY DOES A TRIPLE TAKE (HEH-- ONLY UNCLE MILTY COULD DO A TRIPLE) BECAUSE MOSHIE'S JUST SMILING AT HIM.
SO HEH-HEH UNCLE MILTY SMILES BACK AT HIM... AND THEN HE... WIGGLES HIS EYEBROWS A BIT... AND HE MAKES A KISSY-FACE... AND MOSHIE? -- HEH HEH MOSHIE DOESN'T BUDGE AN INCH, HE JUST... SITS THERE... WAITING FOR UNCLE MILTY TO START HIS SPEECH. SO NOW IT'S A STARING-AND-SMILING CONTEST, RIGHT? AND EVERYONE IS QUIETLY LAUGHING AND HOLDING THEIR BREATH AT THE SAME TIME, AND THEN EVERYONE COULD SEE THAT UNCLE MILTY'S MOUTH WAS TWITCHING A BIT.... AND THEN YOU COULD SEE HIS WHOLE UPPER BODY STARTING TO VIBRATE FROM TRYING NOT TO LAUGH -- FINALLY
FINALLY UNCLE MILTY THROWS HIS SPEECH UP IN THE AIR AND YELLS:
HECK, MOSH! I'M STAHVING-- HOW ABOUT YOU?
AND THEN UNCLE MILTY RUNS OVER PICKS MOSHER UP IN HIS ARMS AND CARRIES HIM DOWN TO THE BUFFET TABLE!
THAT'S IT FOR THE SPEECHES AND THE PRESENTATIONS!
THE WINE STARTS FLOWING AND
AND
HEH. GUESS YOU HAD TO BE THERE
TWO DAYS LATER.
THE FORTY-SECOND OF SPRINGMONTH IN FORTY-SEVEN
MOSHIE DIED IN HIS SLEEP.

THIS IS GOING TO SOUND STRANGE, BUT IT WAS ONLY AFTER MOSHER DIED THAT CEREBUS **REALIZED** HE DIDN'T HAVE ANY FRIENDS. NOT THAT MOSHER HAD **BEEN** A FRIEND-- (AFTER HE HAD SENT THOSE LETTERS TO KOSHIE AND LOSHIE? CEREBUS COULD BARELY STAND THE SIGHT OF HIM). BUT, AFTER HE DIED CEREBUS REALIZED THAT HE COULDN'T HAVE TOLD YOU THE NAME OF A *SINGLE ONE* OF THE "LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE WISE FELLOWS"

(HEH-HEH CEREBUS STILL CAN'T)

AND THEN CEREBUS TRIED TO REMEMBER THE LAST TIME HE HAD KNOWN *ANYONE'S* NAME. THE *FIRST* SANCTUARY? MARTY, BEAR, PRINCE MICK, Alec, RICHARD GEORGE, HARRISON STARKEY, MRS. SNATCHER. IT WAS STRANGE TO SEE *ANYONE* WHOSE NAME CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW. BUT *THEN* CEREBUS SPENT THIRTY YEARS IN NORTHERN IESHURIA IN *DOZENS* OF TAVERNS -- AND HE COULDN'T TELL YOU A SINGLE NAME OF A SINGLE PERSON HE MET -- *APART* FROM PAUL "COFFEE" ANAN ("THE OWNER OF McBEE'S" Heh-heh -- IF YOU WANT TO CALL *THAT* "REMEMBERING SOMEONE'S NAME")

SEE:

IT'S NOT THAT PEOPLE DIDN'T *LIKE* CEREBUS. *MOST* OF THE TIME? WHEN CEREBUS WENT TO WATCH A HOUSE BEING BUILT? *SOME* ONE WOULD COME OVER AND STRIKE UP A CONVERSATION. AND WHEN THEY LEFT? THEY'D SAY "IT WAS NICE TALKING WITH YOU" IN A WAY THAT CEREBUS COULD TELL THAT THEY REALLY *MEANT* IT. BUT THE THING WAS: CEREBUS WAS ***NEVER*** THE ONE TO STRIKE UP THE CONVERSATION.... AND FOR THE **LIFE** OF HIM, CEREBUS heh-heh CEREBUS COULD **NEVER** FIGURE OUT **WHAT** (EXACTLY) HAD BEEN SO DARNED "NICE" ABOUT TALKING WITH HIM!

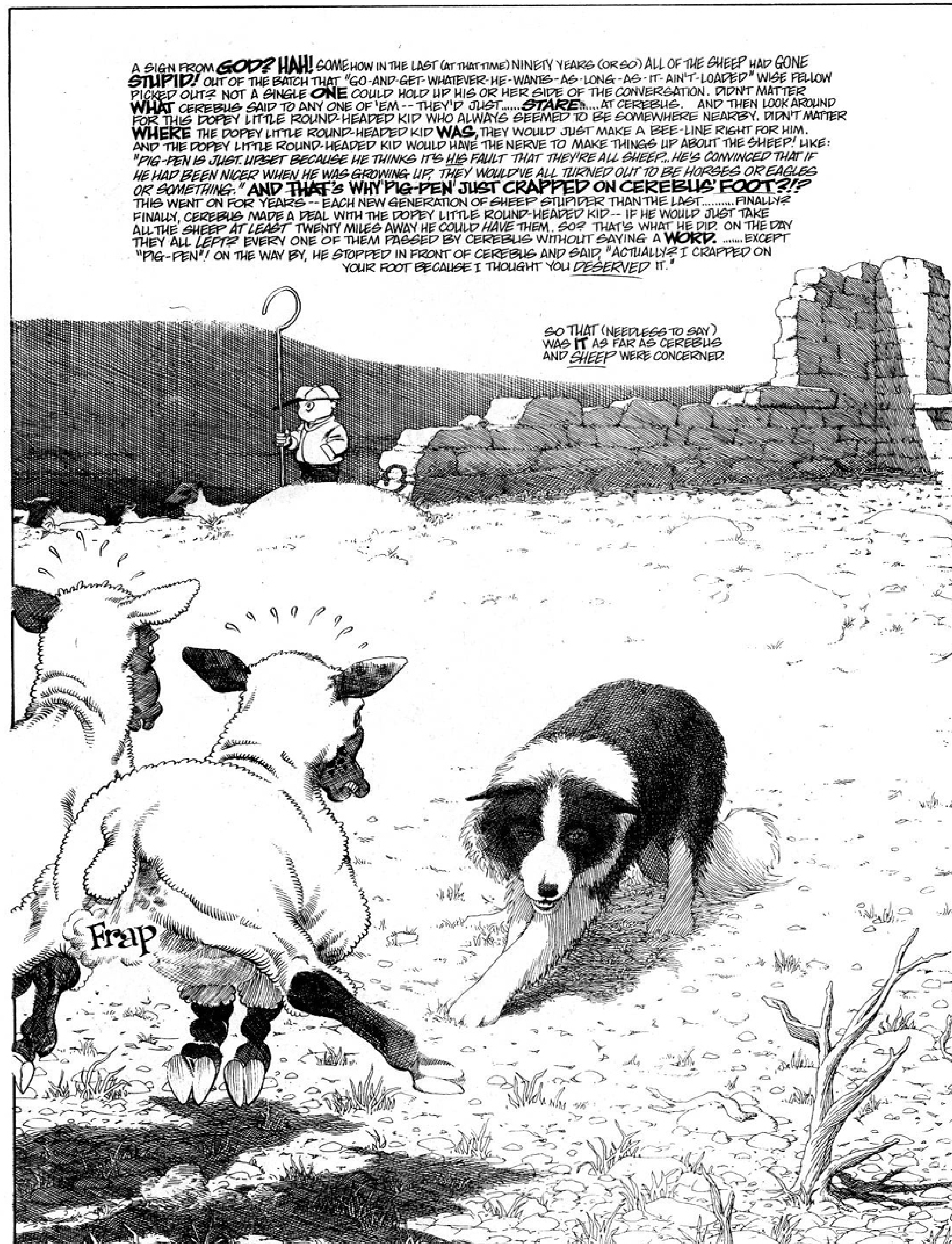
NOW? NOW CEREBUS IS AT AN AGE WHERE IT DOESN'T BOTHER HIM. YOU GET OLD AND YOU FINALLY LEARN: THIS IS JUST HOW I AM.... IT'S NO BIG **TSIMMES.**

BUT RIGHT AFTER MOSHIE DIED, IT THREW CEREBUS INTO THIS **TERRIBLE FUNK! BLEAK? OY!** VERGING ON **MISHEGOSS** FOR A WHILE THERE

FINALLY? CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF "SELF?" (HE THOUGHT) "THE *LAST TIME* CEREBUS WAS **TRULY HAPPY** WAS WHEN HE WAS **TENDING SHEEP.**" SO! CEREBUS SENT "GO-AND-GET-WHATEVER-HE-WANTS-AS-LONG-AS-IT-AIN'T-LOADED" WISE FELLOW TO PICK OUT A NICE ASSORTMENT OF RAMS AND EWES AND LAMBS AND GOT "UPON-THIS-ROCK-I-WILL-BUILD-WHATEVER-HE-WANTS" WISE FELLOW TO BUILD A NICE SHEEPFOLD (AT THAT POINT, THE AREA AROUND THE SANCTUARY WAS SPROUTING STUNTED LITTLE TUFTS OF GRASS IN THE MIDST OF THE DROUGHT -- PERFECT FOR SHEEP GRAZING!) (TO CEREBUS?) (A SIGN FROM

GOD!)






SO? IT WAS "BACK TO RABBI." THIS TIME CEREBUS SET AN IMPOSSIBLE GOAL FOR HIMSELF: TO ACQUIRE A COPY OF EACH AND EVERY ONE OF THE ONE-HUNDRED-AND-FIFTY "ISSUES" OF RABBI!
(INCLUDING "ISSUES" SEVENTY AND ONE-OH-TWO--NEITHER OF WHICH CEREBUS HAD EVER EVEN SEEN--LET ALONE OWNED)
AND TO LIMIT HIS COLLECTION TO ONLY COPIES THAT WERE IN PERFECT "MINK" CONDITION
(CEREBUS HAD NO IDEA WHETHER A "MINK" CONDITION SET OF RABBI EVEN EXISTED! --BUT ONE THING CEREBUS DID KNOW---THERE WAS NO CORNER OF ESTARCION TOO REMOTE...OR VIRTUALLY INACCESSIBLE...OR EVEN FLAT-OUT DANGEROUS...
...WHERE CEREBUS WAS UNWILLING TO SEND HIS LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE RABBI COLLECTORS IN SEARCH OF "MINK" CONDITION "ISSUES")
IN THE YEAR FIFTY-FIVE, COPIES OF "ISSUES" SIX, NINE AND TWO TURNED UP IN "MINK"...
...IN THE YEAR FIFTY-SIX, "ISSUES" ONE, THREE AND FOUR...
...IN THE YEAR FIFTY-SEVEN "ISSUES" FIVE, ELEVEN AND FOURTEEN...
...THEN, IN THE YEAR FIFTY-EIGHT, ONE OF THE LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE RABBI COLLECTORS (A FELLOW BY THE NAME OF CHUCK CHURCH) UNCOVERED THE LEGENDARY EDGAR ROZANSKI KILOMETRE-HIGH-COLLECTION: EVERY "ISSUE" OF RABBI IN "PRETEEN MINK" CONDITION! (FULL COVER GLOSS, "BABY'S-ASS" WHITE INTERIOR PAGES) IN THE ISOLATED LOST CITY of the SQUISHY VEGETARIANS HIGH UP (THUS THE NAME) IN THE KOTA MOUNTAINS
(WHEN CEREBUS FIRST SAW THE EDGAR ROZANZKI KILOMETRE-HIGH COLLECTION, CEREBUS HAD A SPONTANEOUS "ISSUE" OF HIS OWN--WHICH ALMOST REDUCED "ISSUE" FORTY-ONE TO A LESSER GRADE OWING TO) (ahem) (MOISTURE DAMAGE--FORTUNATELY, CEREBUS uh MISSED.)
BUT THE THING WAS:
No.6
RABBI
No.9
RABBI
No.2
RABBI
RABBI
DA COMPLETE SCHTICK OF DA ONE AND ONLY RABBI
Anuddah complete book of D'astoundeen' advenchooas of da one and only RABBI!
4
SPRING EDITION
RABBI
No.5
RABBI
No.11


WOYLD'S GRADEST ADVENCHOOA CHARACTUH !
No.1
ALEPH-BAYZ
RABBI
JAN. NO. 102
APPROVED BY THE MOTHERS OF DISTRICT 12
CAN THE MIGHTY CLERIC OF IRON SURVIVE
RABBI ON DRUGS ?
RABBI
NO. 70 MAR
YOU DARE NOT MISS: "VASS IST IN DA BÜSCHE?"
RABBI
NOV. NO. 149
F'DA LAST TIME: DO I GET A HOMELAND? OR NOT?
GREAT F-STOP! YOUSURE AREFAT IS GOING TO KILL RABBI ☆ CHOKE ☆ WHILE HE'S ASLEEP ON HIS CHIROPRACTA BOARD!
Featuring
RABBI
SEE. NO. 124
APPROVED BY THE MOTHERS OF DISTRICT 12
Sensational! SEE THE CLERIC OF IRON FELLED BY "THE DARK KNIGHT'S SUPER-SWORD!"
WATTAYASAY YOU SCHMENDRICK? BEST TWO OUTTA THREE? HAH? WATTAYASAY?
OY.
NOVEL!
RABBI
NOV. NO. 141
Featuring "RABBI'S PARENTS!"
REALIZE I'M THEIR SON ALEPH BAYZ SENT TO RABBI SCHOOL! THEY TIME NURSING CARE BUT--HOW EXPLAIN?
NU?
THERE WENT CEREBUS' HOBBY.
"ISSUE" ONE-OH-TWO TURNED OUT TO BE THIS REALLY LAME STORY: "RABBI ON DRUGS"--AND "ISSUE" SEVENTY WAS, LIKE, THE WORST. RABBI. EVER: "VASS IST IN DA BÜSCHE?"
(CEREBUS HAD CONVINCED HIMSELF THAT ALL OF THE QUESTIONS HE HAD ABOUT RABBI WOULD BE ANSWERED IN THOSE TWO "ISSUES" BECAUSE THOSE WERE THE ONLY TWO CEREBUS HAD NEVER READ.
AND ALEPH-BAYZ NUMBER ONE--THAT GARTH INNISCENT HAD DONE WHEN HE WAS, LIKE, TWELVE, WAS NO HELP EITHER.)
☆SIGH☆
BY THE TIME CEREBUS HAD RE-READ TO "ISSUE" ONE-FORTY-NINE--THE LEGENDARY "DEATH OF RABBI" "ISSUE" (WHERE RABBI'S ARCH-FOE, YOUSURE AREFAT, CHOPS RABBI UP INTO TWELVE PIECES AND SCATTERS THE PIECES ALL AROUND RABBILAND) CEREBUS FOUND HIMSELF THINKING THE UNTHINKABLE: "THIS IS REALLY KIND OF... STUPID."
OH, SURE--CEREBUS STILL CRIED WHEN HE RE-READ "ISSUE" ONE-FIFTY "The FUNERAL of RABBI" (WHERE RABBI'S YOUNGER BROTHER, BOBBY OLSEN, AND RABBI'S GIRL-FRIEND, LOIS BOLIVIER, AND RABBI'S BOSS, PERRY MACNAMARA, EACH TAKE FOUR PIECES OF RABBI BACK TO HIS SHTETL of SOLITUDE. CEREBUS ALWAYS CRIES AT THAT PART. ONLY THIS TIME CEREBUS JUST FELT KIND OF... EMPTY... AFTER. JUST... SITTING THERE SURROUNDED BY HIS "PRETEEN MINK" RABBI "ISSUES"
AND THEN! SUDDENLY! CEREBUS REALIZED! HEY! CEREBUS HAS NOW READ EVERY "ISSUE" OF RABBI! THAT MEANT CEREBUS WAS ESTARCION'S GREATEST LIVING RABBI EXPERT!
AND, IMMEDIATELY! CEREBUS THREW HIMSELF INTO THE SINGLE GREATEST RESEARCH PROJECT OF ALL TIME! "THE COMPLETE-NOT-ONLY-WITH-NO-JOT-MISSING-BUT-WITH-NO-TITTLE-SO-MUCH-AS-OUT-OF-PLACE-BUYER'S-GUIDE-TO-THE-ONE-AND-ONLY RABBI!"

THE LEGION OF SUBSTITUTE RABBI COLLECTORS -- WHO HAD BEEN "UNDER-EMPLOYED" (TO PUT IT MILDLY) SINCE THE DISCOVERY OF THE *EDGAR ROZANSKI KILOMETRE-HIGH-COLLECTION* -- FOUND NEW LIFE AND A HIGHER PURPOSE AS **THE LEGION of SUBSTITUTE RABBI RESEARCHERS!**

FIRST, CEREBUS HAD THEM GO THROUGH ALL ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY "ISSUES" AND WRITE DOWN **ALL** OF RABBI'S AMAZING POWERS (SIX HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN, AS IT TURNS OUT) (THAT'S AN AVERAGE OF MORE THAN **FOUR** AMAZING POWERS **PER** "ISSUE") AND **THEN** CEREBUS HAD THEM GO THROUGH AND WRITE DOWN EVERY **APPEARANCE** OF EVERY ONE OF RABBI'S AMAZING POWERS, STARTING WITH THE **FIRST**........OR **"ORIGIN"** APPEARANCE. SEE? HERE'S A SAMPLE ENTRY RIGHT HERE:

Power No.29: **Dextrorotatory Breath**
Origin Appearance: **RABBI No.8**
["(Unleavened) Bread, (Bitter) Herbs, (Bloody) Abattoir"]
First mentioned: page 3 paragraph 2
First used: page 3 paragraph 3
Description: allows Rabbi to cause the plane of polarization of light to rotate to the right by blowing on it.
First used against: The Muddy Mage
Becomes Levorotatory Breath in **RABBI No.42** (See: *"Power No.166: Levorotatory Breath"* below)
Subsequent Appearances: **RABBI No. 22** *(page 9 paragraph 4)* **RABBI No.40** *(page 11 paragraph 2-page 13 paragraph 1)*
References Only: **RABBI No.42** *(page 3 paragraph 5:* "Great F. Stop! My *D.B.* has changed direction!")
RABBI No. 56 *(page 8 paragraph 2:* "Chuckle. This Levorotatory Breath is even more effective than my *D.B.* ever was!")

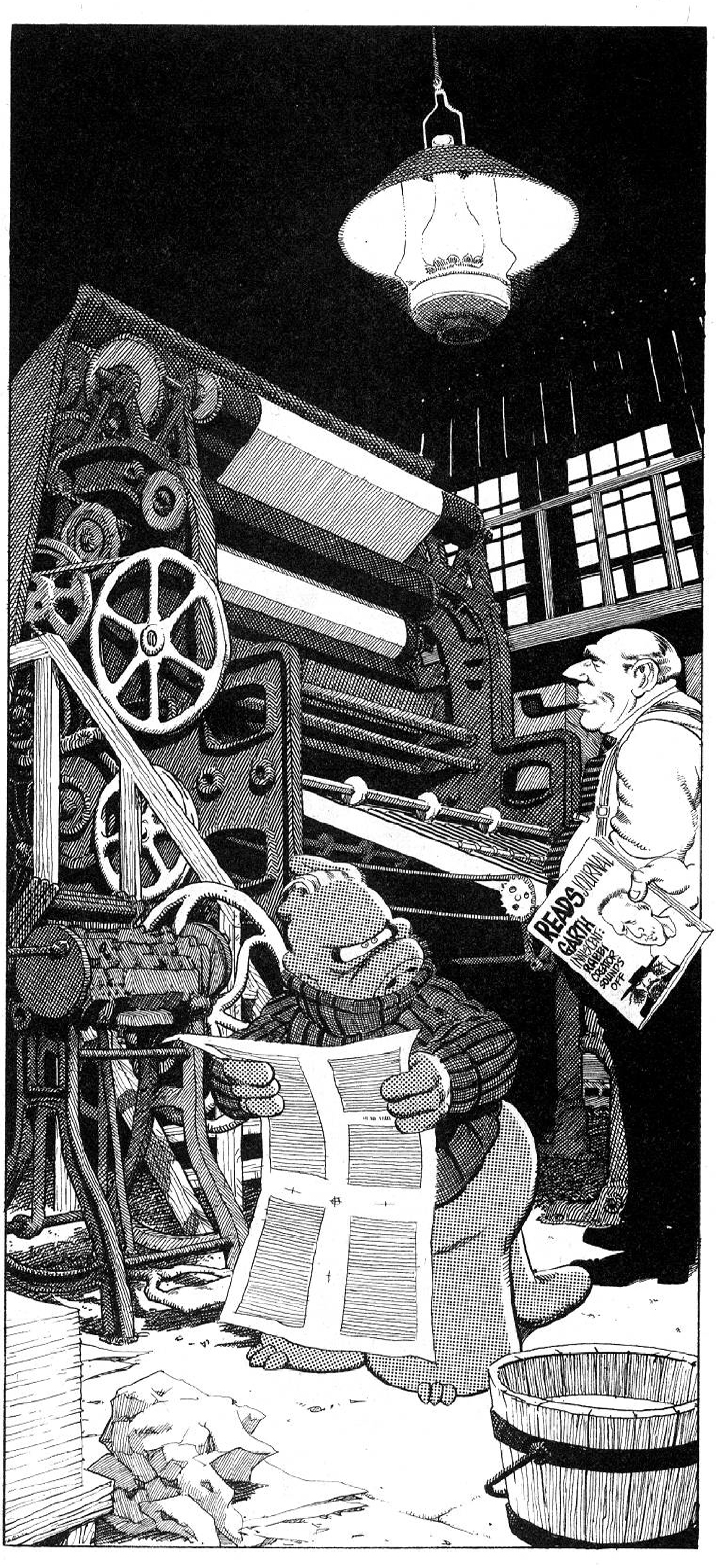
BY THE TIME THEY WERE **FINISHED?** THE *EDGAR ROZANSKI KILOMETRE-HIGH COLLECTION* WAS IN ABSOLUTE **SHREDS. BUT!** CEREBUS HAD REALIZED, EARLY ON, THAT **THAT** WAS THE **SACRIFICE** CEREBUS WOULD HAVE TO MAKE IN ORDER TO GIVE UNTO THE WORLD **THE. ONE. DEFINITIVE. GUIDE TO RABBI.**

THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS **PARENTS** (TWO), THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS **BROTHERS** (ONE), THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS **GIRLFRIENDS** (ONE) THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO HIS **BOSSES** (ONE)

AND! THE DEFINITIVE GUIDE TO **ALL** HIS ARCH-FOES, **ALL** HIS ARCH-VILLAINS, **ALL** HIS ARCH-RIVALS, **ALL** HIS EVIL TWINS (MINIATURE), HIS EVIL TWINS (GIANT SIZE), HIS EVIL **TURTLE VERSIONS**, ETCETERA, ETCETERA, ETCETERA (NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-EIGHT)

BY THE MIDDLE OF **STEVE** IN THE YEAR SIXTY-SIX, CEREBUS' DREAM WAS BECOMING A REALITY. THE FIRST PAGE PROOFS OF THE FIRST VOLUME OF THE PROPOSED SIXTEEN VOLUME SERIES ROLLED OFF THE PRESSES... AT THE SAME TIME SOMEONE GAVE CEREBUS A **TWENTY-YEAR-OLD** COPY OF SOMETHING CALLED

the **READS JOURNAL**



Neil [McFarlane] told me that he had the same experience with *Morpheus* around that time. A sudden enormous interest from the Cirinists with much better accommodations, community centre, rather than tavern, signing tours. Along with a certain disproportionate interest in the stories themselves.

GROWTH: *And you believe that this was related to Cerebus starting to read your work.*

INNISCENT: Well, that was Neil's theory, or at least an idea that he put forward one night when we were having dinner. The Cirinists, after all, had known where Cerebus was the whole time, everything about him. You know. What he was reading and stuff like that. And, presumably they knew it was only a matter of time before all of the "Book of Rick" idiots found him as well. And they were hoping that we might prove to be…

GROWTH: *…a good influence?* [they both laugh].

INNISCENT: I know. Neil and me. Shows how desperate the Cirinists must've been at that time.

GROWTH: *Did this cause a problem for you creatively? The Cirinists pressuring you to…*

INNISCENT: No. Not really. As I say, I only created *Rabbi* in the first place because my son was getting to that age where boys get really fond of blood-soaked, grisly, gory entertainment. *You* remember.

GROWTH: *Mm. No.*

INNISCENT: The pulling-the-wings-off-flies age?

GROWTH: *Oh, well. (laughs) I still enjoy doing that. Let me switch gears, here for just a moment and ask you: don't you think that Jamie DeCarlo is unquestionably the most brilliant creator working in the field today?*

INNISCENT: Uhh…

GROWTH: *I realize when I ask that question that most people find it impossible to choose between Jamie, Gilbert, Jimmy Ware and Dan Zwigoff when it comes to deciding which one on any given day is possessed of the greater sheer mind-bogglingly, white-hot incandescent creative brilliance, relatively speaking.*

INNISCENT: Well. Uh…

GROWTH: [laughs] *I see that you're no exception. I'll let you "off the hook" by getting back to our discussion of your own egregious cookie-cutter entertainment-product-food.*

INNISCENT: Shouldn't "food" be in quotation marks?

GROWTH: *Don't worry, our proforeaders will catch it. So, really,* Rabbi *was just a way for you to make a lot of money from creating sick, lurid entertainment for your own kid?*

INNISCENT: Well, no. For one thing there *wasn't* any money at that time.

GROWTH: *I see. So, publishing it yourself turned out to be not such a hot idea. You see now that you would have benefited from having a courageous, independent and heroic publisher as your champion and defender in the marketplace instead of choosing, as you did, to virtually starve to death for reasons of willful pig-headedness.*

INNISCENT: No. I mean, currency didn't *exist*. This was during the Cirinist years.

GROWTH: *I see. Right, right.*

INNISCENT: One of my other motivations was to ridicule organized religion, to ridicule the whole idea of belief in a Supreme Deity, or in deities of any kind.

GROWTH: *Which brings us back to your unreasonable opposition to publishers.*

INNISCENT: Not if I choose to ignore you, it doesn't. In one of those instances of creative serendipity, the same day that I got the idea for this project, I ran across a copy of a religious text called the Torah. Have you heard of it?

GROWTH: *Probably.*

INNISCENT: How do you mean, "probably"?

GROWTH: *I'm a publisher.* … *have an encyclopedic knowledge of esorotica.*

INNISCENT: You mean, "esoterica".

GROWTH: *All of those things.*

INNISCENT: I've never had to do one of these things single-handedly before. Why don't I just talk for a while and you can get your typesetter to insert a "**GROWTH:** *Right, right.*" every couple of paragraphs. You won't even have to be here. You can go and get a coffee or something.

GROWTH: *Right, right.*

INNISCENT: So, I ran across a copy of this book called the Torah, which was the primary religious text of a very obscure sect called the Jews. As happens with these sorts of situations, once I had chosen to go ahead with the project, the Jews and the Torah started turning up everywhere that I looked. A colleague would send me a letter and mention, just by-the-by, that he was reading something called the Books of Moshe, not to be confused with Mosher, the Wise Fellow.

GROWTH: *Right, right.*

INNISCENT: Later in the day, I would find out that "the Books of Moshe" was another term for the Torah, as is "the Pentateuch", "penta" meaning five: there are "Five Books of Moshe". Well, it was a dream come true for someone, like myself, who was actively trying to discredit religion and religious faith. In fact, most of the third and fourth books of the Torah are made up of these genuinely grisly mutilations and sacrificial burnings of helpless cattle. Sheep, goats, rams, lambs. I mean, *lambs!* What sort of a psychopathological nut-case would ask someone to dismember a *lamb?* I mean, you've seen a lamb, right?

GROWTH: *Right, right.*

INNISCENT: But, that's just what this Jewish "god" tells his people to do, according to the Torah. They "redeem" themselves by mutilating and burning *lambs*, heart-breakingly helpless, wooly, little snow white…words fail me. My biggest concern, as I was pulling things out of the Torah and plunking them down on the page was (laughs) "Don't shoot the messenger". I used to carry my copy of the Torah around with me, I was so afraid that someone would steal it and I'd have nothing to show the Cirinists if they decided that I had gone insane. Like "Fist of Tabernacles", the fiftieth issue, especially. That's actually based on a Jewish feast called "The Feast of Tabernacles" Where they decapitate *literally* seventy-one bullocks, fifteen rams, a hundred and five…a *hundred and five*…male lambs and spill virtual oceans of blood all over the floor of their religious sanctuary.

Well, *Rabbi* turned out to be a really successful experiment given what I set out to do. It gave my son exactly the complete immersion in blood and gore that he needed at that age *and* it turned him off of the idea of religion…*any* religion…for all time.

GROWTH: *Okay, I'm back. I wanted to follow up on something you said a little earlier in the interview.*

INNISCENT: What's that?

GROWTH: *When you said, "Uhh," I got the impression that you were picturing Jaime's earlier work like "Heartbreak Stew" and I was wondering if you consider yourself to be one of those Los Bros. DeCarlo fans who is mentally land-locked in the year Five or if you recognize that Jaime and Gilbert's* best work is the work *they're doing today. Or does that bring us again to comparing levels of incandescent bril-*

"…Jaime and Gilbert's best work is the work they're doing today…"

g a r t h i n n i s c e n t

Facing page: A somewhat-less-egregious-than-usual illustration from *Rabbi* #97

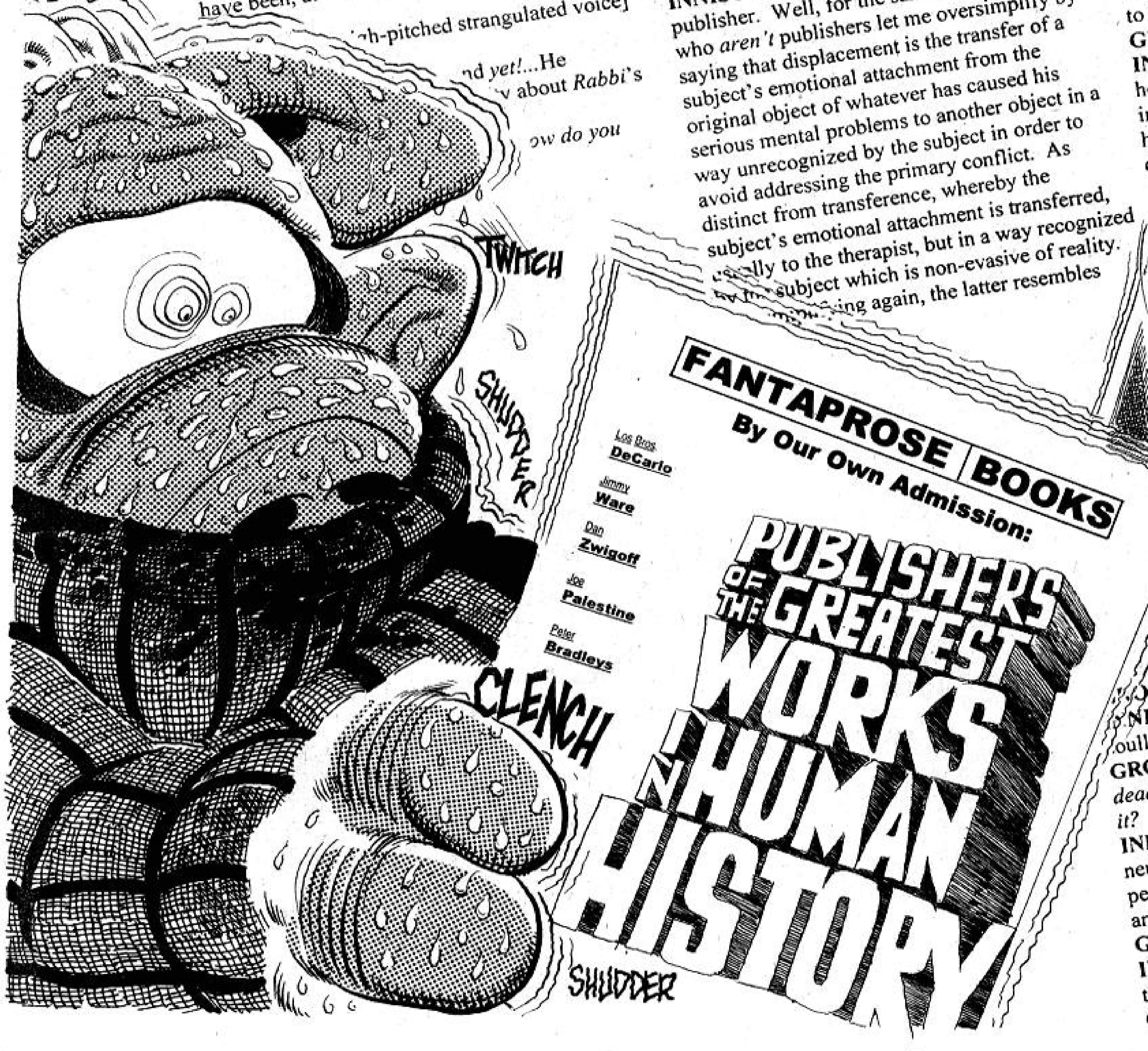


Right: Fat, balding and stupid. Cerebus twenty years from now?

ROWTH: [laughs] *Our fearless leader.*
NNISCENT: [laughs] Yes, exactly. Our
earless leader. So, I said to him, "You mean,
it's the only thing he reads for *entertainment.*"
And he shakes his head. "No, *Rabbi* is the only
thing he reads, *period.*"
GROWTH: [loud, raucous laughter]
INNISCENT: [laughs] Careful, Gary.
[laughs] With this one, it is possible to start
laughing, go completely "'round the bend" and
not be able to stop even when they show up to
haul you off to, you know, wherever. I've seen
it.
GROWTH: [laughing] *Oh, God. Oh, God.*
[After a few minutes they manage to compose
themselves, the stenographer as well, who
misses the first few sentences of the discussion
as it resumes]
INNISCENT: …dwarfs the absolute authority
of any Emperor or Pontiff, Western or Eastern,
Lord Julius, Lord Julius' Council of Heirs
before that was dissolved. And the only thing
he reads is a juvenile religious pulp fiction
satire tailored to the sensibilities and tastes…of
a thirteen-year-old boy. Actually, I think Kyle
had *outgrown Rabbi* by the time he was
thirteen. [laughs] And that isn't the worst of it.
GROWTH: [laughs] *It* isn't?
INNISCENT: No, it isn't. You know the
thing I dreaded most of all? The one thought
that haunted my every waking moment?
[pauses] What if he wants to *meet* me?
[laughs]
GROWTH: [new gales of laughter]
[again, the stenographer, as well, who misses
the next couple of sentences]
INNISCENT: What if he wants to, you know,
have dinner? And sends some…goons…over
to get me?
GROWTH: [laughing] [high-pitched
strangulated voice] *My ribs are starting to
ache.*
INNISCENT: [laughs] It gets worse. After a
year or so, when he *hadn't* contacted me, I
realized how…*strange*…*that* was. He had been
reading *Rabbi* for…oh, God…what would it
have been, at that point? Eight years? Ten
…gh-pitched strangulated voice]
…nd *yet!*…He
…v about *Rabbi*'s
…*ow do you*

INNISCENT: Name a favourite author of
yours..
GROWTH: *You mean, like Jaime De…*
INNISCENT: No no. Someone you *don't*
publish yourself.
GROWTH: *Oh, uh. William S. Joyce, Fran
Kafka…*…
INNISCENT: Joyce. Joyce is a good one.
Let's say for some reason you've gone on an
absolute William S. Joyce [laughs] *binge*. That
experience that we've all had. You know,
picking up something at random out of your
library and re-reading a few pages and finding
it just mesmerizing. And suddenly you're re-
reading everything Joyce ever wrote and
appreciating it at a completely new level.
GROWTH: *Actually, that just happened to
me a while ago with F. Stop Kennedy.*
INNISCENT: Kennedy. Another good
example. Someone you appreciate at one level
when you're twenty and a completely different
level when you're forty. So, you're in the
midst of this binge and you have the level of
power and absolute authority that Cerebus has.
What are you going to do?
GROWTH: [laughs] *Send some goons out to
find F. Stop Kennedy and drag him over to my
place for dinner.*
INNISCENT: [laughs] Exactly! Now.
Let's leave aside the fact that people with
political power are usually textbook cases of
arrested emotional development insofar as what
little need they have for emotional support they
prefer to receive in the form of mass adoration
from strangers. In Fraudian terms, a political
leader is an infantile personality, driven purely
by his core of ego that is virtually unchanged
from when he was a baby. A mentally
unhealthy state of affairs that was, I saw,
dramatically worse in Cerebus. My fear, that he
would take a sudden interest in me, was really
my fear of the pathological levels of
displacement he was exhibiting. Do you know
Fraud, at all?
GROWTH: *Probably.*
INNISCENT: [laughs] Oh, I forgot! You're a
publisher. Well, for the sake of your readers
who *aren't* publishers let me oversimplify by
saying that displacement is the transfer of a
subject's emotional attachment from the
original object of whatever has caused his
serious mental problems to another object in a
way unrecognized by the subject in order to
avoid addressing the primary conflict. As
distinct from transference, whereby the
subject's emotional attachment is transferred,
…lly to the therapist, but in a way recognized
…subject which is non-evasive of reality.
…ing again, the latter resembles

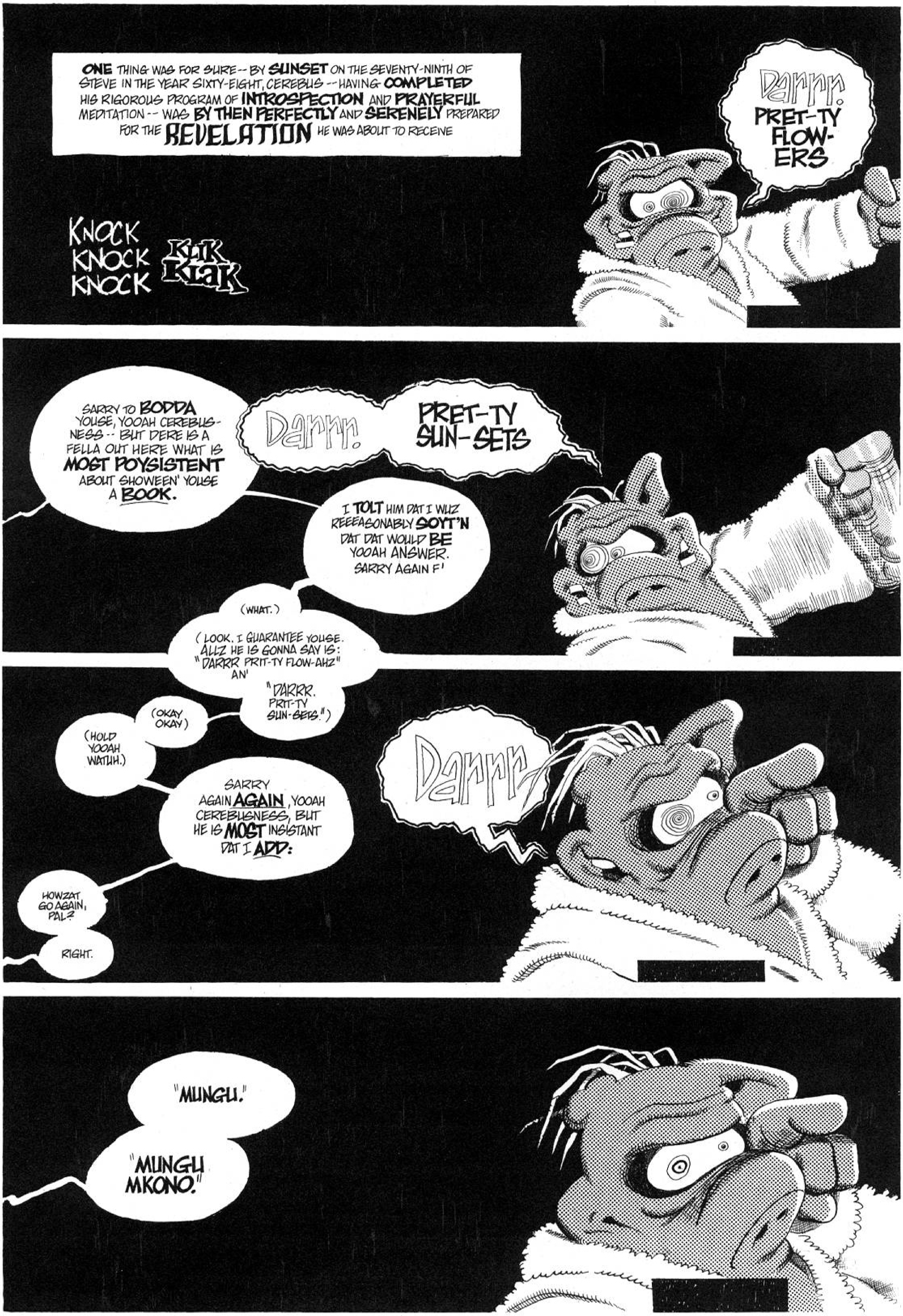
imprinting.
GROWTH: [laughs] *You mean, Cerebus
thought you were his mother?*
INNISCENT: [laughs] No, that was certainly
what I was *afraid* of. The whole anaclitic
symbiosis which would be the inevitable result
of the displacement Cerebus was enacting, that
is, the neurotic reduction into narrower and
narrower parameters of those elements of
reality he was willing to accept. But, the whole
point was that *I* didn't enter into it in any way.
In fact, Garth Inniscent was just another reality
he had turned his back on in his gradual descent
into psychosis. The anaclitic symbiosis was
there, but it wasn't directed at *me*, it was
directed at *Rabbi*.
GROWTH: [laughs] *You mean, Cerebus
thought the one hundred and fifty issues of
Rabbi were his mother?*
INNISCENT: [laughs] No, as I told you it's
worse than that. Cerebus thought that Rabbi,
the fictional character, was his mother.
[They both laugh uproariously, the
stenographer as well, causing another gap in
the transcription]
…mother, father, primary narcissistic event,
sole object of his ego libido, narcissistic libido
and his object libido. That's why I kept giving
Rabbi more and more and more powers. On
the one hand, all indications were that Cerebus'
entire psychic apparatus was breaking down,
his schizophrenia was acute or soon would be.
On the other hand, by feeding his psychoses,
reinforcing his infantile wish tendencies, I
really thought that if anyone could get rid of the
Cirinists, he could.
GROWTH: *And he did.*
INNISCENT: And he did. Which left me
with only one problem: I could get Cerebus to
get rid of the *Cirinists*, but how was I going to
get rid of *Cerebus* when the time came?
GROWTH: *And?*
INNISCENT: I decided to do this interview
and leave strict instructions that a copy of it is
to be given to him after my death.
GROWTH: ***You think it will work?***
INNISCENT: I'm sure it will. The moment
he reads all this, every one of the myriad
interrelated complexes I've implanted within
him will sponteously implode and leave him
drooling human vegetable.

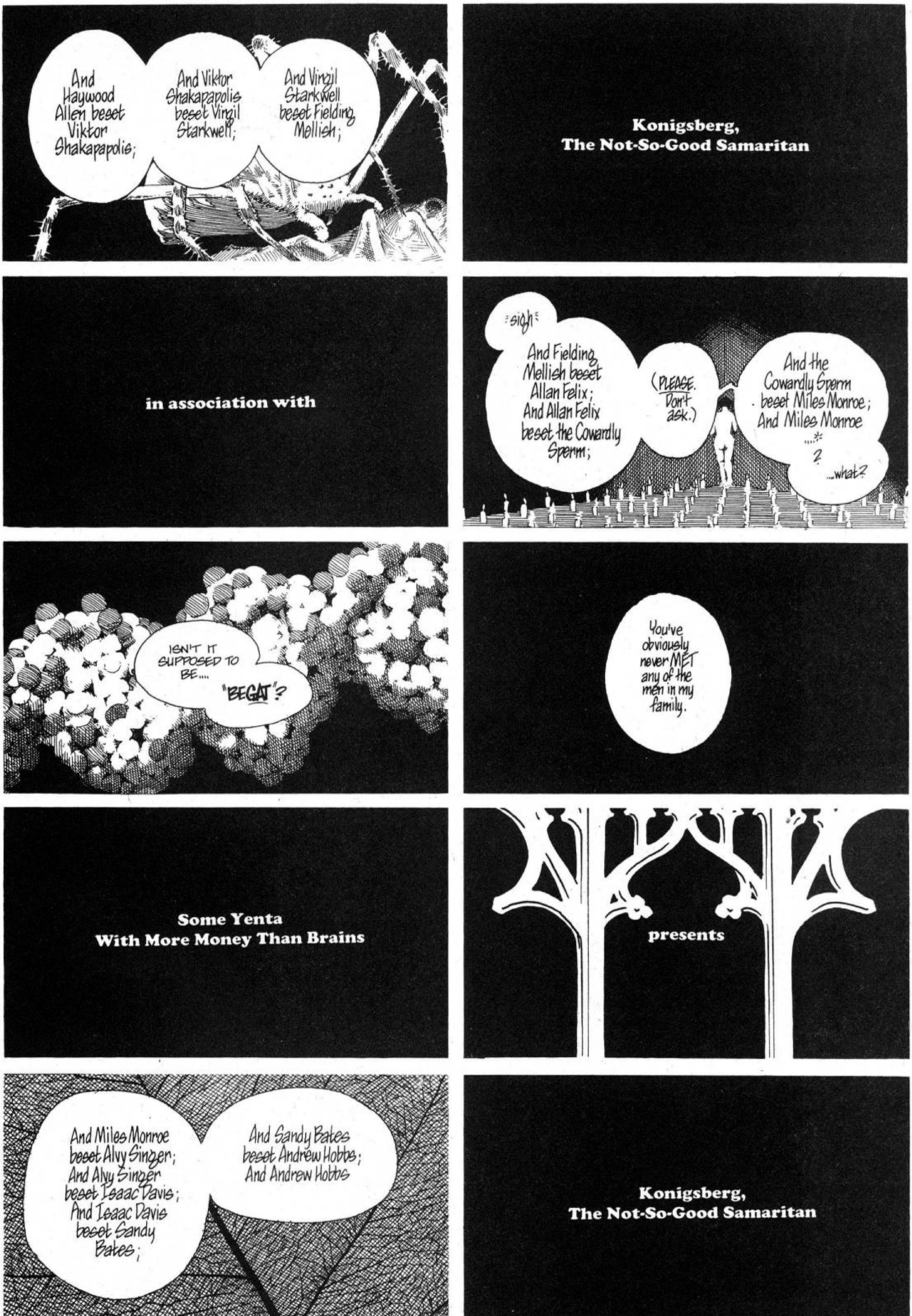


Left: A drooling human vegetable. But why not *now*, when we can *all* enjoy it?

…OWTH: *Wow.*
…NISCENT: [laughs] I knew that the sheer
…oulless sadism of it would appeal to you.
GROWTH: *I'll say! But why after you're
dead? Why not now when we could all enjoy
it?*
INNISCENT: No, there's apt be a
neurasthenic abreaction during the latency
period when he would want to hunt me dow…
and kill me in a horrible fashion.
GROWTH: *Spoilsport.*
INNISCENT: So. Can I get a discount o…
the copy of the *Reads Journal* I'm leaving
GROWTH: *No.* □


NOW! CEREBUS HAS HEARD THE SAME SILLY STORIES THAT YOU HAVE -- HOW AFTER CEREBUS READ THE TWENTY-YEAR OLD INTERVIEW WITH GARTH INNISCENT THAT CEREBUS JUST CRACKED UP! ...WANDERING AROUND THE SANCTUARY... IN HIS BATHROBE... FOR DAYS ON END... EVERY ONCE IN A WHILE... POINTING AT NOTHING... AND GOING :
Darrr! PRET- -TY- -FLOW- -ERS
(AND)
Darrr! PRET- -TY- -SUN- -SETS
(HEH-HEH IT'S JUST... CRAZY... HOW THESE THINGS GET BLOWN WAY OUT OF PROPORTION!)
IN FACT, READING THE INTERVIEW HAD (REALLY) JUST FURTHER SOLIDIFIED CEREBUS' FAITH -- CAUSING CEREBUS TO EMBARK UPON AN EXTENDED PERIOD OF INWARD EXAMINATION AND PRAYERFUL MEDITATION IN ORDER TO... MORE FULLY APPRECIATE THE MIRACLE ....BY WHICH GOD HAD INSPIRED A COMPLETE UNBELIEVER LIKE GARTH INNISCENT TO CREATE KHABBI AND (THEREBY) TO INSPIRE CEREBUS' OWN FAITH!
SURE: CEREBUS SPENT A LOT OF TIME IN HIS PYJAMAS, HIS BATHROBE AND HIS BUNNY SLIPPERS, DRINKING CUP AFTER CUP OF HOT CHOCOLATE (JUST AS HE HAD WHEN HE WAS FOUR YEARS OLD). REGRESSION? HAHAHA! ON THE CONTRARY! WHAT CLEARER SIGN COULD CEREBUS HAVE GIVEN TO THE FAITHFUL THAT CEREBUS WAS COMPLETELY COMFORTABLE WITH HIS NEW INSIGHTS? AND WITH THE FACT THAT THOSE NEW INSIGHTS SIGNALLED A SUNSET...
...(A PRETTY SUNSET) (IF YOU WILL)...
...FOR CEREBUS' IMMATURE FAITH AND A FLOWERING...
...(A PRETTY FLOWERING) (IF YOU WILL)...
...OF CEREBUS' NEW AND MORE MATURE FAITH WHICH (CEREBUS' SUBCONSCIOUS MIND MUST HAVE REALIZED!) WAS WAITING FOR CEREBUS JUST AROUND THE NEXT CORNER (IF YOU WILL)
Darrr! PRET-TY SUN-SETS
Darrr! PRET-TY FLOW-ERS
SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFFY SCUFF
SCUFF SCUFFY SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF SCUFF

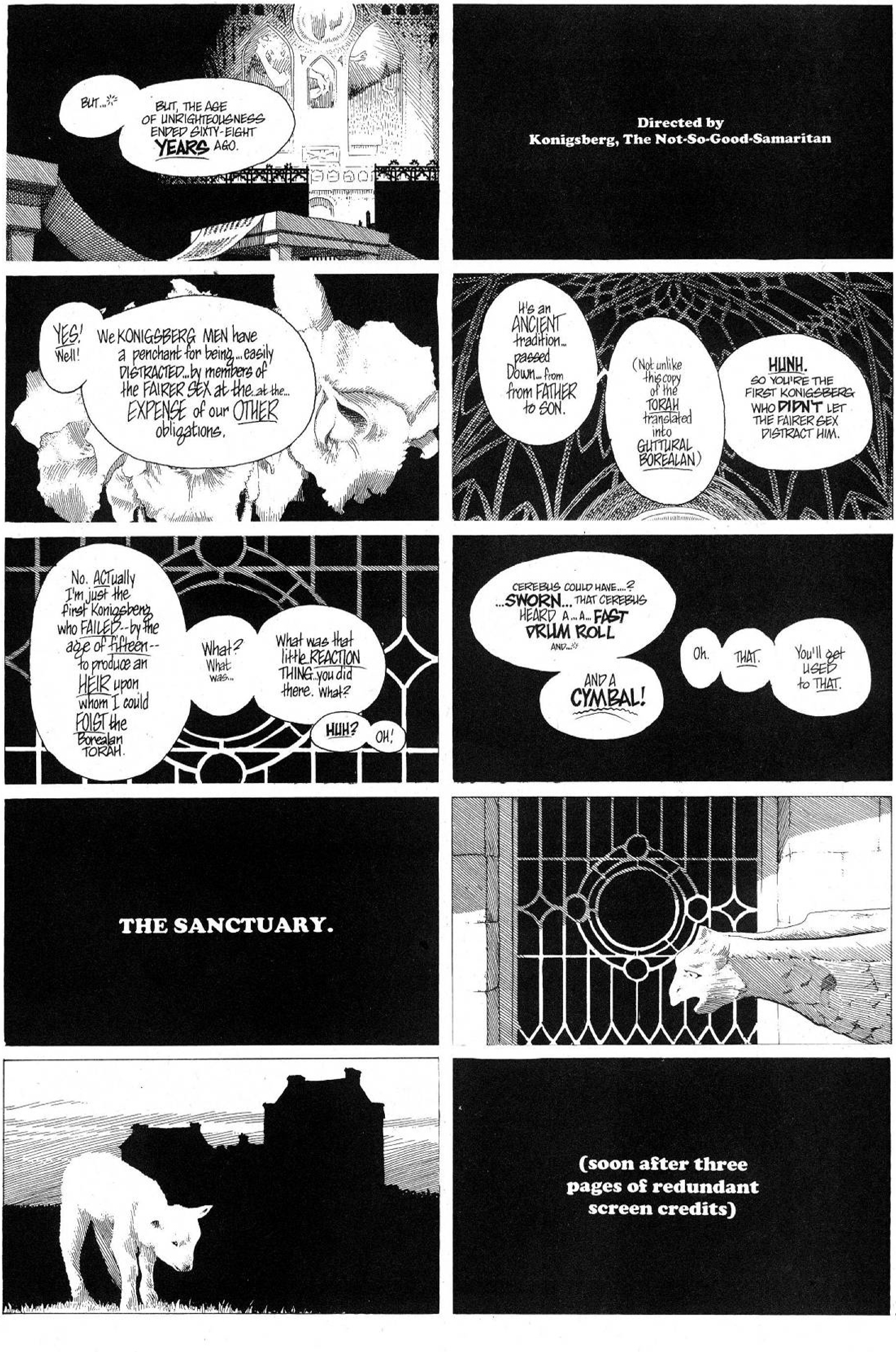

ONE THING WAS FOR SURE -- BY SUNSET ON THE SEVENTY-NINTH OF STEVE IN THE YEAR SIXTY-EIGHT, CEREBUS -- HAVING COMPLETED HIS RIGOROUS PROGRAM OF INTROSPECTION AND PRAYERFUL MEDITATION -- WAS BY THEN PERFECTLY AND SERENELY PREPARED FOR THE REVELATION HE WAS ABOUT TO RECEIVE
DARRR. PRET-TY FLOW-ERS
KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK
KLIK KLAK
SARRY TO BODDA YOUSE, YOOAH CEREBUSNESS -- BUT DERE IS A FELLA OUT HERE WHAT IS MOST POYSISTENT ABOUT SHOWEEN' YOUSE A BOOK.
DARRR. PRET-TY SUN-SETS
I TOLT HIM DAT I WUZ REEEASONABLY SOYT'N DAT DAT WOULD BE YOOAH ANSWER. SARRY AGAIN F'
(WHAT.)
(LOOK. I GUARANTEE YOUSE. ALLZ HE IS GONNA SAY IS: "DARRR PRIT-TY FLOW-AHZ" AN'
"DARRR. PRIT-TY SUN-SETS.")
(OKAY OKAY)
(HOLD YOOAH WATUH.)
DARRR
SARRY AGAIN AGAIN, YOOAH CEREBUSNESS, BUT HE IS MOST INSISTANT DAT I ADD:
HOWZAT GO AGAIN, PAL?
RIGHT.
"MUNGU."
"MUNGU MKONO."



And Haywood Allen beset Viktor Shakapapolis;
And Viktor Shakapapolis beset Virgil Starkwell;
And Virgil Starkwell beset Fielding Mellish;
Konigsberg,
The Not-So-Good Samaritan
in association with
sigh
And Fielding Mellish beset Allan Felix; And Allan Felix beset the Cowardly Sperm;
(PLEASE. Don't ask.)
And the Cowardly Sperm beset Miles Monroe; And Miles Monroe
...what?
ISN'T IT SUPPOSED TO BE.... "BEGAT"?
You've obviously never MET any of the men in my family.
Some Yenta
With More Money Than Brains
presents
And Miles Monroe beset Alvy Singer; And Alvy Singer beset Isaac Davis; And Isaac Davis beset Sandy Bates;
And Sandy Bates beset Andrew Hobbs; And Andrew Hobbs
Konigsberg,
The Not-So-Good Samaritan

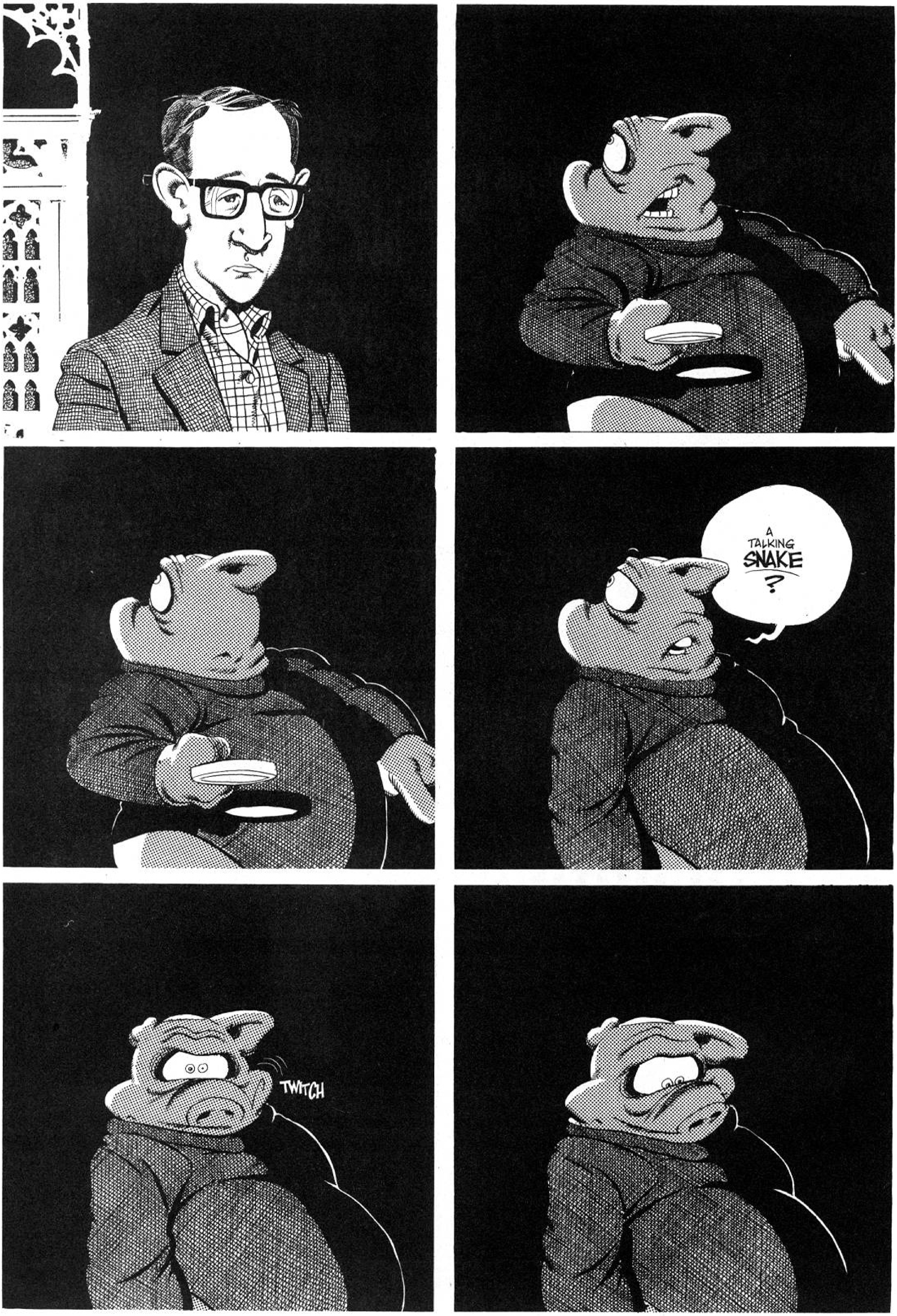


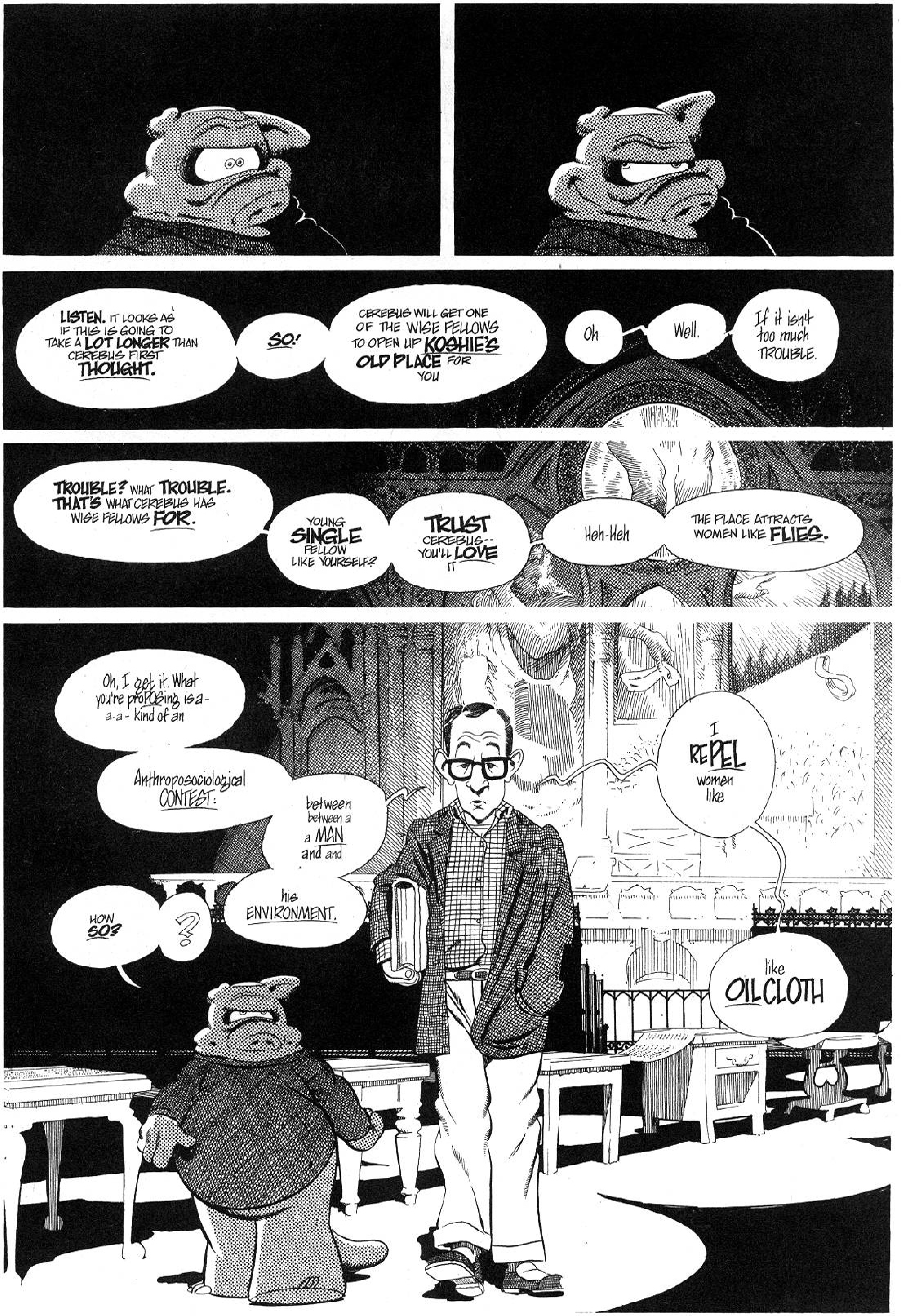
beset Leonard Zelig, the Pretty-Good-as-Samaritans-Go-Samaritan ... who then suffered what my people call a "miesse meshina".
"an ugly and unfortunate fate".
? WHAT WAS THAT?
He had me.
starring in
Konigsberg, The Not-So-Good Samaritan"
BUT--
IF THOSE ARE YOUR FOREFATHERS
SHOULDN'T THEIR LAST NAME BE "KONIGSBERG" ?
Mm. NO. See:
"KONIGSBERG" was their MAIDEN name.
Screenplay by Konigsberg, The Not-So-Good Samaritan
Adapted from the Stage Play "Dr. Fräud, Cerebus & Me" by Konigsberg, The Not-So-Good-Samaritan
FIELDING Mellish -- The...REALLY-COMING-ALONG-Okay Samaritan --was the KONIGSBERG who actually KNEW the Prophet Rick. RICK on his...
...his DEATHBRANCH...
made Fielding Mellish SWEAR
...that the MOMENT the Age of Unrighteousness was at an END ...
that Mellish would FLY to the side of the ONE...TRUE... CEREBUS...with the SACRED TORAH
Written by Konigsberg, The Not-So-Good-Samaritan


BUT...
BUT, THE AGE OF UNRIGHTEOUSNESS ENDED SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS AGO.
Directed by
Konigsberg, The Not-So-Good-Samaritan
YES! Well!
We KONIGSBERG MEN have a penchant for being... easily DISTRACTED... by members of the FAIRER SEX at the... at the... EXPENSE of our OTHER obligations.
It's an ANCIENT tradition... passed Down... from from FATHER to SON.
(Not unlike this copy of the TORAH translated into GUTTURAL BOREALAN)
HUNH. SO YOU'RE THE FIRST KONIGSBERG WHO DIDN'T LET THE FAIRER SEX DISTRACT HIM.
No. ACTually I'm just the first Konigsberg who FAILED--by the age of fifteen--to produce an HEIR upon whom I could FOIST the Borealan TORAH.
What? What was...
What was that little REACTION THING... you did there. What?
HUH?
OH!
CEREBUS COULD HAVE....? ...SWORN... THAT CEREBUS HEARD A... A... FAST DRUM ROLL AND...
AND A CYMBAL!
Oh.
THAT.
You'll get USED to THAT.
THE SANCTUARY.
(soon after three pages of redundant screen credits)


I'm HARDLY an EXPERT in these matters, but I'm I'm REASONably certain that you're supposed to
UNscroll the Torah from ONE roll.... andandand
RE-scroll it
onto the OTHER roll...you know. ONE
one page at a TIME!
MM.
NAY.
CEREBUS' WAY IS BETTER.
LOOK!
...CEREBUS' WAY...
YOU CAN SEE THE WHOLE TRALAH.
Torah.
THE WHOLE TORAH!
ALL AT ONCE!
Well.
Suit yourself.
After ALL...YOU're the the AUTOCRATIC DESPOT around here
not ME.
RIGHT!
(?)
EXACTLY.
SIGMUND
SO.
THIS IS THE BOOK THAT'S GOING TO TELL CEREBUS EVERYTHING!
LET'S HAVE A LITTLE "LOOK-SEE," SHALL WE?
OH! uh
YOU go ahead.
I uh
I prefer to just you know STAND HERE and
and
"WATCH-STARE."
SUIT YOURSELF.

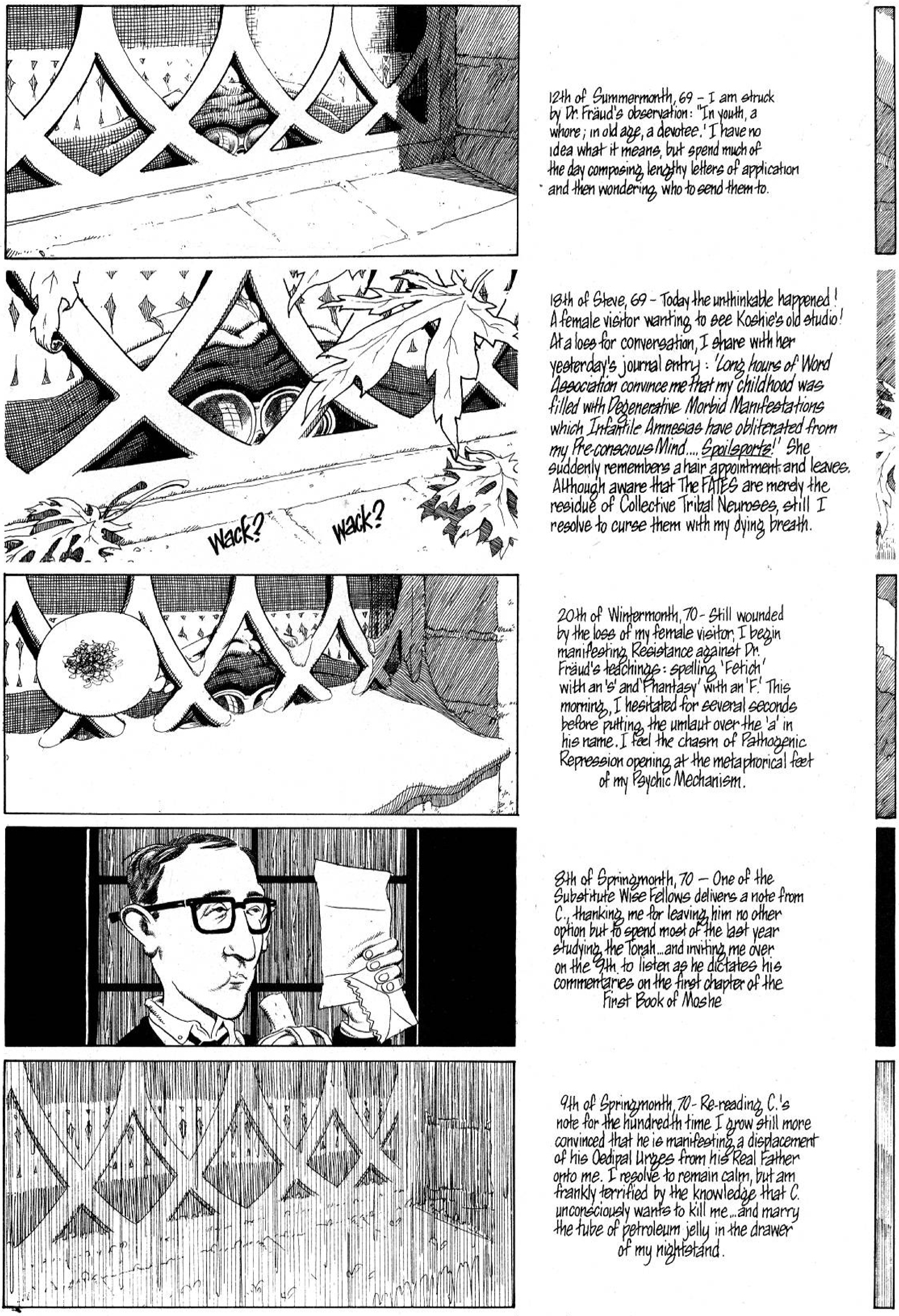

MM.
MM.
HM.
HAHAHAHAHAH
HAHAHAHAHAH
HAHAHAHAHAH
HAHAHAHAHAH
HAHAHAHAHAH
A TALKING SNAKE!


A TALKING SNAKE ?
TWITCH



LISTEN. IT LOOKS AS IF THIS IS GOING TO TAKE A LOT LONGER THAN CEREBUS FIRST THOUGHT.
SO!
CEREBUS WILL GET ONE OF THE WISE FELLOWS TO OPEN UP KOSHIE'S OLD PLACE FOR YOU
Oh
Well.
If it isn't too much TROUBLE.
TROUBLE? WHAT TROUBLE. THAT'S WHAT CEREBUS HAS WISE FELLOWS FOR.
YOUNG SINGLE FELLOW LIKE YOURSELF?
TRUST CEREBUS-- YOU'LL LOVE IT
Heh-Heh
THE PLACE ATTRACTS WOMEN LIKE FLIES.
I REPEL women like
like OILCLOTH
Oh, I get it. What you're proPOSing is a- a-a- kind of an
Anthroposociological CONTEST:
between between a a MAN and and
his ENVIRONMENT.
HOW SO?
?


80th of Steve, 68 - My DREAM has come true. Thanks to C. I am now able to withdraw from the outside world COMPLETELY so as to devote myself SOLELY to the study of the immortal writings of Sigmund Fräud, the Father of modern psychotherapy. I feel quite certain that a PROFOUND DESTINY awaits me as I begin to unlock the Secrets of the Master's Imperishable Wisdom -- Wisdom which he had KNOWN—from the outset—would transform the VERY NATURE of HUMAN EXISTENCE for ALL TIME!! Wisdom which he had developed and honed over many years in SCRUPULOUS ISOLATION from a world that thought him MAD (or, at least, a world that thought him a sexual degenerate with a terrible 'POTTY MOUTH')
At random, as my starting point, I select his paper, 'On Narcissism: An Introduction'. IMMEDIATELY, my eye is drawn to his description of PARAPHRENICS and their two distinguishing characteristics: one, their MEGALOMANIA and two, their COMPLETE WITHDRAWAL from the outside world.
I am seized by a bout of psychosomatic indigestion so severe that even bicarbonate of soda is HELPLESS before its imaginary intestinal onslaught!
9th of Wintermonth, 69 - 'Libido: the motor force of sexual life.' I discover that mine has five speeds; none of them 'neutral'.
41st of Springmonth, 69 - PROGRESS! My LATENCY PERIOD which began when I was six months old seems (finally!)-at the age of thirty-to be tapering off into the Phallic Stage of Organization, marked by the libido's quest for OBJECT SELECTION!
'So MUCH Libido,' I think to myself. 'So FEW Objects!' My psychic energy craves a Displacement Cathexis with every ....wiggly...jiggly...female anatomical accouterment in view.
'Let US be the Wet Monkey Object Selection of your Narcissistic Libido Lava Dreams,' they seem to moan. 'Park your Infantile Anxiety Phantasies next to OUR Incest Barriers. Let US be your Symptom Creators!'
(as Milk-Producing Glandular Organs go, I find them astonishingly well-read when it comes to the latest psychoanalytical terminology)


12th of Summermonth, 69 – I am struck by Dr. Fräud's observation: "In youth, a whore; in old age, a devotee.' I have no idea what it means, but spend much of the day composing lengthy letters of application and then wondering who to send them to.
18th of Steve, 69 – Today the unthinkable happened! A female visitor wanting to see Koshie's old studio! At a loss for conversation, I share with her yesterday's journal entry: 'Long hours of Word Association convince me that my childhood was filled with Degenerative Morbid Manifestations which Infantile Amnesias have obliterated from my Pre-conscious Mind.... Spoilsports!' She suddenly remembers a hair appointment and leaves. Although aware that The FATES are merely the residue of Collective Tribal Neuroses, still I resolve to curse them with my dying breath.
wack?
wack?
20th of Wintermonth, 70 – Still wounded by the loss of my female visitor, I begin manifesting Resistance against Dr. Fräud's teachings: spelling 'Fetich' with an 's' and 'Phantasy' with an 'F.' This morning, I hesitated for several seconds before putting the umlaut over the 'a' in his name. I feel the chasm of Pathogenic Repression opening at the metaphorical feet of my Psychic Mechanism.
8th of Springmonth, 70 – One of the Substitute Wise Fellows delivers a note from C., thanking me for leaving him no other option but to spend most of the last year studying the Torah...and inviting me over on the 9th to listen as he dictates his commentaries on the first chapter of the First Book of Moshe
9th of Springmonth, 70 - Re-reading C.'s note for the hundredth time I grow still more convinced that he is manifesting a displacement of his Oedipal Urges from his Real Father onto me. I resolve to remain calm, but am frankly terrified by the knowledge that C. unconsciously wants to kill me...and marry the tube of petroleum jelly in the drawer of my nightstand.

Me:
You want me to polish it as we go along? Or just write down everything you say and fix it later?

Cerebus:
Write down everything Cerebus says and he'll fix it later.

Me:
Okey-dokey.

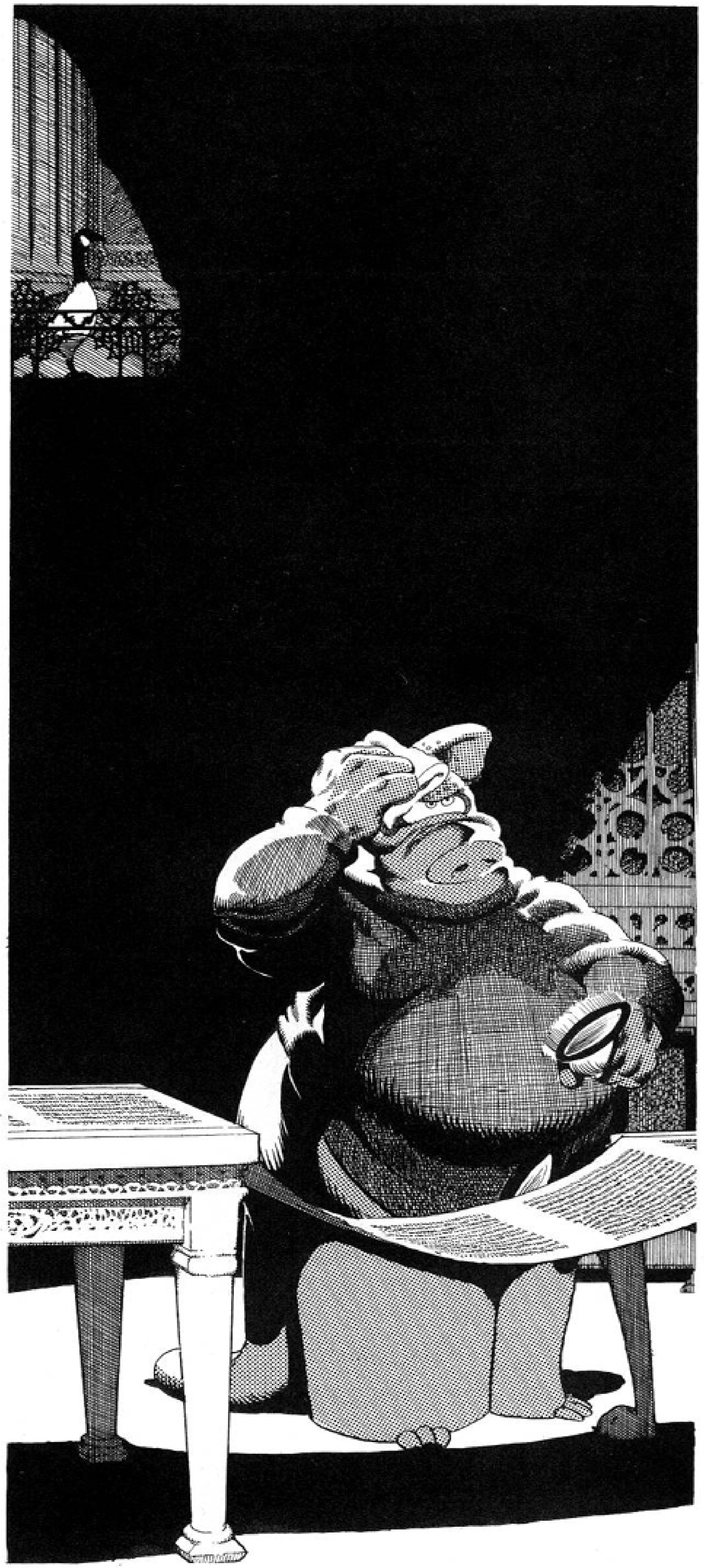
Cerebus:
[clears throat]

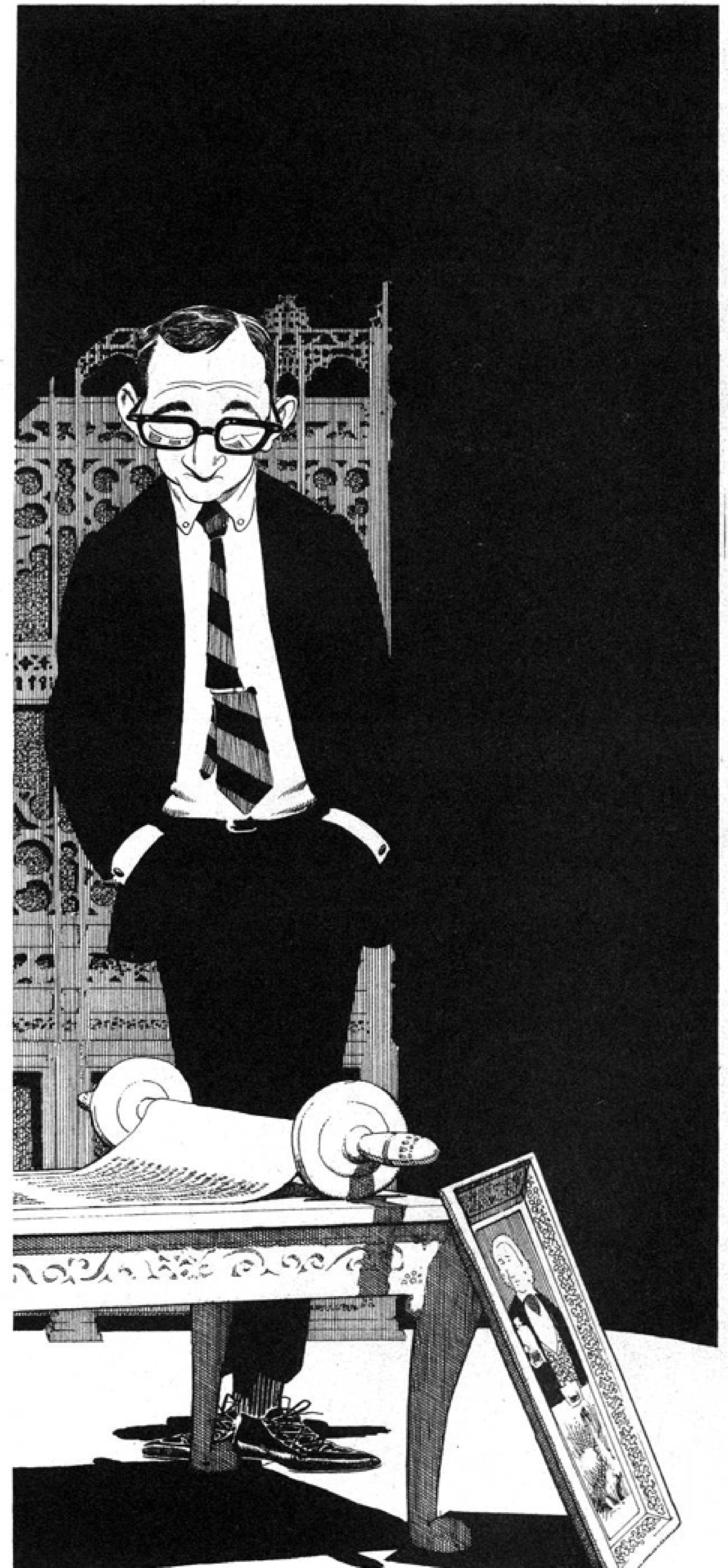
Me:
You want me to write in things like you clearing your throat like you just did there? Or when you're thinking about what you're going to say next?

Cerebus:
Aye. [thinks] Only don't write down things that make Cerebus sound stupid like, you know...[farts]...that.

Me:
Okey-dokey.

Cerebus:
Okay. [clears throat] [reading] "*In the beginning, God created the Heauen and the Earth.*" [thinks] What *this* means is...[thinks]...that...[thinks]...God created the Heaven and the Earth. [thinks]...And that God *did so*...[clears throat]...in the beginning. Okay. [reading] "*And the earth was without forme.*" What *this* means is...[thinks]...that the earth was...was...[scrunching up his face]...sort of [unscrunching his face]...a *mess*. All over the place. You know. Like a...a *cake*...that hasn't been baked yet. [thinks] So, it's just sort of this...lumpy [thinking about it]...*mess*. Okay. [reading] "*And voyd and darkenesse vpon the face of the deepe.*" What *this* means is...[thinks]...that all *around* the lumpy mess—it was...black...and *dark*. [thinks] *Really* black [thinks some more] and *really* dark. The Deep. As God says later on in the tenth chapter of the *Second* Book of Moshe, darkness so dark that [wanders down to chapter ten] [reading] "*one may feele darknesse*" [wanders back] *Really* heavy...*really* thick...and *really* deep. Like when you dive down into the water too far? And it feels like your head is going to cave in? And sometimes you get, maybe, a nosebleed? Like *that* but much, much thicker and heavier...[reading] "*And the Spirit of God...mooued vpon...the face of the waters.*" God's Spirit moves upon The Deep. [thinks about it] Not the *Deepest* part of the Deep. After all, God's Spirit doesn't want its head to cave in or to get, maybe, a nosebleed. Nay, God's Spirit...moves...on the "*face of the waters*". Sort of...[clears throat]...*rubbing*...[clears throat] against the *face* of the waters because [clears throat] evidently it [clears throat again]...uh...*feels good* for God's Spirit to...uh..."*moove on the ...*" uh [clears throat again] "face *of the...*" ...uh...[pause]...uh...
SO!
Moving right along: [reading] "*And God said, Let there be light. And there was light. And God saw the light, that good.*" Now, what *this* means is that God said, "Let there be light." And what it *also* means is: that God *saw* the light. And, uh, what it *also* means is that *God*...when God, you know, *saw* the light that, uh, God thought that the light was, you know, a *good* thing. And, uh, God *said* so. "Light? That good!" [thinking] Like God's Spirit moving on the face of the waters. It was, you know, *good*. God *liked* it. And, uh, God's *Spirit* liked it. A *lot*. And, we can assume from what it says that the light was kind of a, uh, [thinks] a, uh...what's the word Cerebus is looking for?

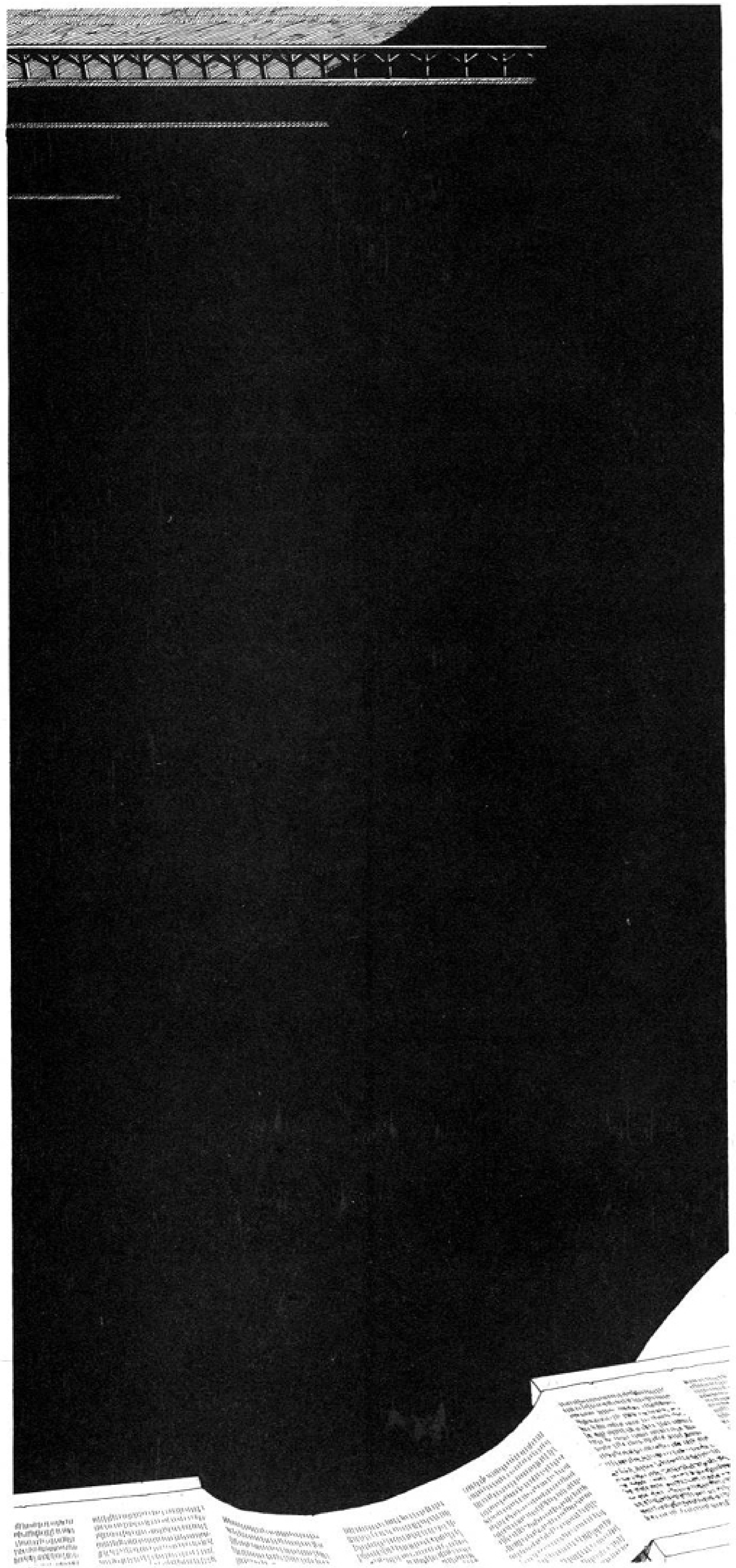


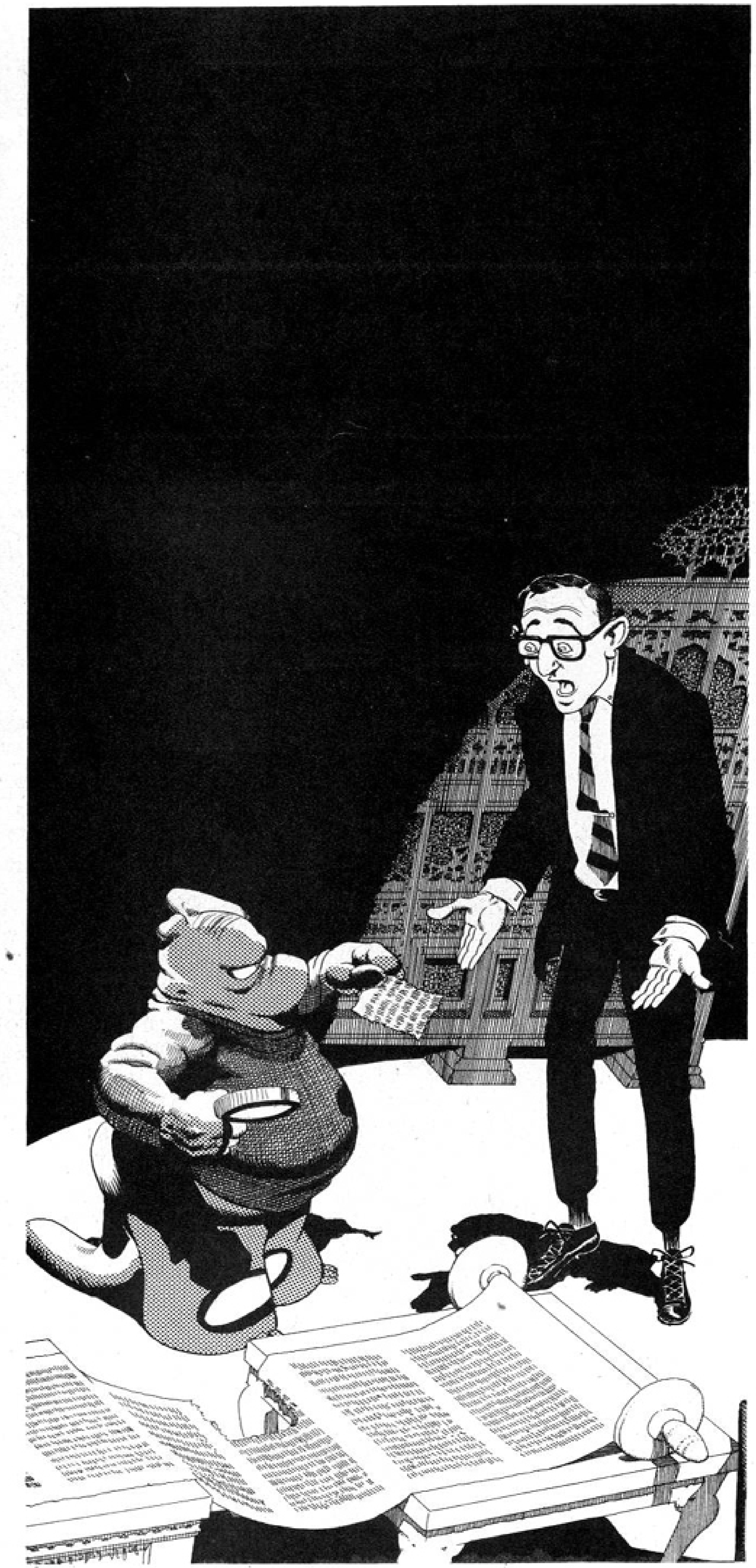


Konigsberg:
A...a...[thinks] by-product?

Cerebus:
Yes. Thank you. A *by-product* of God's Spirit really, really...*moving*...on the face of the waters. [gulps] [long pause] [suddenly stern] In Cerebus' opinion trying any harder to *explain* [gulps]..."*mooued*"...would just be [too loud] *RUDE!* [clears throat] Rude. [thinks] and probably get all of us *fried* by a *big lightning bolt*. *So!* Cerebus is just going to leave it at that. "*Mooved*". Period. [clears throat] Okay. [mops brow with handkerchief] *Moving right along*: [checks to see if either of us is going to say anything: neither of us does] [reading] "*And God diuided betweene the light and betweene the darknesse.*" What *this* means is: as...uh...as tends to happen when [clears throat] something really gets [clears throat]...*moving*...on...uh...on the *face* of...uh...something *else*...*part* of God *separates* from God. [thinks] Or. [thinks]...*part* of God's *Spirit* separates from God's *Spirit*. It doesn't say [clears throat] [mops brow] *which*...part of God's Spirit separated from God's Spirit or...*which*...part of God separated from God, and this [clears throat]—*potentially*—brings us into [clears throat] very, very—[too loud] POTENTIALLY RUDE AREAS.
So, uh...uh...
Of course later *on*...in the *Second* Book of Moshe, it turns out that it was nothing like that at all. So we can...*ALL*...just completely...*IGNORE*...*ANY rude thoughts*. [emphatic] ANY rude thoughts. [really emphatic] AT *ALL!* THAT *ANY OF US MIGHT* BE HAVING! [looks menacingly at Konigsberg and then at me]. So, okay. [reading] "*And God called the light, Day, and the darknesse he called Night.*" What *this* means is: that God decided to call the light, Day. [thinks] And what it *also* means is: that God decided to call the *darkness*...*Night*. [reading] "*And the evening was and the morning was the first day.*"
Now this is really where the whole argument starts...which...[thinks] [starting over] See, because *ordinarily*—thinking about day and night—you or Cerebus would say it the other way around, right? "The *morning* was and the *evening* was." You know: a Day *starts* with the morning and *ends* with the evening. The fact that this is *not* true is God's point. [thinks] *One* of God's points. The *evening*—Night, *God*, the *elder* being—comes first. The *morning*—Day, the *light*, the *younger* being—came *after* God. The part of God that separated *from* God or the part of God's Spirit that separated *from* God's Spirit and that is...NOW...*inside*...the light...[thinks] [sighs]...has *no* idea how it got in there. Or...just in general...*what* the heck is going on. So. God—helpfully—tries to explain. Each one of the "days"—in the first chapter of the Book of Moshe—is part of God's explanation. Okay. So: [reading] "*And God said, Let there be an Expansion in the midst of the waters and let it diuide the waters from the waters.*" Here? God has turned his attention to the mess—the lumpy-cake-mix-that's-all-over-the-place-that-will-when-God-is-done-with-it-become the earth.
[reading] "*And God made the Expansion; and diuided the waters, which vnder the Expansion, from the waters, which aboue the Expansion: and it was so.*" Here? God intentionally *makes* His first thing. An Expansion. As God would be the first to admit, He didn't *make* the Light. He [clears throat] ..."*mooued*"...in a way which *caused* things to happen that *caused the light to appear* and after His Spirit was done [clears throat] ..."*moouing*"...He said, "*LET there* BE *light*". See, God knows that the *part* of Him that has separated *from* Him or the *part* of His Spirit that has separated *from* His Spirit and which is now *inside the light* is very touchy when it comes to whether or not the Light was *created* or was

always there, so God is being very careful how he puts it. But now, now God *makes* His first thing: God *makes* an *Expansion*—that is, God *makes* the *air* that will *surround* the earth, the *air* that is—take Cerebus' word for it—much, much, much, much, *much lighter* than the heavy, thick, black so-dark-you-feel-like-your-head-is-going-to-cave-in-and-you're-going-to-get-maybe-a-nosebleed-dark-darker-darkest waters *above* the Earth's atmosphere. See, air is lighter than water, in the same way that the waters *under* the Expansion are lighter than the waters *above* the Expansion. Anyway, God makes the air and puts it *around* the earth, *in between* the waters that *we know,* the Seas, and the *heavy-thick-black-head-cave-in-nosebleed* waters out in space. *"And God called the Expansion, Heauen"* which is as good a name for it as any. Besides which, God created it so He can call it whatever He wants, right? *"And the evening was and the morning was the second day."* Notice that God doesn't see the Heaven and say that the Heaven is good. The Heaven isn't good or bad. It's a bunch of air that separates the waters from the waters. Now. You see what God is doing? He's showing the Light who God and the Light are relative to each other: What God is telling His confused separated part or His Spirit's confused separated part is: God is *like* the waters *above* the expansion, *above* "heaven". That is, God is *like* the thick darkness. And the part separated from God or the part of God's Spirit separated from God's Spirit that is now *inside* the light is like the waters *below* the Expansion God has made. God is telling the separated part of Himself: *"I'm* really *big* and *heavy* and *thick* and *dark* and *you* are *little* and *light* and *thin."* God goes on: [reading] *"And God said, Let the waters vnder the heauen be gathered together vnto one place and let the dry land appeare: and it was so."* God makes another example *inside* his first example. Not only has he divided the waters *from* the waters—so as to show the light which one of them is which—but he then gives the order for all the *little* and *light* and *thin* waters to all be gathered into one place *under the heaven* and poof, like a magic trick, the *dry land, the earth* appears. What God is saying is that God did not *make* the light. What God is saying is that—in the same way that God causes all the *little and light and thin* waters to be gathered into one place *under* the heaven so that the *earth* can appear—in *just that way, above* the heaven, that is, *out in space*—a long, long, long, *long time ago*—God caused all of the *thick, heavy, dark head-cave-in-nosebleed* waters to be gathered into one place and, poof, like a magic trick, the *light* had appeared. [reading] *"And God called the drie land, Earth, and the gathering together of the waters called hee, Seas: and God saw that good."* What God is saying is that the Earth is a good thing, just like the light. It was well worth getting the Seas the heck out of the way so the *Earth* could appear, the same as it had been well worth moving on the thick, heavy, dark waters so the *light* could appear. "It was a very good idea," says God. "It's *still* a good idea." God is making no apology for [clears throat]..."*moouing*"...Okay. Next: [reading] *"And God said, Let the Earth bring foorth tender grasse, the herb yeelding seed, the fruit tree, yeelding fruit after his kinde, whose seed in it selfe, vpon the earth: and it was so."* Same deal as with the light: God doesn't have to *do* anything. He just lets nature takes its course: *"Let* there be light." *"Let* the Earth bring fooorth..." And the Earth *does,* as the next verse tells us: *"And the earth brought foorth tender grasse, herbe yeelding seed after his kinde, and the tree yielding fruit, whose seed in it selfe, after his kinde: and God saw that good."* The point God is making is that the earth is capable of making things, *too.* In the same way that *God* made the *heaven*—the earth's atmosphere—the *earth* is capable of making its *own*





grass, its *own* herbs and its *own* trees. And the grass and the herbs and the trees are *good,* says God. The earth makes *good* grass, *good* herbs and *good* trees. That's *one* of God's points. Another one of God's points, here, is that Only God is God. God is saying that the part of God that separated *from* God or the part of God's Spirit that separated *from* God's Spirit—which is now *inside* the light as well as *inside* the waters under heaven as well as *inside* the earth—is *not* God. What God is saying is that the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit—relative *to* God—is *like* grass, *like* herbs, *like* trees are—*relative to* the earth.. See, God is saying: the earth grows its grass, but the grass it grows doesn't grow a new earth. God is saying: the earth grows its herbs which grow their own seeds which, in turn, grow more herbs—but the herbs don't grow a new earth and the seeds that the herbs grow don't grow a new earth. God is saying: the fruit tree grows fruit that contains its seed within itself, but the tree doesn't grow a new earth, the fruit doesn't grow a new earth and the seed inside the fruit doesn't grow a new earth. In the same way, God—when His Spirit [clears throat] ..."*moooued*"...upon the face of the waters—did not grow a New God. There is only One God and the part of God that separated *from* God or the part of God's Spirit which separated *from* God's Spirit and which is *inside* the light, *inside* the waters, *inside* the earth is *not* God and is *not* a *New* God. *This!* [he finally remembers to exhale] is the crux of the very, very, very long argument that God is having with the part that separated from Him or the part of His Spirit that separated from His Spirit. And this [thinks] concludes God's *third* example of his point. [reading] *"And the euening and the morning were the third day."* Okay [tears the next section out]. This part, this part doesn't belong in here. What's-his-name from the second chapter [checks] "the man", "adam". Adam must've put this in here.

Konigsberg:
What are you doing? You can't just...just...*tear out* part of the Torah.

Cerebus:
[handing him the piece] Cerebus just did.

Konigsberg:
[looking at it in vague horror]
I stand corrected. [thinks] No, wait. I mean: tearing something out of the Torah [thinks] it's—it's [thinks] well, at the very least, it's *bad theology.*

Cerebus:
[thinks] No it isn't. [thinks] It's common sense. Look: God just told the earth to bring forth grass and herbs and trees, right? Which the earth does. And then, all of a sudden, for the next event God makes *two great lights*? In the middle of making his point that there is only One God? *That's* bad theology. Besides, God already said, way, way back here, *"Let* there be light," admitting that he didn't *create* the light. [thinks] And even if he *had,* He would only have had to create the light *once*, right? If you invent, say, "the chair," okay? A thing for people to sit down on?

Konigsberg:
Yes. I understand the concept of a chair.

Cerebus:
Exactly. You come up with the *concept* of a chair. You don't say, "This morning I *invented* 'the chair'" and then— two days later—say, "I just *invented* two more 'the chairs'." 'The chair' is a concept. " Letting "The light" *be* is a concept.

Konigsberg:
But...but...what makes you think *Adam* put it in there?

Cerebus:
[thinks] Who do *you* think passed all of these Books down? It was probably the first good-and-bad thing Adam heard in his head after he ate the bad fruit from the good-and-bad fruit tree. So, full of bad fruit, he put "the two lights" crap in after the only reference to fruit trees and fruit that he could find in the first chapter.

Konigsberg:
I don't get it. *Who* told Adam that the...

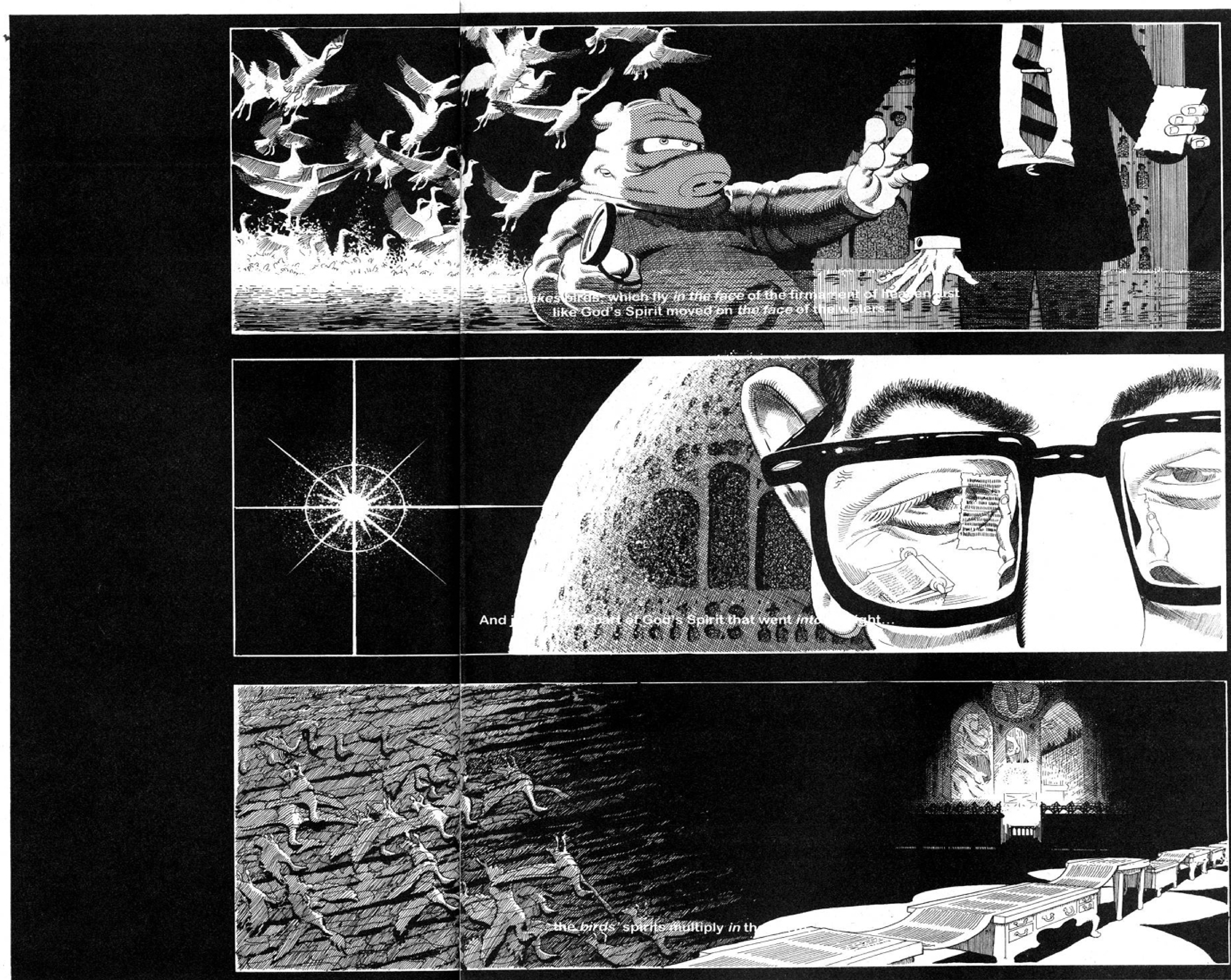
Cerebus:
Look. This is going to take *forever* if you keep interrupting. [reading the scroll to himself for a minute or two] Look. [grabbing Konigsberg by the arm and pointing at the scroll] Look how much *better* it reads *without* Adam's bad-fruit-story about inventing the two lights. Read it now that Cerebus has taken the bad fruit stuff out. God says, let the *earth* bring forth tender grass, herbs and trees, which the earth does. Right? Right. Now, what's the *next logical thing for God to do?* The next logical thing is to tell the *Seas* to do the same thing. Right? Right: [reading] "*And God said, Let the waters bring foorth aboundantly the mouing creature that hath soule, and foule may flie aboue the earth in the face of the firmament of heauen.*" See, God's trying to make the earth *feel* better.

Konigsberg:
He *is*?

Cerebus:
Of course. See, what God is telling the earth is that the waters *can't* bring forth their own living things. Not like the *earth* can. God says, let the earth bring forth grass and herbs and trees and that's all it takes. Grass, herbs and trees as far as the eye can see. Good vegetation. "Congratulations, earth." But the waters? The waters are just stupid waters. God can tell the waters until He's blue in the face to bring forth their living things and they're just going to stupidly lap up and down against the shoreline. So: [reading] "*And God created great whales, and euery liuing creature that moueth, which the waters brought forth aboundantly after their kinde, and euery winged foule after his kinde: and God saw that good.*" God makes the living things, the great whales, the fish, the creeping things Himself. Because if God *doesn't* do it, it isn't going to get done. God is saying that—while the earth is definitely *not* God—the earth *is* better than the waters because the earth *can* create living things. Only grass and herbs and trees, sure. But *still* actual, multiplying living things—and the waters *can't*. Of course [chuckles] God tries to pull a fast one with the whales. We're getting to that part. Also, notice the "*his* kind" and "*their* kind". The earth brought forth grass, herb yielding seed after *his* kind, the tree yielding fruit after *his* kind. Whose seed in *it* self. *He* and *it*. The grass is just grass. The grass is an *it*. The herb is a *he*. The fruit tree is a *he*. The fruit is an *it*. When God gets around to making the living creatures that move, the waters bring them forth after *their* kind. What's the definition of "their"?

Konigsberg:
Uh. Third person plural? [thinks] Possessive pronoun?

Cerebus:
If that means "his, hers and its" then you're right. The waters are "he waters, she waters and it waters".





Interchangeable. Stupid. Not good or bad. "It". The winged fowl, birds, on the other hand are *he*-birds. "After *his* kinde". *Which* is not to say that there aren't *female* birds. There *have* to be because the very next thing God says is: [reading] "*And God blessed them, saying, Be fruitful, and multiply, and fill the waters in the Seas…*" Note: be *fruitful*. "Reproduce yourselves, he-birds, as even the lowest…*it*…fruit does, and as even the highest…God's Spirit…did."

God is saying that every *he* and *it* is fruitful, no matter *how* stupid *he* and/or *it* is. The seed is in you. Let it separate from you and create life—just as *part* of God separated from God or *part* of God's *Spirit* separated from God's *Spirit* and went into the light. This leads to God's *next* example: [reading]"…*and let foule multiply in the earth*". "*In* the earth". Not *on* the earth. God *makes* birds, which fly in *the face* of the firmament of heaven just like God's Spirit moved on *the face* of the waters. And just like the part of God's Spirit that went *into* the Light, the birds' spirits multiply *in* the Earth. God, knowing how much the earth is going to *like* this—in the same way that God's Spirit *liked* moving on the face of the waters and liked going into the light [thinks about it] which is to say, a *lot*—God tells the birds, you know, make *lots and lots and lots of birds!* Because every time a bird flies through the face of the firmament of heaven, its spirit flies through the Earth and the Earth gets to feel a *little* bit of what God's Spirit *moving* on the face of the waters—and going *into* the light—felt like to God or to God's Spirit. [reading]"*And the euening and the morning were the fift day.*" Okay.

Next: [reading]

"*And God said, Let the earth bring forth the liuing creature after his kinde, cattell, and creeping thing, and beast of the earth, after his kinde: and it was so.*" Here? God challenges the earth. God told the Seas to bring forth *their* living things and they couldn't do it, right? So God had to create all of the fish and the birds himself. So, now God says to the earth, "If *you're* God or you're *like* God,"—which is really what the argument is all about that God is having with the part that separated from Him or separated from His Spirit—"then do what I, God, just did: make living, *moving* things come out of the *earth* the way I just made living, *moving* things come out of the Seas." And the earth can't do it. Which is another one of God's points. The earth can make grass and herbs and trees, but the earth *can't* make living, *moving* creatures. So, God makes them *for* the earth: [reading] "*And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattell after their kind and euery thing that creepeth upon the earth, after his kinde: and God saw that good.*" All of the moving creatures—except the cattle—are *he*. The cattle, on the other hand, are interchangeably he, she and it [thinks about it]. Basically? Cattle are living, breathing, walking, moving *fruit*. They are "Its." You know, like the waters. They aren't good or bad. They just *are*. But, that's *okay*. In fact, it's *good*, says God, that they aren't good or bad. Living, breathing, walking, eating, sleeping *fruit* is a *good* thing. Like the light and the Earth and the Seas are good [thinks]. Just "good" in a *different way*. Okay. So, you would figure at this point that God would be finished for the day, but in figuring that, you would be wrong: [reading] "*And God said, Let us make man in our Image, after our likenesse:*" What God is saying to the earth, and to the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit and which is *inside* the light and *inside* the earth is: "Now, *this* time, for *this* 'day,' *you and I— together*—will make the *next* example of the relationship which exists between us." But before he goes ahead and makes the example Himself—having already proven that the earth is only capable of making grass and herbs and trees—God says, "And

we'll make a deal. Once we have made these two entities, let's you and I agree to..."[reading] "*...let them haue dominion ouer the fish of the sea, and ouer the foule of the aire, and ouer the cattell, and ouer all the earth, and ouer euery creeping thing that creepeth vpon the earth.*" And while the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit is mulling over the offer, God goes ahead with His plan: [reading] "*So God created man in his owne Image, in the Image of God created hee him; male and female created hee them.*" And just like with the birds—whose spirits, whose souls fly around inside the earth—even as the birds themselves are flying around in the "*face of the firmament of heauen*" God makes the man and the female-of-the-man for the same reason, except that—because *they* can't *fly*—*their* souls, *their* spirits will be *walking* around, upside down, *in* the earth [reading]: "*And God blessed them, and God said vnto them, Be fruitfull, and multiply, and replenish the earth...*"
[to Konigsberg] That reminds Cerebus. Are you *sure* the First Book of Moshe is the *earliest* book you've got?

Konigsberg:
Oh, definitely. [thinks] Why?

Cerebus:
Well, because when God says, "replenish the earth," that's the same thing He says at the start of chapter nine, after the flood. So, obviously, this is, like, an on-going thing. This is the way things always start—the way they start in this first chapter or the way they start after the flood—with God telling the new people to replenish the earth. And then things go wrong and there's this big catastrophe of some kind and all of the living things on the earth...you know...*die*...in some big disaster or other and as a result the earth *loses* all of the spirits of the birds and the animals and the people and then its time to [chuckles] "fill the earth up" again. [thinks about it] So, Cerebus was just, you know, wondering what it was that happened to all the birds and the animals and the people *before* the start of the First Book of Moshe.
Where *was* Cerebus?

Me:
Verse 28. "*...and replenish the earth.*"

Cerebus:
Oh, aye, aye, aye. "*...and subdue it.*" "*It.*" Which is bad news for the earth because by describing the earth as "it," God is saying that the earth is like the waters...or the fruit...or the *walking* fruit, the cattle. The earth is not being an intelligent "*he,*" God is saying, the earth is being a stupid "*it*". Which God probably has a good point, since the earth doesn't take God up on His deal.

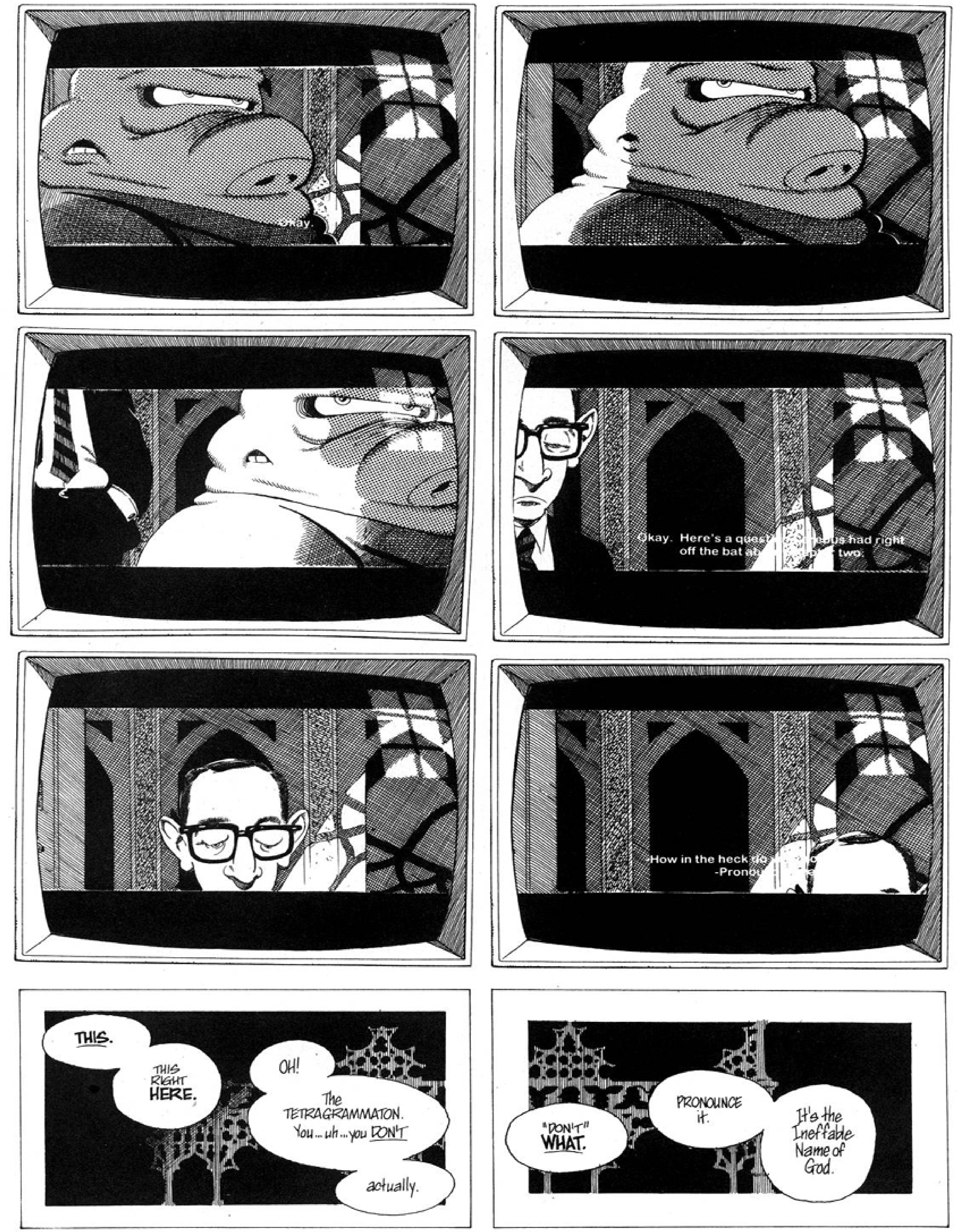
Konigsberg:
Deal?

Cerebus:
Aye, the offer that God makes in verse 26. Compare it with the "*done* deal" in verse 28 where God says, let *them*—"them" meaning the man and the female-of-the-man—[reading]: "*...have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the foule of the aire, and ouer euery liuing thing that creepeth vpon the earth.*" See, the earth only takes God up on *part* of God's deal.

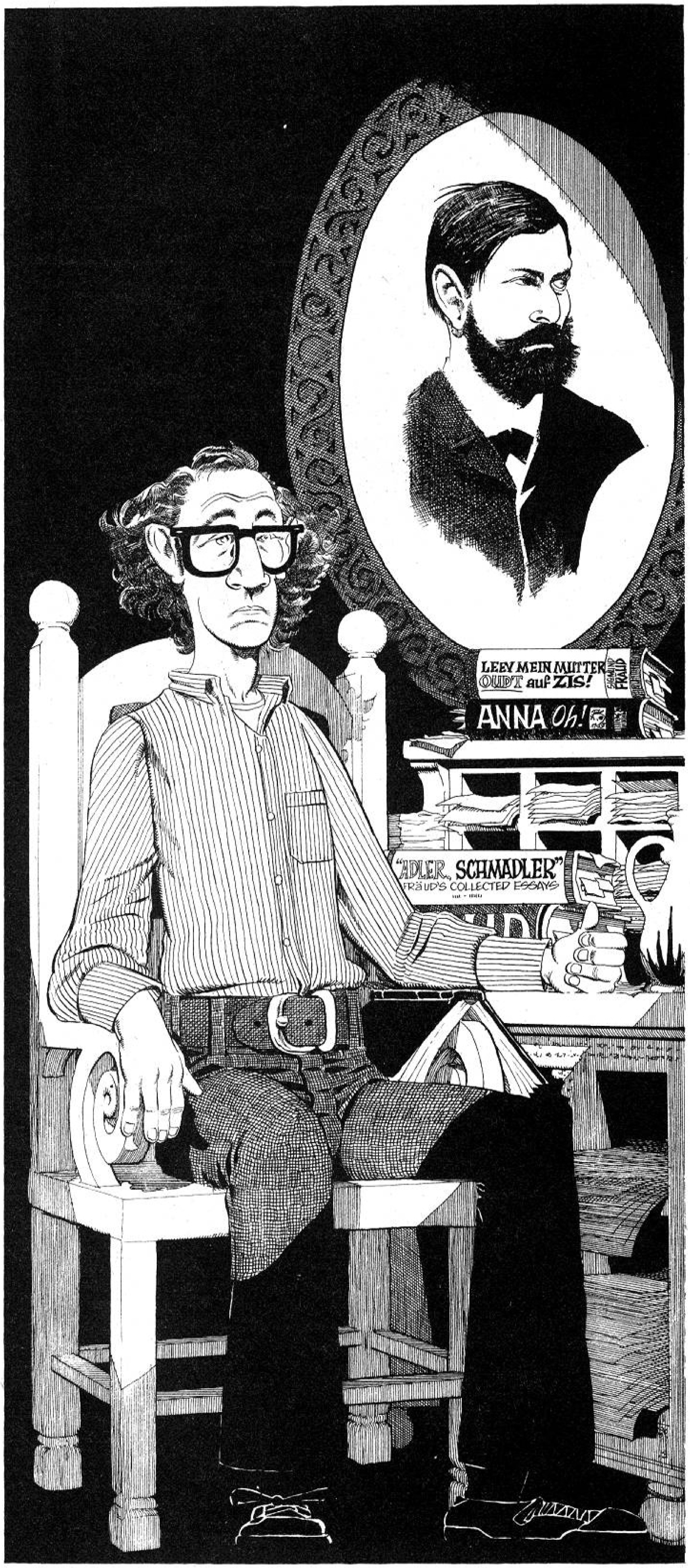
Konigsberg:
Part of the deal.

Cerebus:
Aye. The part of God that separated from God or the part of God's Spirit that separated from God's Spirit and which is *inside* the earth *agrees* but leaves out two big parts: the earth *doesn't* agree to give the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over the *earth* or the *cattle*. Which is why God tells the man and the female-of-the-man that they are going to have to "*subdue*" the earth on their *own*. [thinks] Cerebus is writing a directive on that to be sent out to all the sanctuaries. Also, the great whales—being mammals—don't qualify as fish, so the man and the female-of-the-man wouldn't have gotten dominion over the great whales under the terms of God's original deal, anyway. This is the "fast one" God tries to pull on the separated part of God or of God's Spirit that He calls "Day". If "Day" had gone for the original deal, that would've given the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over everything *except* the great whales. See, the whales are "of God": out of all the living, moving creatures on the earth or in the Seas, they resemble God the most: *Big. Really* big. *Dark. Really* dark. *Thick. Really* thick. They move like the deep, like the dark waters above the atmosphere, but they're alive. [thinks for a long while] Okay. [reading]:"*And God said, Behold, I haue giuen you euery herbe seeding seed, which vpon the face of all the earth, and euery tree, in the which the fruit of a tree yeelding seed, to you it shall be for meat: And to euery beast of the earth, and to euery foule of the aire, and euery thing that creepeth vpon the earth, wherein there a liuing soule, euery green herbe for meat: And it was so.*" What God is saying here is: since the earth didn't *make* the cattle but refuses to give the man and the female of the man dominion *over* the cattle, well, God decides to just give all of the herbs growing out of the earth and every tree growing out of the earth to the man and the female-of-the-man and the animals and the creeping things that God created. [chuckles] You know, what's the *earth* going to do about it? Of course, technically, God only gave them the *trees* for food. The trees are "he" trees. "Of God". The fruit is "it" fruit. "Of the separated part of God or separated part of God's Spirit". [reading] "*And God saw euery thing that hee had made: and behold, very good. And the euening and the morning were the sixth day.*"
Okay, so that's *God's* version of how everything got started. Next we have...[peers intently at the scroll][stands up][peers intently at the scroll again] Okay. Here's a question Cerebus had right off the bat about chapter two. [points at verse 4] How in the heck do you *pronounce* this?

Konigsberg:
Pronounce what?




"THE IN-WHAT-ABLE NAME OF GOD?
"Ineffable."
Ineffable means "too over-powering to be expressed in WORDS -- too lofty or sacred to be uttered aloud."
Legend says that during TEMPLE WORSHIP when the High Priest would SPEAK The Name everyone would bang cymbals really LOUDLY so you couldn't hear the pronunciation
In the WRITTEN Torah the VOWELS are missing, so that all you get are the unpronounceable consonants: "YHWH" ...
...which the GOYIM... (don't ask me why)...
...translate as "LORD"...
...all in CAPITALS.
SO THAT'S IT.
THE VOWELS ARE MISSING, EH?
The thing is no one knows WHICH vowels are missing
or "e" or "i" or "o" or "u"
HOW MANY vowels are missing
or WHICH PART of The Name they're missing FROM.
IN THAT CASE ...
LET'S CALL HER:
"...YOOHWHOO."



85th of Wintermonth 71- Can it really be almost a year since I've written in these pages? Scattered around me stacks and stacks of preliminary notes—many of them undated—haunting reminders of the futility of these last four months:

(Undated)– Dr. Fräud has observed: "this Ego Libido can only become accessible to psychoanalytic study if its psychic energy is invested (*cathexis*) in sexual objects." *Cathexis* [Anc. Dehrsion~*Cathexo*: "to occupy" (contrast w. *Catheflexo*: "to sublet." *See also*~*Cathedyslexo*: "to rent by the hour")]

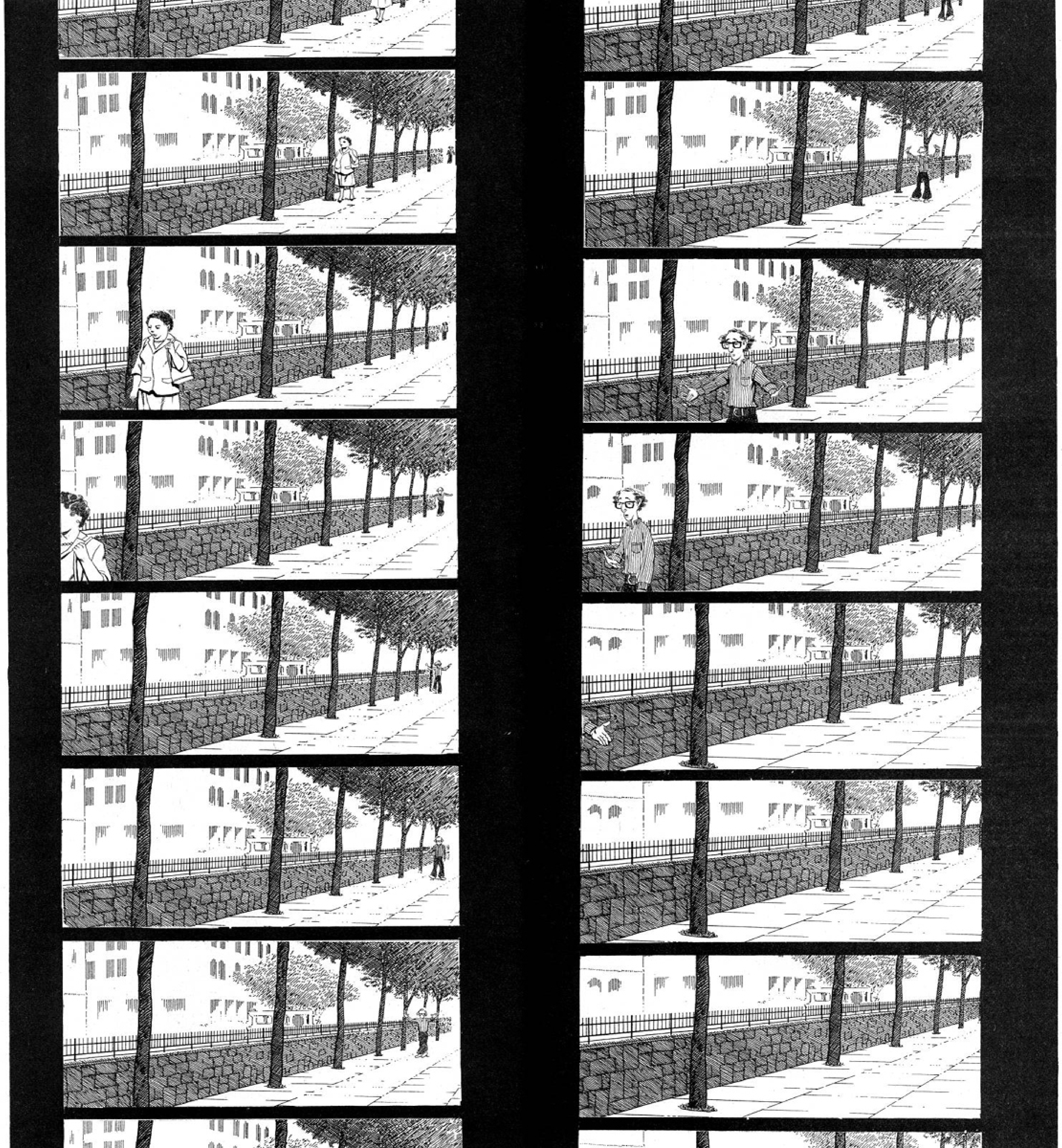
(Undated)– I continue to search my own Remnants and Memory Symbols for Psychic Traumata—a dog drinking out of a glass or a black snake coming through a wall........nothing comes to me. The bank account of my psyche is overdrawn, drained of its emotional currency which I have traded for the colourful painted "chips" of my faith in Dr. Fräud's teachings. Hoping that the Casino of my Super-Ego will accept them "at par," I struggle to remember if the white ones or the blue ones are worth twenty-five and whether it's a good idea to "stand" on "soft seventeen". My Inner Affective Resistances having slowed my self-analysis to a stand-still, I'm reduced to sublimating my aggression by sadistically torturing my metaphors.

(Undated) Reading Part III wherein Dr. Fräud discusses the Splitting of Consciousness: "Our experiences in this matter are nothing new: among hysterics, one may meet persons of of the clearest intellects, the strongest wills, the greatest principles and of the subtlest minds," I notice that he has switched from referring to himself in the first person *plural* to the third person *singular* in the space of a single paragraph. One is probably just trying to make one's reader feel included but, at another level, I suspect we might be trying to tell us something.

(5th of Steve 70) - I dream that I am Elizabeth Von R.: Dr. Fräud— in the words of his Epicrisis to that famous history—is explaining to me that "the independence of [my] nature was reaching beyond the womanly ideal, manifesting itself in obstinacy, pugnaciousness and shut-in-ness." He applies pressure to my head and tells me to describe the first thing I see. I reply, "I see that it would have been better for the translator to have used an *actual* word—like 'reclusion'—rather than a fabricated composite *non-term* like 'shut-in-ness'." I awake to find my imaginary nightie drenched in sweat and my imaginary scented baby powder adhering in pasty little white clumps to the lace frills of its imaginary arm-holes.

(Undated) Following Bernheim's example of forcibly awakening apparently forgotten impressions through somnambulism, I INSIST to myself that I DO know what my Prerequisite Psychic Traumata are! And that I WILL recall them! IN detail! NOW! This INSTANT! Despite slapping myself around for a good half hour, constantly screaming "SCHNELL, vermin, SCHNELL!" I stick to my original story: I know nothing, and suspect even less. In answer to my snarled threat that "I can *RUN*, but I can't *HIDE*," I proceed to do both; in the process setting my treatment back by months.

5th of Springmonth - Dr. Fräud's assertion that "the homestead of the Ego is the Libido" leaves me disconcerted. I was CERTAIN that the homestead of the Ego was the HOMESTEAD (with a quilted comforter, preferably). To me, the homestead of the LIBIDO is the five-star restaurant and the bordello (quilted comforter optional). While returning my copy of *Fräud's Frauensleute* to the Clothing Hut, I accidentally-on-purpose brush my upper arm against a copy of C.G. Jungfrau's *Iss Das a Uberschweres Geschütz in Dein Kessel?* I return home feeling cheap and tawdry, but also strangely exhilirated.



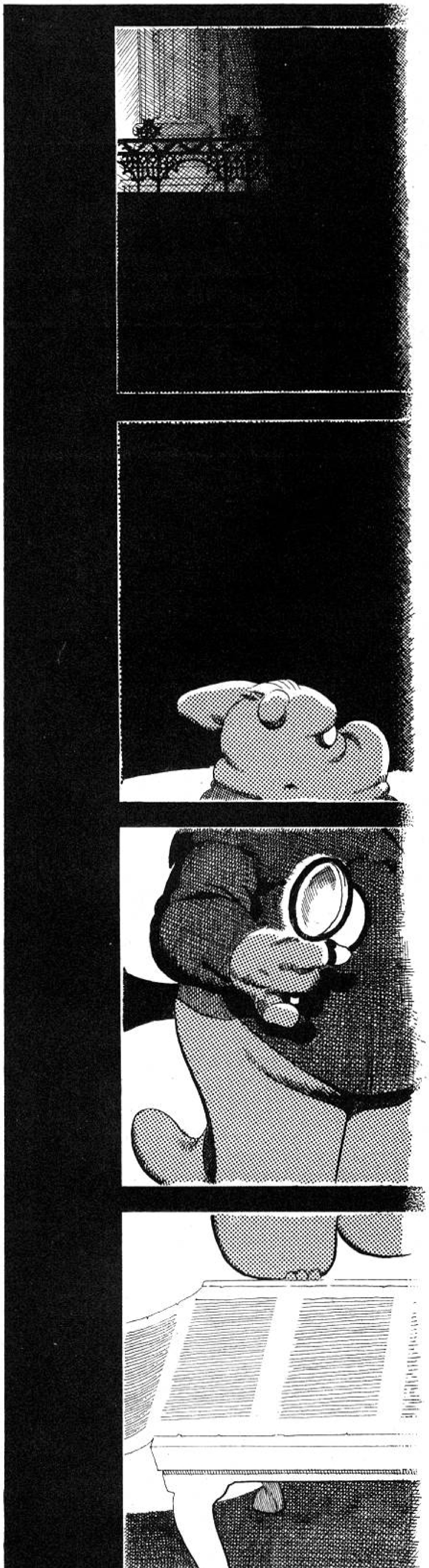
7th of Springmonth 71 - I awaken in the middle of the night from a dream which has provided the solution I've been seeking. In a half-conscious state, I scribble it down in the notepad I keep next to the petroleum jelly in my nightstand. The next morning, it turns out to be complete gibberish: "*Exterior. Street scene. Wide angle. Passerby right to left. Exits frame. All voice over (this is important) Forty seconds: K'berg reciting prel. notes. K'berg arrives mid-frame: one minute approx. post synch recitation to rec. sound. Dolly left following K'berg approx. twenty feet approx. fifteen sec. Freeze frame. K'berg exits frame left prior to 'while simultaneously enjoying etc.' Possible to shoot seven pages in one afternoon.*"

8th of Springmonth 71 - Although I'm only supposed to be crossing the courtyard to the Sanctuary, I find myself—for no discernible reason—halfway down Two-Mile Road, contemplating the Etiology of my Chronic Masturbation. I'm a great believer in Etiology: the Science of Root Causes. For it is only through focussing on the *origins* of a given Id Tendency—instead of focussing on the Id Tendency *itself*—that we enable ourselves to, both, fully understand the *nature* of that Id Tendency...

...while, simultaneously, enjoying it many times a day.



O, YOOHWHOO! BELIEVE!
O, YOOHWHOO! BELIEVE!
O, YOOHWHOO! BELIEVE!
O, YOOHWHOO! BELIEVE!
THUMP
WHAMP!!
THUMP
BE.
LIEVE.
O, YOOHWHOO! BELIEVE!
WHHAMP
O,
YOO.
TUMP
O, YOOHWHOO! BELIEVE!
O, YOOHWHOO BELIEVE
WHOO.
WHUMP



Cerebus:
Oh, aye. Razor strops. They used to work on Cerebus when he was a kid, so Cerebus figured they would work on Yoohwhoo. [thinks] And they *have.* There didn't used to be *any* vegetation around the Sanctuary.

Konigsberg:
You mean…you *told* them to do that?

Cerebus:
Aye. They're "subduing the earth". Like it said in the first chapter of the First Book of Moshe that men were *supposed* to do.

Konigsberg:
But…but…they're saying…"O, *Yoohwhoo*! Believe!"

Cerebus:
Aye.

Konigsberg:
But…but…*I thought*…that is…[thinks] Didn't you say that Yoohwhoo was…the *ineffable name of God!?*

Cerebus:
Nay. *You* said Yoowhoo was the ineffable name of God. [thinks] See, Yoowhoo only *thinks* she's God.

Konigsberg:
Yoohwhoo *thinks* she's God.

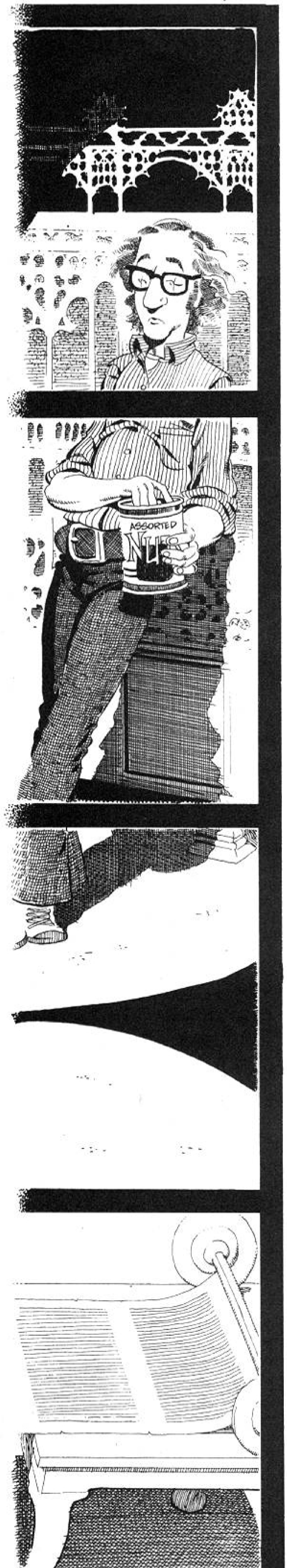
Cerebus:
Aye. See, Yoowhoo is [refers to the first chapter] "*the beast of the earth*". Yoowhoo is the separated part of God or part of God's Spirit that's *inside* the earth. She's a…a…*great light* [thinks] or a…a… *great fire* [thinks] or *both*…in the *middle* of the earth. Like the sun, but much, much smaller.

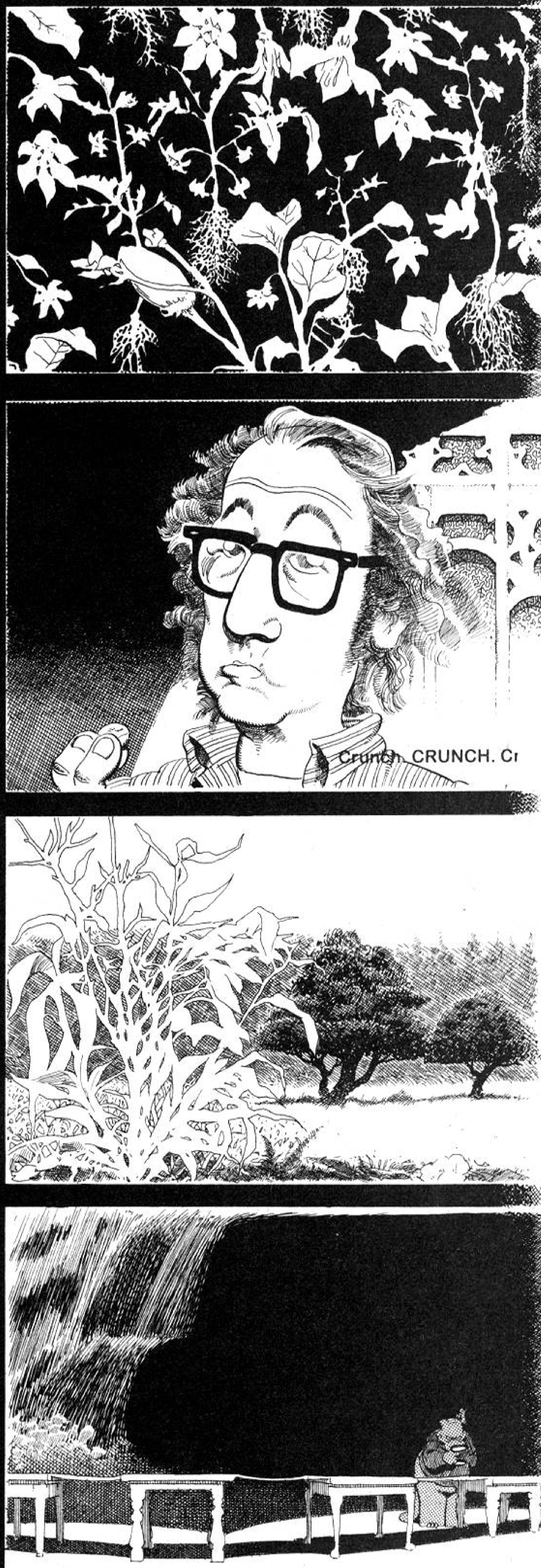
Konigsberg:
So *why* does she think she's God?

Cerebus:
Bad fruit.

Konigsberg:
Bad *fruit?*

Cerebus:
Listen, why don't you just…let Cerebus tell you this from the beginning. That's why Cerebus invited you over here, right? Because Cerebus is *finally* ready to dictate his commentaries on chapters two and three and four and five. [clears throat]. Okay. So God has finished telling his side of the story and then he basically says, "Okay, Yoohwhoo. If *you're* God, if you're *Yoohwhoo* God, tell Me: how do *you* remember everything getting started?" Which really throws Yoohwhoo for a loop. You ever listen to a woman tell a story *after* she's been thrown for a loop? It sounds a *lot* like this one. So, anyway, Yoohwhoo says, "*These the generations of the heauens, & of the earth, when they were created; in the day that the Yoohwhoo God made the earth, and the heauens…*" Note that—right off the bat—according to Yoowhoo God—*she* made everything in *one* day, unlike the *six* days that it took God to accomplish the same thing. Also—according to Yoohwhoo God—there's only *one* earth, but there's *more than one* heaven. How *many* heavens Yoohwhoo God is not prepared to say at this time but—according to Yoohwhoo God—there is more than one heaven, plural, as in "heavens". Yoohwhoo God goes on: "*And euery plant of the field, before it was in the earth, and euery herb of the field before it grew…*" See, right there, that's how you know that this is the earth—the living thing *inside* the earth—





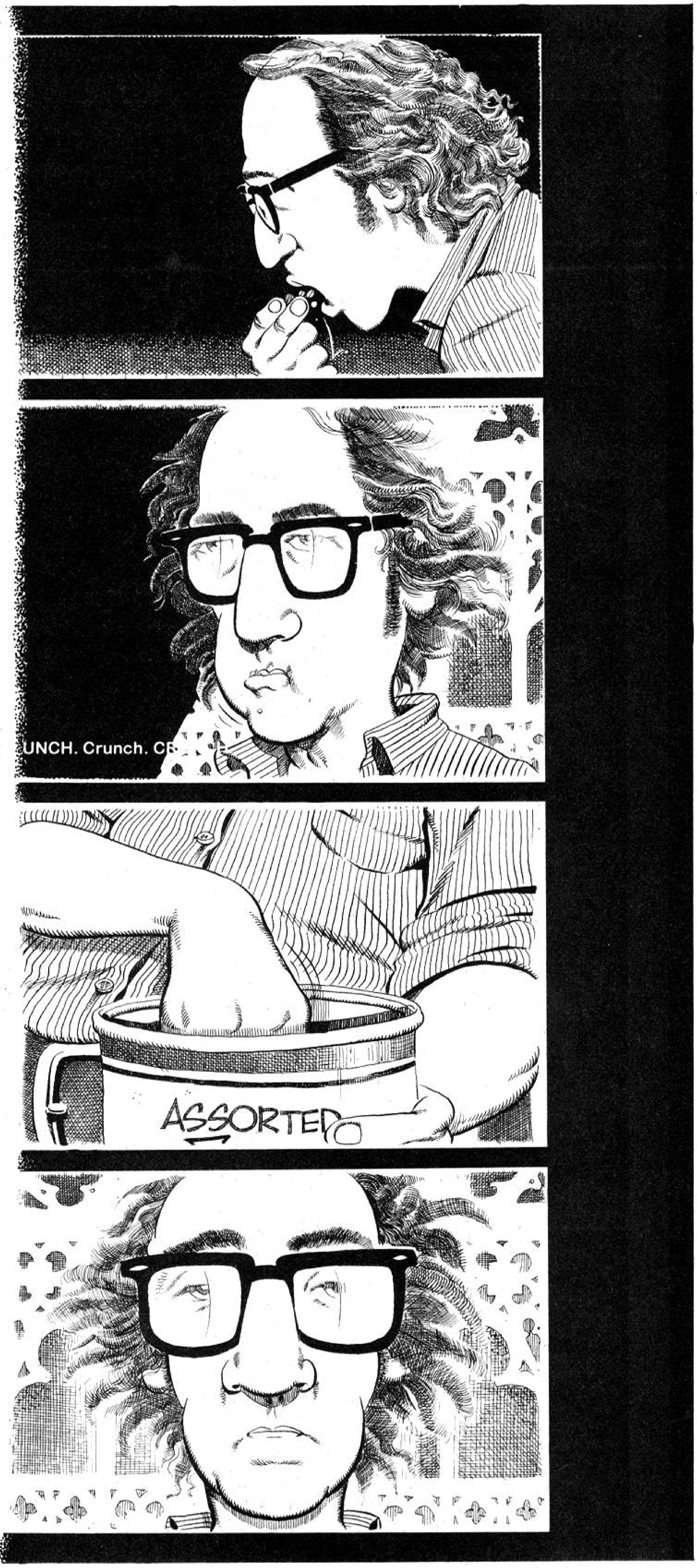
talking. What's the first thing she mentions? The plants and the herbs. What's the *only* thing the earth was able to produce on her own? Plants and herbs. Only—according to Yoohwhoo God—*she* created them *before* they were in the earth. Cerebus isn't sure what that *means* but this is Yoohwhoo God's story and she's sticking with it, "*...for the Yoohwhoo God had not caused it to raine vpon the earth, and there not a man to till the ground.*" You ever been married? No? This [sighs] this is what a conversation with a *wife* is like. "for *the Yoohwhoo God had not caused it to raine vpon the earth...*" That..."*for*"...in there just *kills* Cerebus. As if the fact that Yoowhoo God having *not* caused it to rain upon the earth somehow *explains* the plants and the herbs existing *before* they were in the earth. [thinks] When you're a husband, you learn to just stare off into the distance when you're facing that kind of logic. Yoohwhoo God goes on: "*But a mist went up from the earth and watered the whole face of the ground.*" See. According to Yoohwhoo God, the earth didn't even *need* rain to make the plants grow. The earth just produced a...a...*mist* that watered the whole face of the ground. [looks intently at Konigsberg] Have *you* ever seen a mist come *up* from the earth that was *heavy* enough to water a bunch of plants? Nay, neither has Cerebus. Neither has *anyone*. Except, evidently, Yoohwhoo God. So! Thus far: Yoohwhoo God has created the heavens and the earth in one day, plants and herbs *before* they were in the ground, whatever that means, and then a...a...*mist* comes up from the ground. To water all the plants. The first thing *Cerebus* thought was "How can Yoohwhoo God *see* to do all this? There's no *light*!" Anyway: "*And the Yoohwhoo God formed man of the dust of the ground & breathed into his nostrils the breath of life and man became a liuing soule.*" See, this is where you can see the problem that God is facing. God isn't visible, right? God is a Spirit. If he wants to *show* the earth something, he has to use the earth as a raw material to do it. So, God makes a man *from* the dust of the earth and what's the first thing the *earth* thinks? "Oh, *look* what *I* just made." "*And the Yoohwhoo God planted a garden Eastward in Eden; and there he put the man whom he had formed.*" *Again* with the plants. Yoohwhoo God is *very big* on plants. Only now there's a whole *garden* of plants and it's on the East side of someplace called Eden. "Eden?" Cerebus thought at this point, "Where did *Eden* come from?" "*And out of the ground made the Yoohwhoo God to grow euery tree that is pleasant to the sight, and good for food: the tree of life also in the midst of the garden, and the tree of knowledge of good and euill.*" Not another word about Eden or whether it was there all along or whether Yoohwhoo God made it but, next?...you guessed it...more *plants*. Including *trees*, this time. At *this* point, Yoohwhoo God has second thoughts about her "mist that went up from the earth and watered the face of the ground." Now that Yoohwhoo God has had a couple of verses to *think* about it, it turns out that it *wasn't* a mist that watered all the plants. It was a *river*. "*And a riuer went out of Eden to water the garden...*" A *river*? Out of *Eden*? Is Eden a *mountain*? An underground *spring*? A waterfall, *maybe*? And how the heck does a *river* water a *garden*, anyway? Did Yoohwhoo God create the *concept* of a river? Or did Yoohwhoo God just create *this particular* river? Shouldn't it be: "*And Yoohwhoo God* made *a riuer to go out from Eden*"? Or did the heavens and the earth—when Yoohwhoo God made them all in one day—just sort of come fully-equipped with rivers? This, evidently, is for Yoohwhoo God to know and for the rest of us not to find out. "*...and from thence it was parted, and became into foure heads.*" *Heads*? The river has *heads*? *Four* of them? How the heck does a

river "*become into*" four heads? And what the heck does "become into" *mean*? No idea, but guess what? The heads have *names*! *"The name of the first Pison: that it which compasseth the whole land of Hauilah, where is gold."* It was at this point that Cerebus got the definite impression that a certain element of...scope...was missing from Yoohwhoo's version of events. *"And the gold of that land good: There Bdellium and the Onix stone."* You know what Cerebus means? Like the next verse is going to tell you a great place to buy dish-towels and placemats. *"And the name of the second riuer Gihon: the same it that compasseth the whole land of Cush."* The second *river.* See, Cerebus thought we were talking about the *heads* that the river "*became into*". Never been married, eh? See, you learn to just nod and smile at this kind of stuff. The more you don't understand? The more you nod and smile. *"And the name of the third riuer Hiddekel: that which goeth toward the East of Assyria: and the fourth riuer is Euphrates."* At this point, the bell rings and we all get to *leave* geography class and go *back* to Ancient History class. *"And the Yoohwhoo God tooke the man, and put him into the garden of Eden, to dresse it, and to keepe it."* See, if you've never been married, at *this* point you would ask yourself, *self*? Why does Yoohwhoo God repeat verse 8 practically word-for-word here in verse 15? If you *have* been married—like *Cerebus* has—you just nod and smile and think, "Okay, *now* she's remembered where she was in the story *before* she got distracted by the part about the rivers." *"And the Yoohwhoo God commanded the man, saying, Of euery tree of the garden, eating thou shalt eate. But of the tree of the knowledge of good and euill, thou shalt not eate of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof, dying thou shalt die."* Okay, so basically Yoohwhoo God created the heavens and the earth in one day, all the plants and herbs *before* they were in the ground, formed a man out of the *dust* of the ground, planted a garden with a tree of *life* and a tree of *knowledge of good and evil*, *put* the man *in* the garden, and told him *not* to eat the fruit of the second tree or he would die. Well. [thinks] *That* certainly answers all of *Cerebus'* questions about how everything came to be. *"And the Yoohwhoo God said, It not good that the man should be alone: I will make him a helpe meet as before him."* As *before* him? There was a "help-meet" *before* the man? And what the heck is a "help meet," anyway? It's okay, Cerebus reminds himself, it's okay—just keep nodding and smiling. Which is getting difficult at this point because there are—*obviously*—you know, *major parts of the story MISSING here*. But...as Cerebus came to learn when he was *married*: if you just keep nodding and smiling, *most of the time—gradually*, but *eventually*— you *will* be *given* the missing pieces as you...*you* know...go along. Whereas IF, instead, you *yell really loud*, "YOOHWHOO GOD, WHAT IN THE *HECK* ARE YOU *TALKING ABOUT*?" All you're going to accomplish is to hurt her feelings and get her so upset she can't *remember* what she was talking about and she'll get all huffy and she won't talk to you for a few days. So: *"And out of the ground the Yoohwhoo God formed euery beast of the field, and euery foule of the aire and brought vnto the man, to see what he would call them: and whatsoeuer the man called euery creature, that the name thereof. And the man called names to all cattell, and to the foule of the aire, and to euery beast of the fielde: but for the man there was not found a helpe meete for him."* Aha! thought Cerebus (all of his nodding and smiling having finally paid off): It's a *compromise*! Remember when God tried to make the deal with the earth? To give the man and the-female-of-the-man dominion over everything *except* the whales? And the earth left out the earth and the



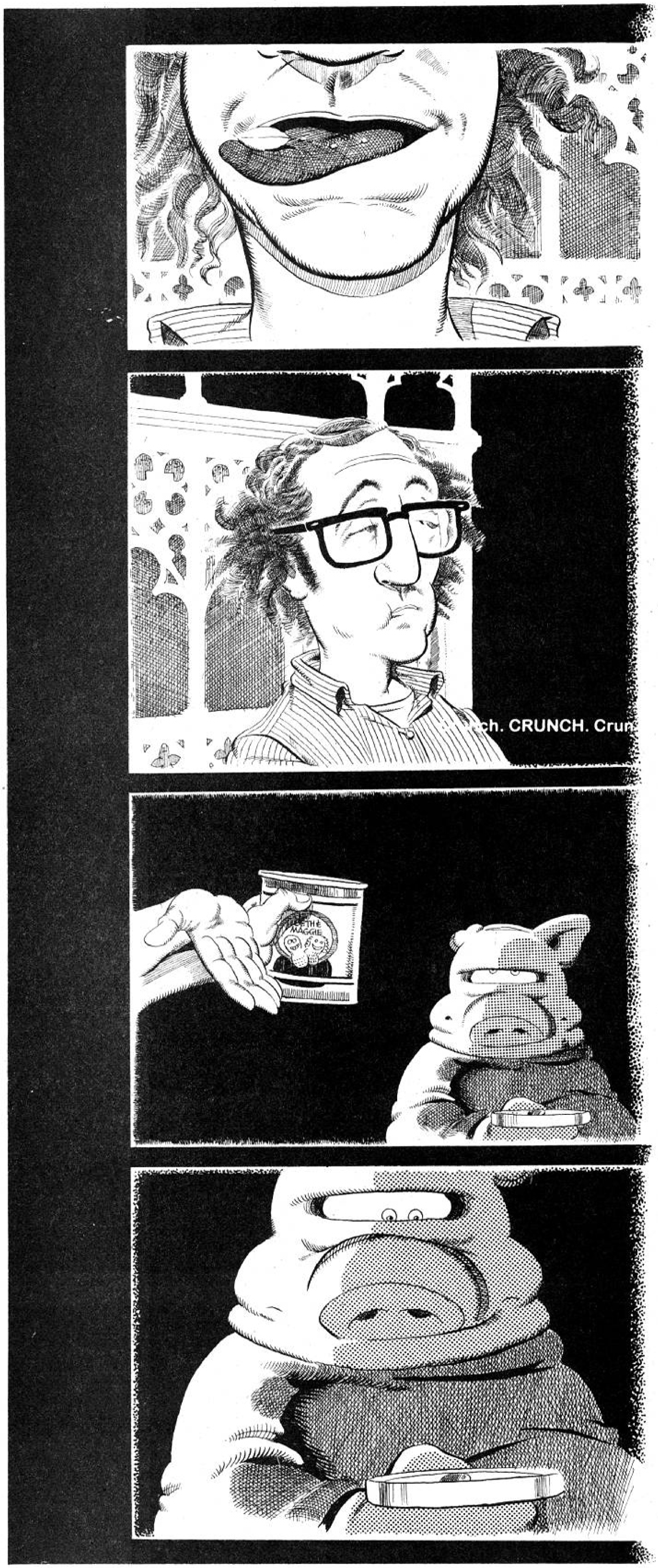
cattle? Well, this, evidently, is Yoohwhoo's attempt at a *counter*-offer: See, Yoohwhoo has already agreed to give the man and the female-of-the-man dominion over the beast of the field and fowl of the air. Now she *also* agrees to let him *name* the beasts of the field and the fowl of the air…*and to name* the cattle! "Trudy the cow, Morty the ram, Solly the sheep". Every one of 'em gets a *name*…and *the man* gets to pick 'em! Is getting to pick the *names* of the cattle the same as having "*dominion*" *over* the cattle? Of course not! It's a *compromise*, which—in "marriage-ese"—means "not getting what you *asked for*, but getting—*instead*—something useless that you don't need and that you can't use for anything." "*…but for the man there was not found a helpe meete for him.*" Maybe if we had some *idea*—some *clue* as to what a "help meet" *is*—we'd know where to look for one. *"And the Yoohwhoo God caused a deepe sleepe to fall vpon the man, and hee slept; and he tooke one of his ribs, and closed vp the flesh in stead thereof. And the rib which Yoohwhoo God had taken from man, builded hee a woman, & brought her vnto the man. And the man said, This is now bone of my bones, and flesh of my flesh: she shalbe called woman, because shee was taken out of man."* Oh, o*kay*! *Now*, Cerebus *gets* it. *This* is the Secret Origin of Yoohwhoo God. *Wo-man* was taken out of *man*, therefore? *Yoohwhoo God* was taken out of *God!* Which is pretty much what God said back in chapter one. God divided between the light and between the darkness. The only *difference* is that Yoohwhoo God thinks that *she's* the one doing all this. Which God has been trying to explain to her isn't so. A New God didn't come out of God. *Yoohwhoo's* relationship to *God* is the same as the relationship of the *grass* and the *herbs* and the *trees* to *Yoohwhoo*. The grass and the herbs and the trees are *alive*. The grass and the herbs and the trees are *good*. But they *aren't* Yoohwhoo. The same as *Yoohwhoo* is alive. *Yoohwhoo* is good. But *Yoohwhoo* is *not* God. [thinks] And Yoohwhoo isn't necessarily that *good*, either. Because the man—presumably speaking on behalf of Yoohwhoo, with a belly full of good-and-evil fruit—then says, *"Therefore shall a man leaue his father and his mother, and shall cleaue vnto his wife: and they shalbe one flesh."*

WHOA! Now, God is *definitely* going to have a *serious* disagreement with *that* one. *"And they were both naked, the man & his wife, and were not ashamed."* For Yoohwhoo, all of the cards are now on the table. Just as the *man* came out of *Yoohwhoo God* and is now ready to *leave* Yoohwhoo God…and God…and become *one flesh* with the little Yoohwhoo that just came out of *him*—in *Yoohwhoo God's* opinion—so…*TOO!*...should God now leave *His* Mother God *He* came out of and *His* Father God——and should *merge* with Yoohwhoo God so they can become *One Being*. See, the way *Yoohwhoo God* looks at it, that's what *Yoohwhoo God* wants, that's what *God* wants, *that's* what this *whole big show* with the man and his wo-man was all about, so, let's just get down to it, Big Guy, whattayasay? Now in between chapter two and chapter three, God throws Yoohwhoo for another loop by asking Yoohwhoo—the living thing inside the earth—Who told you that you're "naked," Yoohwhoo? Oops. See "naked" is a concept—knowledge, a specific *kind* of knowledge that falls into the category of "knowledge of good and evil". And there's only one way for Yoohwhoo to have *gained* that knowledge, the same way that she got the idea that she was a god: from the fruit that God told her not to eat. Now instead of saying, "Yes, God, I ate of the fruit of the tree that you told me not to eat." Instead of doing *that*, Yoohwhoo turns it into a Three Wise Fellows routine and asks the man: "*Who told thee thou naked? Hast thou eaten of the tree whereof I*





commanded thee, that thou shouldest not eat?" As if Yoohwhoo God doesn't *know*, right? And the man, of course, answers, "*The woman whom thou gauest with mee, shee gaue me of the tree and I did eate.*" Double oops for Yoohwhoo. See, now we know what Yoohwhoo God meant by a "help meet as before him." Yoohwhoo—having eaten the bad fruit which led her to believe that she was a god—figured that *everyone* should eat the bad fruit and become gods. So she tells the man not to eat the fruit—the same as God told *her* not to eat the fruit. The irritating thing for Yoohwhoo was that *the man did what he was told: He didn't eat the fruit.* Obviously, thinks Yoohwhoo, the man needs a help meet or he's *never* going to eat the fruit and become a god. The animals are no good as "help meets" because they can't *talk* and—if they can't *talk*—they can't *tell* the man to eat the bad fruit. So that's when God—having a great sense of humour—helpfully extracts one of the man's ribs and builds a wo-man out of it. God's little joke being: if you're looking for someone who won't do as she's told and will talk the *man* into *not doing* what *he* was told, a *man* isn't what you need. You need a *wo-man* for a job like that. Does Yoohwhoo confess *now*? Yoohwhoo? *Confess* to something? Hah! Woopwoopwoopwoop, she keeps the Three Wise Fellows routine going and *asks the wo-man,* the "*little* Yoohwhoo," "*What this thou hast done? And the woman said, The Serpent beguiled me, and I did eate.*" See, the "*little* Yoohwhoo" is on the spot, so *she* just makes something *up*. Think about it. Who's *she* going to blame? God? Yoohwhoo God? The man? So, she sees a snake and she says, "*That's* him. *That's* the one who told me to eat the fruit." For obvious reasons, this is fine by Yoohwhoo God. If "*little* Yoohwhoo" is off the hook, then *Big* Yoohwhoo is off the hook, too. A *talking snake?* thinks Big Yoohwhoo. Oh, of *course*. A talking *snaaake*! *How* could I have forgotten creating *those*? So, this is when Yoohwhoo back-pedals like crazy, trying to explain to God how the whole mess is *actually* the fault of a talking snake: "*Now the serpent was more subtill then any beast of the field, which the Yoohwhoo God had made,*" Yoohwhoo explains, managing—don't ask Cerebus how—to keep a straight face, "*and he said vnto the woman, Yea, because God said, Ye shall not eat of euery tree of the garden? And the woman said vnto the serpent, Wee may eate of the fruite of the trees of the garden: But of the fruite of the tree, which in the midst of the garden, God hath said, Ye shal not eate of it, neither shall ye touch it lest ye die. And the Serpent said vnto the woman, Ye shall not surely die. For God doeth know, that in the day ye eate thereof, then your eyes shalbee opened: and yee shall bee as Gods, knowing good and euill. And when the woman saw, that the tree good for food, and that it a desire to the eyes, and a tree to be desired to make one wise, she tooke of the fruit thereof, and did eate, and gaue also vnto her husband with her, and hee did eate. And the eyes of them both were opened, & they knew that they naked, and they sewed figge leaues together and made themselues aprons. And they heard the voyce of the Yoohwhoo God walking in the garden in the wind of the day: and the man and his wife hid themselues from the presence of the Yoohwhoo God amongst the trees of the garden. And the Yoohwhoo God called vnto the man, and said vnto him, Where thou? And he said, I heard thy voice in the garden: and I was afraid, because I naked, and I hid my selfe.*" And this is where Yoohwhoo does her Three Wise Fellows routine with the man and his little Yoohwhoo. She smacks the man in the face, the man smacks his wo-man in the face and the wo-man smacks the snake in the face. At which point, does Yoohwhoo—recognizing the *total silliness* of the situation—*now* confess to God? Of course not.



Instead, Yoohwhoo *uses her knowledge of good and evil to CURSE THE STUPID SNAKE!* *"Because thou has done this thou cursed aboue all cattel and aboue euery beast of the field."*

Cursed above *all cattle and* above *the beast of the field? WHAT DID THE STUPID CATTLE AND STUPID BEASTS OF THE FIELD DO?* Of course she can't go *too* far with this cursing business since *Yoohwhoo* knows that *God* knows what *actually* happened, so she tells the snake, *"upon thy belly shalt thou goe, and dust shalt thou eate, all the dayes of thy life."* Which—if you're a stupid snake—is, you know, pretty much a *given*. *"And I will put enmitie betweene thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed."*

Which is where Cerebus first figured out that there was something *seriously wrong* with the story. A woman's *seed?* A woman doesn't *have* a seed. A woman [thinks about it]...a woman is *the box* the seed *grows in*. At this point, God speaks through Yoohwhoo the way Yoohwhoo has been speaking through the man: *"it shal bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heele."* Which is, you know, God just making fun of Yoohwhoo. Listen, Yoohwhoo, as long as we're on the subject of *talking* snakes, how about a snake tall enough to *bruise your head?* Or you could bruise the talking snake's *heel*, Yoohwhoo. A snake hasn't *got* a heel? That's okay, a snake can't *talk*, either. *"Unto the woman he* (that is, Yoohwhoo) *said, I will greatly multiply thy sorowe and thy conception. In sorow thou shalt bring forth children"* which is, again, not much of a curse. If you're a woman, it's as much of a given as a snake crawling on his belly all the days of his life. So God steps in, again, and adds, *"thy desire to thy husband, and hee shall rule ouer thee."* Which applies, presumably, to big *and* small Yoohwhoo's. God's trying to explain that Yoohwhoo's desire to be one flesh with God and to *be* God is what has gotten her in trouble. She'll continue to desire God, but God will rule over her. *"And vnto the man he said, Because thou hast hearkened vnto the voice of thy wife, and hast eaten of the tree, of which I commaunded thee, saying, Thou shalt not eate of it: cursed the ground for thy sake..."* Can you believe it? The earth is saying, "*I'm* cursed and it's all *your* fault, you...you...*man*, you." Again, she knows she can't go *too* far with this, so she makes another non-curse: *"...in sorow shalt thou eate of it all the dayes of thy life. Thornes also and thistles shall it cause to bud forth to thee: and thou shalt eate the herbe of the field."* Cursed! By the Queen of the Vegetables! *"In the sweate of thy face shalt thou eate bread..."* And then she *really* gets vicious: *"...till thou returne vnto the ground: for out of it wast thou taken, for dust thou, and vnto dust shalt thou returne."*

Konigsberg:
How is that *vicious*? It's another non-curse, isn't it? Everyone dies *eventually*.

Cerebus:
Not in the garden. Not Eastward of Eden, they don't. Cerebus is getting to that. First, Yoohwhoo has a little unfinished business—what she had been *leading up to* when the man was calling names to all the cattle and the beasts—before she got sidetracked so badly on "naked": *"And the man called his wiue's name Hawwa, because she was the mother of all liuing."* See, to Yoohwhoo, this would have been pretty darned clever. She'd let the man give names to the cattle as long as *the man* called *his wife* The Mother of All Living, *Hawwa*, which, to Yoohwhoo is "checkmate": if *Hawwa* is the Mother of All Living, then that makes God's *Mother* (who doesn't actually exist) the elder being. "Hawwa", by the looks of it, is just a variation on *haya*, "to be". As in "Let there *be* light".

Konigsberg:
Where did you get that from?

Cerebus:
Rabbi No.51 "Haya or Not Haya".

Konigsberg:
Feh. Sorry I asked.

Cerebus:
You know Garth Inniscent's *Rabbi*?

Konigsberg:
Vaguely. My people could never figure out if he was being funny on purpose or accidentally. Like the "Shtetl of Solitude". A "shtetl" is a community, so "Shtetl of Solitude" is an oxymoron. Couldn't figure out if he made the mistake on purpose or if he was just another stupid goyim. No offense.

Cerebus:
None taken. So Yoohwhoo God…

Konigsberg:
Or the "seven-headed candelabra." I mean, it's got a name. It's called a *menorah.* Is it a big *tsimmis* to use the right name?

Cerebus:
"Vaguely", huh?

Konigsberg:
My forefathers would flip through them when they came out. You know, just to pass the time while they were hiding in the caves.

Cerebus:
Caves?

Konigsberg:
Caves. Thickets. Rocks. High places. Pits. As the *schvartze* used to say: "Go for what you know." Actually, the goyim changed Hawwa's name to Eve.

Cerebus:
[laughs uproariously] Eve! As in "*Eve-ning*"?! [laughs uproariously again] as in "the *morning* and the *eve-ning*"??! [chuckles] That witch has no shame. [reads] Oh, right. Lest we doubt *that* for a minute: "*Unto Adam also, and to his wife, did the Yoohwhoo God make coates of skinnes, and cloathed them.*" Nyuck nyuck nyuck. *There's* a good "bad fruit" trick for the "Mother of all Living": *skinning animals.* Okay, here comes the *vicious* part: "*And the Yoohwhoo God said, Behold the man is become as one of us to know good & euill. And now lest hee put foorth his hand, and take also of the tree of life, and eate and liue for euer:*" She doesn't even finish the thought. Obviously, *she* ate the fruit of *both* trees. The fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil told her that the fruit of the tree of life would make you live forever. As God said in chapter one, "*I haue giuen you euery herbe seeding seede which vpon the face of all the earth, and euery tree in the which the fruit of a tree yeelding seed, to you it shall be for meat.*"
If Yoohwhoo and little Yoohwhoo and the man had just *stayed away* from the fruit of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, they could *all* have eaten the fruit of the tree of life that would make them live forever without ever knowing that it was the fruit of the tree of life that was doing it. It would have just been one of the many fruits they had available. Obviously, that's what God had *intended* to have happen. But, Yoohwhoo—having eaten the fruit of both trees—decides that it's a bad idea to have the man live forever. "*Therefore the Yoohwhoo God sent him foorth from the garden of Eden, to till*





the ground, from whence he was taken. So he droue out the man: and he placed at the East of the garden of Eden, Cherubims, and a flaming sword, which turned euery way, to keepe the way of the tree of life."

Konigsberg:
Wait a minute, *wait* a minute. Are you saying that Yoohwhoo drove the man and Hawwa *out* of the garden because...

Cerebus:
Hawwa? Yoohwhoo didn't drive out *Hawwa*. Where did you get that idea?

Konigsberg:
Right here. *"So he droue out..."*

Cerebus:
Aye?

Konigsberg:
"...the man." [long pause] Well [thinks] See, everyone *knows* that... [thinks some more] It's *common knowledge* that... [studies the text for a long time]. Ah! Here. See?...at the start of the *next* chapter, where Adam *knew* Hawwa his wife...and...and...she conceived.

Cerebus:
Sure. Hawwa could go *out* of the garden to see Adam whenever she *wanted*. Yoohwhoo called forth the Cherubims and the flaming sword to keep "the man"—and all *other* males—*out*. Not to keep the women—females—*in*. That's Yoohwhoo's idea of the "way of the tree of life." See, to *Yoohwhoo* it was the fault of "the man" that the earth was cursed. Of course, the earth was actually cursed by Yoohwhoo because she ate the forbidden fruit and then wouldn't admit that that was what she did. Who knows what would have happened if Yoohwhoo had just said, "Okay, God. I admit it. I ate the forbidden fruit. I'm sorry. Now what should I do?"? Nay, *Yoohwhoo's* idea of a solution is to keep "the man"—and all *future* men—*away* from the tree of life so they grow old and die and return to the dust of the ground. [thinks] What did you think the part in the Fourth Book of Moshe—when Adam's descendents—your people—are being led back to the garden, back to the Promised Land, was about with Baalam and his talking donkey? God's sense of humour coming back to the garden: He wasn't saying that a talking animal wasn't *possible*, just that Yoohwhoo wasn't capable of making one. Speaking through the talking donkey, God was reminding Yoohwhoo that she had to get rid of the Cherubim and the flaming sword if her Chosen People—the *male* half of her Chosen People, anyway—were going to get back in without getting turned into Chosen People Cutlets by Yoohwhoo's Angel and her flaming sword. You know, the same Angel that Jacob had to wrestle with to get across the river. The fact that he had four women—two wives and two concubines—is what saved *him*. Four-against-one is definitely "keeping the way of the tree of life" as far as *Yoohwhoo* was concerned. He, she, it, Yoohwhoo God as the elder represented by the two wives and the two concubines and God the younger represented by Jacob, the younger son who had stolen away the birthright and the blessing of the elder son, Esau. [thinks for a few minutes]
Are you *sure* you've read these books?

Konigsberg:
I'm beginning to wonder.

Cerebus:
So, okay. *"And Adam knew Hawwa his wife, and shee conceiued, and bare Cain, and said I haue gotten a man from the Yoohwhoo."* Nyuck nyuck nyuck. "Says Yoohwhoo," that is. Another example of "Oh, look what I just did!" A baby comes out of Hawwa? "I did that," says Yoohwhoo. Same way that Yoohwhoo formed a man out of her own dust...and a wo-man out of the man's rib. To Yoohwhoo it's just another little god. Another little god like God and Yoohwhoo and Hawwa. *"And she again bare his brother, Hebel, and Hebel was a feeder of sheep but Cain was a tiller of the ground. And at the end of dayes..."* Nyuck nyuck nyuck. "At the end of days." See, Yoohwhoo wants to wrap up all of this "man-and-wo-man-littler-gods-coming-out-of-little-gods" stuff in a hurry and get back to the "becoming one flesh with God" part of the story. Yoohwhoo's "desire being to her husband" and all. *"...it came to passe, that Cain brought of the fruite of the ground, an offering vnto the Yoohwhoo."* Cain's a little confused. It's *God* who gave men the herb of the field and the trees for meat. *Yoohwhoo*—as the next verse tells us—is a whole different being. *"And Hebel, he also brought of the firstlings of his sheep, and of the fat thereof: and the Yoohwhoo had respect vnto Hebel and to his offering. But vnto Cain and to his offring he had not respect: and Cain was very wroth and his countenance fell."* See, Yoohwhoo is getting vicious again. To Yoohwhoo, Cain and Hebel are just more of the elder God, younger God stuff. Who *cares*? says Yoohwhoo. Having already chosen to murder all the men, she approves of Hebel because *he's*



slaughtering cattle. *That's* the idea, says Yoohwhoo—let's kill all the men and the cattle and the rest of these crappy little beings and get back to God leaving Mother-God and Father-God and…hubba-hubba…cleaving unto me, Yoohwhoo God, his wife. Also remember that the man and the female-of-the-man in God and Yoohwhoo's agreement *weren't* given dominion over the cattle. The cattle are off-limits. Taboo. So, Yoohwhoo is playing a dirty trick on man, approving of the slaughter *of* cattle *by* men. Which is what Hebel must've been doing, otherwise how did he offer Yoohwhoo the sheep *and* the fat? You have to *kill* a sheep—kill it and *mutilate* it—to get the fat out of it. Yoohwhoo is encouraging Cain to be like his brother Hebel and to mutilate cattle and offer them *to* Yoohwhoo: *"And the Yoohwhoo said vnto Cain, Why art thou wroth? And why is thy countenance fallen? If thou doe well, shalt thou not be accepted? And if thou doest not well, sinne croucheth at the door."* Meaning Cain's father, Adam. He *didn't* do well, so *he's* crouching at the "door," kept out of the garden by the Cherubim and the flaming sword. What Yoohwhoo is telling Cain is, play the game Yoohwhoo's way or out you go, buddy. *"And unto thee his desire and thou shalt rule ouer him."* What Yoohwhoo is saying is that Cain and Hebel—as the next generation of elder god and younger god—have the same relationship as God and Yoohwhoo and Adam and Hawwa. What Yoohwhoo is telling Cain is that Hebel, because he's younger, desires Cain the same way Hawwa desires Adam and Yoohwhoo desires God and that, therefore—in Yoohwhoo's opinion—Cain and Hebel should be like husband and wife and should become one flesh. *"And Cain talked with Hebel, his brother: and it came to passe when they were in the field, that Cain rose vp against Hebel his brother, and slew him."* See, Cain told Hebel that—according to Yoohwhoo—Hebel desired Cain and Yoohwhoo thought that Cain and Hebel should become one flesh, man and wife. Hebel, who is your basic unquestioning brown-noser who is willing to do anything to please Yoohwhoo—as he has proven by his willingness to heartlessly kill and mutilate helpless cattle—said something along the lines of, "Well, uh, okay. Sounds good to me. Right here, right now?" Which, to say the least, is not the answer Cain was hoping for. Have you got any brothers?

Konigsberg:
Me? No.

Cerebus:
Neither does Cerebus. If you *did* have a brother and he said that he desired you and wanted to "become one flesh" with you, what would you do?

Konigsberg:
I'd kill him.

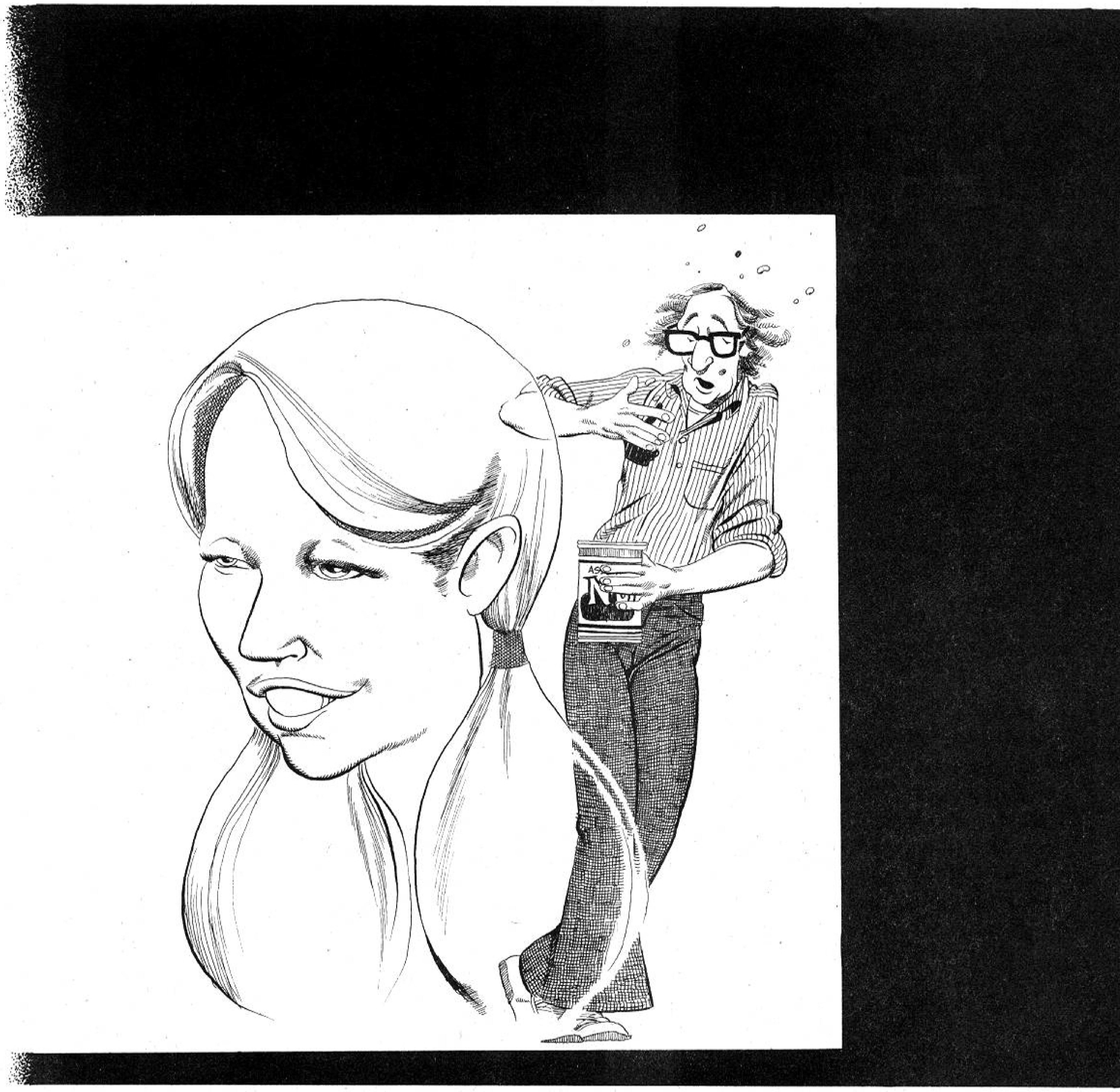
Cerebus:
Sure. That's what *anyone* would do. And that's what Cain did. *"And the Yoohwhoo said vnto Cain, where Hebel thy brother? And hee said, I know not: Am I my brother's keeper?"* See, what Cain is saying is, my brother turned out to be some kind of sick animal. What am I supposed to do? Be his keeper? *"And he said, What hast thou done? The voyce of thy brothers bloods cryeth vnto me, from the ground. And now thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened* her *mouth…"* Note the gender: "her *mouth*" "*…to receiue thy brother's blood from thy hand."* Yoohwhoo's dirty little secret that she got from the good-and-evil fruit: blood-drinking. That was the real reason that she had respect unto Hebel's offering. It *wasn't* the sheep carcass or the fat. It was the fact that Hebel was violating the agreement Yoohwhoo had with God *and* that he was spilling huge amounts of blood in the process that Yoowhoo could drink. *"When thou tillest the ground, it shall not henceforth yeeld vnto thee her strength: A fugitive and a vagabond shalt thou be in the earth." In* the earth. Cain's soul will be persecuted by Yoohwhoo *inside* of her. Of course, Yoohwhoo has forgotten, momentarily, that this is God she is talking to. Hebel represented Yoohwhoo and Cain represents God, the younger and the elder, the day and the evening. Or—in Yoohwhoo's opinion—the elder and the younger, the evening and the day. So, God's representative has basically just killed Yoohwhoo's representative—which is only fair, since Yoohwhoo is in the process of killing all the men by keeping them away from the tree of life—and Yoohwhoo has basically just cursed God. *"And Cain said vnto the Yoohwhoo, My iniquitie greater than it may be forgiuen. Behold, thou hast driuen me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face…"*—the earth's face or Yoohwhoo's face, God, speaking through Cain, knows that there's no difference between them—"*…shall I be hid, and I shall be a fugitive, and a vagabond in the earth: and it shall come to passe, eueryone that findeth me, shall slay me."* Just out of curiosity: have your people had, um, certain problems with how they've treated God's prophets and messengers over the years?

Konigsberg:
I refuse to answer on the grounds that I'm not feeling very well all of a sudden.

Cerebus:
That's what Cerebus figured. Anyway, it's



another "oops" for Yoohwhoo, considering that she's been trying to get God to act like a husband and "become one flesh" with her. So Yoohwhoo back-pedals in a hurry—using "therefore" instead of "for" this time—but *again* using it in a way that doesn't make any sense, except to a woman. But trying to make it *sound* as if it's a logical answer to what God, through Cain, has just said: *"And the Yoohwhoo said vnto him, Therefore whosoever slayeth Cain, vengeance shalbe taken on him seven fold. And the Yoohwhoo set a marke upon Cain..."* more of Yoohwhoo's knowledge-of-good-and-evil—like the Cherubim and the flaming sword—black magic, basically. *"...lest any finding him should kill him. And Cain went out from the presence of the Yoohwhoo, and dwelt in the land of Nod, on the East of Eden. And Cain knew his wife, and she conceived and bare Enoch..."* See, this is why Cerebus was wondering *where* you got the idea that Adam and Hawwa were the *first* man and woman. If they were, where did *Cain's* wife come from? Nay. As Cerebus understands it, Yoohwhoo grew this amazing garden, see, so God *made* a man *specially* from the dust of the ground: that is, God made a man specially for Yoohwhoo's amazing garden. And God made the man specially the *same way* God made the *first* man—way, way, *way* before the events of the First Book of Moshe. Basically, doing [thinks for a while] what [sighs] what you *always* have to do when you're trying to explain something to a woman that she really doesn't *want* to understand. Start over at the beginning. Start over at the beginning. Start over at the beginning. Start over at the beginning. *Start over at the beginning. START OVER AT THE BEGINNING* [notices Konigsberg and I looking at him a little funny] [clears throat]. In this case, as happens a lot when you're dealing with a woman, starting over at the beginning doesn't do any good because she has her own stupid ideas—in this case believing that she's a god and that she's actually the cause of everything that God is trying to show her. At this point, Cerebus couldn't help but wonder *how many* specially-made men God has formed of the dust of the ground, how many "In the Beginnings" there have been with God *trying* to make Yoohwhoo understand. Cerebus' best guess is: A. Lot. So, as Cerebus sees it, "the man," Adam, is *so* far from being the "first man" that it isn't even *funny*. As Cerebus sees it, outside of Yoohwhoo's garden, there were already lots and lots of men...*and* women...who got made [clears throat] the way [clears throat again], you know, the—uh—the way *Cain and Hebel* got made. See. From the *last* time God had created a man and his



yoohwhoo and told them to "Be fruitful and multiply." So Cain's wife would have just been a...uh...[thinks]...a...uh...[looks at Konigsberg]

Konigsberg:
A...uh...fruitful result?

Cerebus:
Aye. Good way of putting it. Just another "fruitful result" who lived outside of Yoohwhoo's garden. *"...and he builded a City, and called the name of the City, after the name of his son Enoch."* See, this is how Cain gets around Yoohwhoo's curse that the ground *"shall not henceforth yeeld vnto thee her strength."* He comes up with the *concept* of a *city* so that he can get *other guys* to do all the farming, see, and then these *other guys* bring their produce *into* Cain's city. Which was pretty darned clever of Cain, if you ask Cerebus, to come up with the *concept* of a city so he and his wife and kids don't starve to death because of Yoohwhoo's curse. [reads the text] Okay. So, then Cain—who probably had a little too much time on his hands, what with all these *other guys* doing his farming for him—understandably—makes a pretty big deal about passing on his resentment of his unfair punishment and his *father's* unfair punishment, father to son, father to son, down through the promised "seven-fold" generations. As far as *Cain* is concerned, *he's* the one who's entitled to be *avenged.* Who *wouldn't* have murdered his younger brother if the younger brother acted that way? And Cain's son, his grandson, his great-grandson *and* his great-*great* grandson are all in complete agreement. Enoch, Irad, Mehuiael, Methusael, Lamech. In fact, Lamech is *so eager* to say what he has to say on Cain and God's *behalf*, that he takes *two* wives, just so he can get to the *seventh* generation on a technicality. And he *says* to his two wives (really venting his spleen) he says, *"Heare my voyce, yee wiues of Lamech, hearken vnto my speech: for I would slay a man in my wound and a yong man in my hurt. If Cain shall bee auenged seuen fold, truely Lamech seuenty and seuen folde."* Basically, Lamech is saying what *we* just said and what his father and his grand-father and his great grandfather and his great *great* grandfather—probably—said: If *my* younger brother said to *me* what Hebel said to Cain, I would kill him, too. And notice that Lamech has three sons and one daughter, which is an indication of how upside down everything is. *Yoohwhoo* is the three-headed He, She and It being. God is the singular He. The three sons are all

pretty clever, though—coming up with concepts that will help get them through this mess for the "seventy and seven generations" it's going to take, as far as they can tell, for justice to be done. Like Cain coming up with the concept of a city. One invents metal-working, one invents basic musical instruments, and one comes up with the idea of becoming a shepherd-nomad for those guys who don't want to live in a city. All things that will help make life more livable for men for however many thousands of years it's going to take for Yoohwhoo to lift her curse on herself. [thinks] [refers to the text] Meanwhile, back at the garden—hundreds of years *before* the Lamech part of the story—Hawwa, it seems, has been coming out to visit Adam on the other side of the Cherubim and the flaming sword. *"And Adam knew his wife againe, and she bare a sonne, & called his name Sheth: For God hath appointed mee another seed in stead of Hebel whom Cain slew."* So, at least Hawwa now knows who has the seed and who doesn't and who is actually in charge: God. *"And to Sheth, to him also there was borne a sonne, and he called his name Enosh..."* And then comes the bad news: *"...then began men to call vpon the Name of the Yoohwhoo."* So, there you go. That's where the problem started, worshipping Yoohwhoo instead of God. The next chapter, chapter five is really just a genealogy of all of Adam's descendants, basically showing that—cut off by Yoohwhoo's black magic from the fruit of the tree of life, which God had intended them to have so they could live forever—the men all live shorter and shorter lives. Nine hundred and thirty years, nine hundred and twelve years, nine hundred and five years—upward spurts, here and there, but overall, shorter and shorter lives. At *any time* during those nine centuries, Yoohwhoo *could* have relented and let Adam and his descendants *back* into the garden to eat from the tree of life. [thinks] But, no. That's just not Yoohwhoo. So, *eventually* Adam dies. *Hawwa and her daughters* are alive, eating the fruit of the tree of life, but Adam and his sons all die.

Konigsberg:
That's so...so...*sad.*

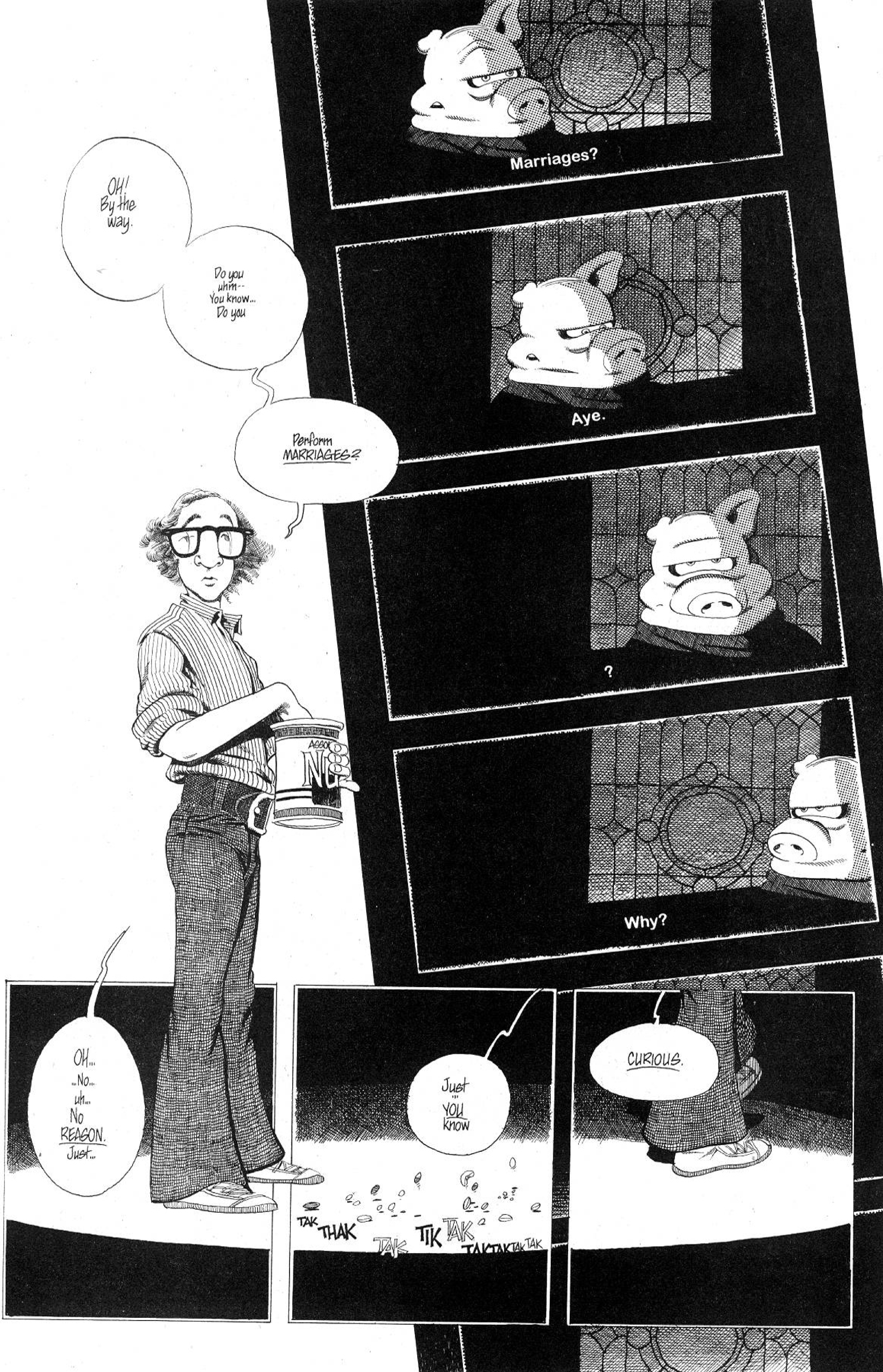
Cerebus:
Sad? *That* part isn't sad. [thinks] Well, okay, aye, it is. But the really, really, really, *really* sad part is that—even though all of the men die because they've been cut off from the tree of life by Yoohwhoo and even though they *know* that they're all going to die because they've been cut off from the tree of life, they STILL *worship* Yoohwhoo. They STILL "call upon the name of the Yoohwhoo." They STILL murder and mutilate sheep to try to *please* Yoohwhoo. Except one guy. Way down here in verse 22 to 24: *"And Enoch walked with God, after he begate Methuselah, three hundred years, and begate sonnes and daughters. And all the dayes of Enoch were three hundred and sixtie and fiue yeeres. And Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God tooke him."* The only guy who *walked with* God instead of *mutilating and burning defenceless animals to try to please* Yoohwhoo. It doesn't say what happens to you after you die if you've spent your life mutilating and burning defenceless animals—cattle which are off-limits, taboo—to try to please Yoohwhoo but Cerebus is willing to bet you're a lot better off "walking with God" so that when you die God takes you. [thinks for a few minutes] How *many* of these *off-limits cattle* do you suppose your people mutilated and burned trying to please the living thing, the big light and the big fire in the middle of the earth?

Konigsberg:
Once again, I decline to answer on the basis of feeling even more nauseous than I did a few minutes ago. [thinks] Millions, probably.

Cerebus:
There's the sad part. Someday, Yoohwhoo is going to demand that that "debt" be paid. And...millions, you said? Millions of your people are going to...um. [long pause] [clears throat] [another long pause] Anyway, another Lamech comes along, right around the time that Adam becomes the *first* man to die from being cut off from the tree of life. And Lamech has a son, Noah. And Lamech says, *"This shall comfort us, concerning our woorke and toyle of our hands, because of the ground, which the Yoohwhoo hath cursed."* See, not only has Yoohwhoo cut them off from the tree of life, she's also making it as difficult as possible for *any* of Adam and his descendants to grow any food. And Lamech ends up living seven hundred and seventy-seven years. Which, to Cerebus, looks like another technicality—like the other Lamech marrying two wives to get to the seventh generation one generation early. It isn't the seventy and seven fold generations the *other* Lamech promised. [thinks] But it *is* a lot of sevens.




CRNCH
CRNCH
CRNCH
CRUNCH
GULP
And...?
...AND THAT'S THE END OF CHAPTER FIVE!
TUMP
THE NEXT PART
THE NEXT PART IS THE FLOOD.
IT'S THE PART RIGHT AFTER THE FLOOD THAT'S GIVING CEREBUS TROUBLE.
You know where to find me.
CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH CRUNCH



Marriages?
Aye.
OH! By the way.
Do you uhm-- You know... Do you
Perform MARRIAGES?
?
Why?
OH... ...No... uh... No REASON. Just...
Just ... YOU know
TAK THAK TAK TIK TAK TAKTAKTAKTAK
CURIOUS.



4th of Springmonth 71 – Why can't I get Louis Lasso Louis-Lasso off of my mind? Is it that... haunting overbite? That... adenoidal whine? Or am I drawn merely by her sordid aristocratic history? (The first grandchild of the legendary Patriarch of the *Black Satchmo White Vinegar Trust* – Armstrong "Black Satchmo" Louis — and the EQUALLY legendary Patriarch of the *Blind Lemon Oil Consortium* – "Blind Lemon" Lasso – she had been named "Louis Lasso" in honour of BOTH of them. Then, when she was nine, her mother — the former Laguna "Bubbles" Dumbrowski — divorced her first husband – Armstrong "Little Satchmo" Louis, Jr. — and married "Blind Lemon" Lasso SENIOR, becoming his third wife. It was said that, upon the deaths of Armstrong and "Blind Lemon", she would control, single-handedly, the Salad Dressing Destinies of five continents!
Small wonder that she had insisted on a pre-nuptial agreement specifying that she would retain her former AND present married names, on a STRICTLY HYPHENATED basis, so that – when the time came – there would be no doubt as to which way the edible vegetable liquid by-products would be flowing.) The more I think about it, the more convinced I am that this represents my best opportunity to marry into the ruthless and dangerously inbred dynastic family of my childhood dreams.

8th of Springmonth 71 – Combing (and occasionally Brushing) the works of the Master I find him strangely mute on the subject of marriage. So much so, that I have been reduced to re-reading a passage on "love-transference" and substituting for it the word marriage: "*'Marriage' is lacking in regard for reality to a high degree, is less sensible, less concerned about consequences, more blind in its estimation of the person loved, than we are willing to admit of normal love... We should not forget, however, that it is precisely these departures from the norm that make up the essential element in the condition of being in love.*"

In this, I sense the Master's infinite wisdom crying out to me, and saying, "*What are you? A complete schlemiel? The woman controls PERSONALLY, between eight and ten MILLION*

cubic meters of the finest, all-natural, vegetable-based lubricant known to man! You could literally BATHE in the stuff three times a DAY and it wouldn't even show up on the month-end inventory reconciliation! Instead? You make a tube of petroleum jelly last THREE WEEKS so the cashier at the clothing hut doesn't LOOK at you funny! Pursue your BLISS! SEIZE the carp! Hitch your wagon to a STAR! TRANSFORM all that you survey into the slippery, slithery, near-frictionless surface of your DREAMS!"

9th of Springmonth 71 — Re-reading my notes from yesterday, I suspect that I have been reading INTO the text, rather than OUT of the text. BAD Samaritan! In all of Dr. Fräud's collected writings I can find not a single instance of him using the phrase "seize the carp." At a loss for an explanation for misconstruing the Master's writings, I mope around all day reading and RE-reading all of the relevant passages regarding Transference, Displacement and Projection (and even its less common Anal Variation: REAR Projection). Suddenly, it HITS me like a bolt from the blue: I'm in LOVE with Louis Lasso Louis-Lasso and I want to MARRY her!

10th of Springmonth 71 — I've barely slept a wink all night. So--THIS is what being in love is like! LIKE drinking too many cappuccino's in a row. LIKE having your Brain surgically removed and replaced with a tiny pile of warm, pink bunny slippers! LIKE a violin concerto with a chewy, chocolate center! LIKE so MANY metaphors too sickening for any NORMAL person to CONTEMPLATE without vomiting! I long to FLY to Louis Lasso Louis-Lasso to speak all these warm, pink bunny slipper words ALOUD! (So far? OODGEE-POODGEE poopeedoopeepoo although I'd be the FIRST to admit that my bunny slipper dialect may be a little rusty) and I SHALL! Just as soon as I come up with a reasonable explanation for how the lace handkerchief she left here the other night got all stiff and "crunchy."





14th of Springmonth 71 - Hard to believe that, mere HOURS from now, my carefree bachelor days - all THREE of them - will be over. Not to mention my EXCRUTIATING, STOMACH-Churning, MIGRAINE-Inducing, ANXIETY-ridden bachelor days - all NINE THOUSAND or so of THEM.

I try to keep my brief, surreptitious visit to the loading dock of the Blind Lemon Oil Consortium at the forefront of my conscious mind: *"How do you do? I'm the future Mr. Louis Lasso Louis-Lasso. I was wondering what sort of time-frame would be involved in shipping a seventy-five litre drum of lemon oil to this address? STRICTLY 'off-the-books' --as a wedding surprise for my new bride." "We could have it there first thing in the morning, sir!" SIR!* To have access to a guaranteed, unlimited supply of a world-class, all-natural lubricant at my disposal - *night and day* - and to be called "Sir" into the bargain. Maybe Cerebus is RIGHT. Maybe there IS a God. A God who moves in mysterious ways. And a God who (occasionally it seems) pays off like a pari-mutuel trifecta - where the win-place-and-show horses all went off as big under-lays - resulting in a Matrimonial Payday big enough to break the Connubial Bank and leave the 'Conjugal House' begging for mercy.

Ah, Love!

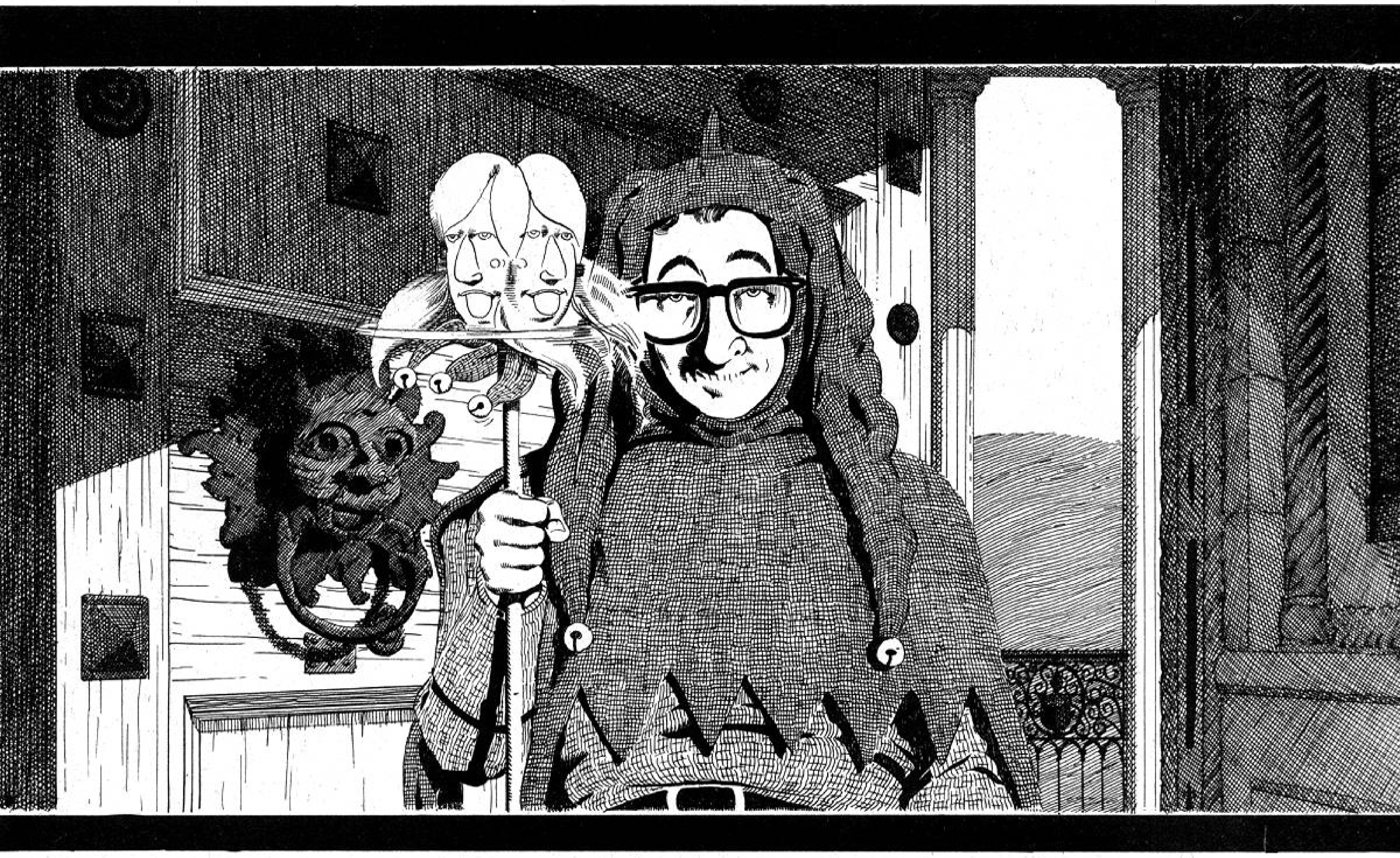
It's a caring (and most especially) SHARING sort of thing: metaphorically all incisors, bicuspids and molars, TEARING OFF huge chunks of rapturous mutual bliss, MASTICATING conjointly-owned rhapsodic jubilation and WOLFING DOWN bilaterally sanctioned synergistic euphoria. Deep within my heart I sincerely feel now that the "bare cupboard" that was "Me" has been well and truly replaced by the virtually "bottomless cornucopia" of "We".

Mere fleeting hours, tripping by on gossamer running shoes; my thoughts unoccupied save with whimsical passing fancies like: How do I manage to overcome the head-to-toe paralysis which has held me IMMOBILIZED on this chair with my right arm cocked at a (somewhat jaunty) forty-five degree angle, my right hand, palm upward, balancing my top hat since early yesterday morning?

16th of Springmonth 71 – Disowned! I can't believe it. My ONLY CHANCE to better my social standing, in one giant upward leap onto the GOLD-PLATED rungs of the Class Struggle Ladder – and the rung I land on turns out have feet of clay (I'm so UPSET, I'm not only TORTURING my metaphors, I'm MIXING them in a furious, wisk-like, ice-skating, salad-tossing, card-shuffling, textbook metaphorical abreactional motion). DISOWNED! Because she dared to marry a Konigsberg! The DREAM of rubbing my relatives' noses in Allen Stuart Louis-Lasso monogrammed handkerchiefs DASHED upon the shoals of the Allen Stuart Dumbrowski quicksand, beneath whose dustbin whitecaps I feel myself plummeting. I try re-reading my earliest notes on Fräud, desperate for the relief I am accustomed to them providing: "8th of Steve 64 – I feel an immediate and profound admiration for Dr. Fräud's ability to use multi-syllabic words and compound sentences to obscure and, indeed, virtually ELIMINATE meaning from human communication. For me, this represents the ultimate womb-substitute for which I've been searching since being extruded from the genuine article in the profound and seminal betrayal of those wish impulses (originating in my pre-conscious mind) to have everything my own way. Or, at the very least, to have unlimited, lifelong access to the services of a fully-accredited SCAPEGOAT." No relief whatsoever – only the word <u>DISOWNED</u>, dancing like blazing seaweed before my eyes, snapping, furling, <u>UN</u>furling, dulating, <u>UN</u>dulating – the word engraving itself into my consciousness like... like pre-moistened towelettes: DISOWNED!

18th of Springmonth 71 – A note arrives from Cerebus informing me that he is, at last, ready to begin dictating his commentaries on the next part of the First Book of Moshe. I send him a note of my own telling him I'll be there – with BELLS on.





Cerebus:
Cerebus thought it was just an *expression.*

Konigsberg:
The wedding ring has rendered me...*invisible*...to the opposite sex, so I...I thought that a little...*auditory augmentation*...might help.

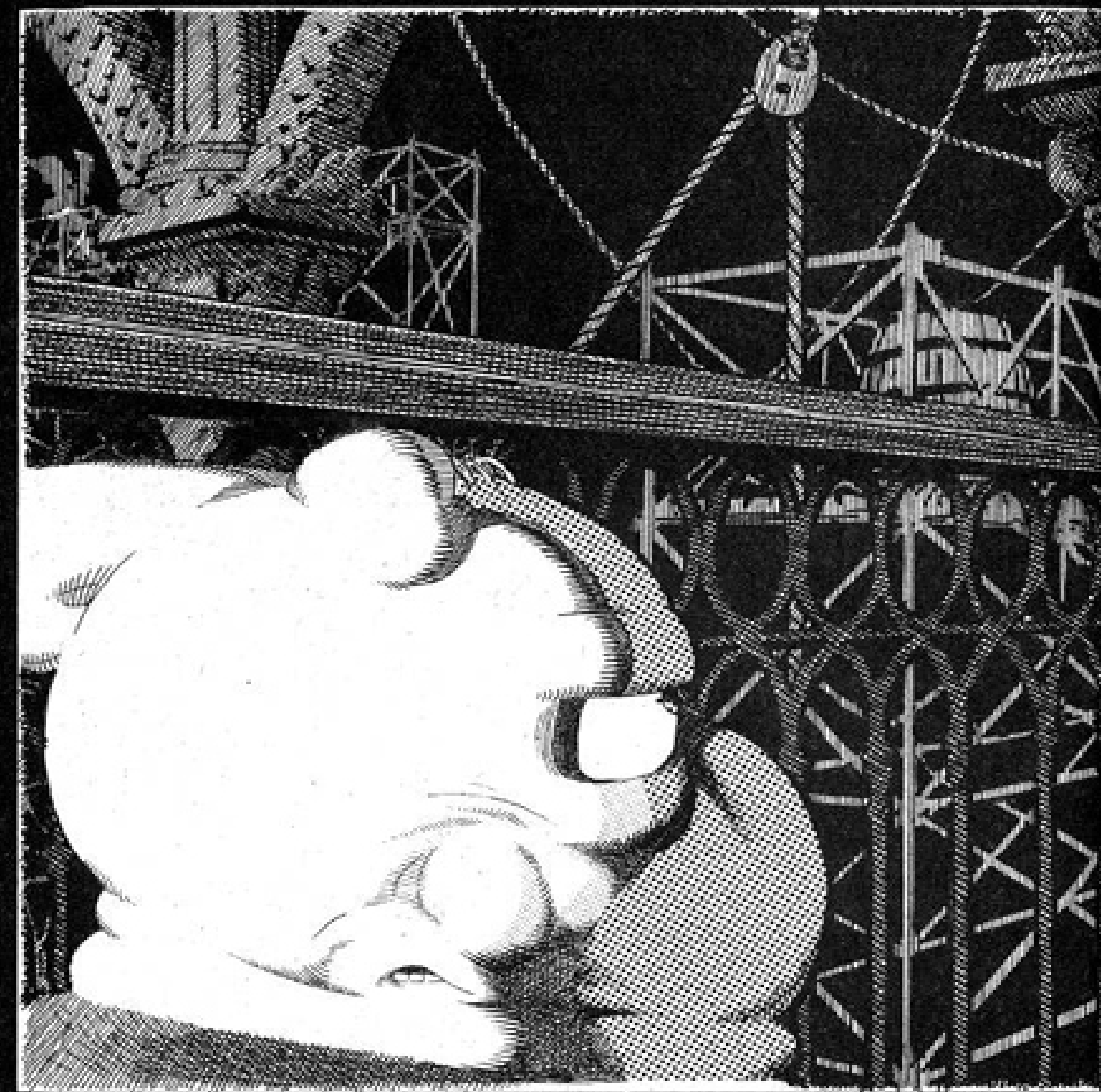
Cerebus:
Did it?

Konigsberg:
No. Evidently all it does is cause a slightly irritating...*tickling* sensation...in their ear canal as I pass by them [thinks] At *this* point I'll take what I can get.

Cerebus:
[thinks about saying something] [doesn't] [looks down at the Torah] Okay. [checks to make sure I'm ready] Chapter six. [thinks] Actually, the *end* of Chapter five, with Noah's sons, Sem, Ham and Japheth. Cerebus finally noticed something about the names the other day that turned out to be the whole key to the story: Sem, Ham and Japheth. She, He and It. [waits for a reaction] [Konigsberg tinkles one of his bells] Okay. Chapter Six. *"And it came to passe, when men began to multiply on the face of the earth, and daughters were borne vnto them: That the sonnes of God saw the daughters of men, that they were faire, and they took them wiues, of all which they chose."* [pauses] [thinks] It *should* be "of all *whom* they chose." [thinks] Just goes to prove that they didn't have any *Cirinists* back then. Nyuck nyuck nyuck. [Konigsberg and I both laugh politely] See, *here* you've got the two different *kinds* of men that Cerebus was talking about. You have the men who are just, you know, *men*—leftovers from the *last* time God told them to replenish the earth: [thinks] still being fruitful as hell [thinks] still multiplying like crazy. You know [chuckles] [mimes a "thumbs up" to the sky] "Can do, Chief!" [thinks] And then? And then, you have the *"sons of God,"* Adam's *descendants*, from the most *recent* time that God created a man out of the dust of the ground. [thinks] "Sons of God" who are all, basically, behaving the same *way* as the men. [clears throat] See, chapter *six* is what chapter *five* looked like from *Yoohwhoo's* standpoint. Chapter *five* was where all of Adam's descendants—cut off from the tree of life—*start* to live shorter and shorter lives until, eventually, they start dying. In *Yoohwhoo's* version of the story—chapter *six*—Adam's descendants *saw* the daughters of men, got the *hots* for the daughters of men, *left* their fathers and their mothers and *married* the daughters of men and...[thinks]...cleaved...? [thinks again]...clove...?

Konigsberg:
Clave.

Cerebus:
...clave to them. You know? Like your people used to hide in? Claves? [I laugh politely; Konigsberg grimaces] and that this is what *all* the "sons of God,"...*all* of Adam's descendants...*chose* to do. What Yoohwhoo is saying is "Nyah, nyah. I was right. You're *supposed* to *leave* your mother and your father and *cleave* to your wife." *"And the Yoohwhoo said, My Spirit will not always striue with man; for that hee also flesh."* Yoohwhoo is admitting here that she has something in common with men in that—just as a man has a spirit inside of *him* but he's *also flesh—being the earth*, she, too, has a





spirit inside her, but she's also flesh, *her* flesh being rock and sand and dust and stuff. [reads to himself] And then she uses "yet" the same way that she already used "for" and "therefore," that is, in a way that would make sense only to a woman: *"yet his dayes shalbe an hundred and twenty yeeres."* As always, it's hard to know *what* Yoohwhoo is trying to say. *"Despite* the fact that man is flesh, he will live a hundred and twenty years."? [shakes his head] If *that's* what she's saying, it seems like kind of a raw deal—if you ask Cerebus—considering that man *started out* at *nine-hundred-and-thirty years.* But, since Yoohwhoo is the one that men are calling on, *she* gets to decide how long they live. The nine-hundred-and-thirty years that *Adam* lived—to *Yoohwhoo*, that was *too* long. A hundred and *twenty* years? That sounds about right to Yoohwhoo.

Yoohwhoo, looking on the bright side—the bright side as Yoohwhoo sees it, anyway—points out *"There were Giants in the earth in those daies: and also after that, when the sonnes of God came in vnto the daughters of men, & they bare to them: the same became mightie men, which of old, men of renowme."* This, finally, becomes too much for God, especially after Yoohwhoo has let Adam die, cut off from the tree of life. So God disagrees with Yoohwhoo's assessment of chapter five. And God gives His *Own* assessment of chapter five and the first four verses of chapter six: *"And God saw, that the wickednes of man was great in the earth, and euery imagination of the thoughts of his heart was onely euill euery day."* This, of course, is music to Yoohwhoo's ears, since all *she* wants to do is get back to the "God-and-Yoohwhoo-God-becoming-one-flesh" part of the story. So she picks up on what God is saying in the next verse, without missing a beat: *"And it repented the Yoohwhoo that he had made man on the earth, and it grieued him at his heart. And the Yoohwhoo said, I will destroy man, whom I haue created, from the face of the earth..."* and, while she's at it, she figures she might as well get rid of all the *rest* of these little creatures, too: *"...from man vnto beast, and the creeping thing, and the foules of the aire: for it repenteth me that I haue made them."* As far as Cerebus can see, God tries to get a little compassion out of Yoohwhoo at that point. *"But Noah found grace in the eyes of the Yoohwhoo."* Right, Yoohwhoo? Huh? Who? Noah? Oh, sure. Everybody *else* dies, though, right? All these men and animals and creeping things and birds and stuff? Fine by Yoohwhoo. As long as everyone *else* dies, it's at least, you know, a step in the right direction. *"These the generations of Noah:"* Nonono, Yoohwhoo. Noah doesn't *have* any generations, not *yet*. Noah is *alive*. See? That's Noah right there. Yes. That one right there. Remember? With the three sons? The one who found grace in your eyes?

Yoohwhoo picks up on God's prompting and goes, well, a little overboard: *"Noah was a just man perfect in his generations. Noah walked with God."* Noah? Walked with God? Uh, well, actually, Yoohwhoo, that would be *really*, um, *stretching a point*. Let's just go back to the end of chapter five and stick with *"And Noah begat three sonnes, Sem, Ham and Japheth."*

Now that Yoohwhoo is all done interrupting, God finishes the thought that he started waaay back in verse five with, "the wickedness of man was great *in* the earth," explaining, in no uncertain terms, that man wasn't the *only* offender when it came to corruption: *"The earth also was corrupt before God; and the earth was filled with violence. And God looked vpon the earth and behold it was corrupt: for all flesh had corrupted his way vpon the earth. And God said vnto Noah, The end of all flesh is come before mee; for the earth is filled with violence through them; and behold I will destroy them with the earth."* Which must've given Yoohwhoo a few bad moments. Wait a minute, wait a minute, she must've said: "*With* the earth?" So, then God tells Noah how to build the ark that will hold him and his wife and his sons and his sons' wives. Wives which God—kind of pointedly, Cerebus thought—doesn't name. Noah and Sem and Ham and Japheth are descendants of Adam, "sons of God". Wives are, you know, just wives [Konigsberg tinkles one of his bells]. *"And of euery liuing thing of all flesh, two of euery shalt thou bring into the Arke, to keepe aliue with thee: they shall be male and female. Of fowles after their kinde, and of cattle after their kinds: of euery creeping thing of the earth after his kinde, two of euery shall come vnto thee to keep aliue."* The fowl get demoted from "his" kind to "their" kind, at this point, since God is about to formally declare them to be "lunch"—flying fruit, basically.

So, two of every kind, male and female. Then, starting chapter seven, it's Yoohwhoo's turn. *"And the Yoohwhoo saide vnto Noah, Come thou and all thy house into the Arke: for thee haue I seene righteous before me, in this generation. Of euery cleane beast thou shalt take to thee by seven seven, the male and his female: and of the beastes that are not cleane, by two, the male and his female. Of fowles also of the aire, by seuen seven, the male & the female; to keepe seed aliue vpon the face of all the earth."* See, Yoohwhoo notices that God has demoted the birds to "their" kind from "his" kind, so Yoohwhoo promotes them to being "clean" instead of "unclean". That female quality where, whatever it is that *you* say, the *first* thing that occurs to *them* is to say the exact opposite.

Konigsberg:
[rueful, twisting his wedding ring] I'm starting to find that out.

Cerebus:
The problem for *Noah*, of course, is that no one has told *him* the difference between "clean" and "unclean" beasts. In fact, Yoohwhoo herself doesn't get around to it until [wanders way, way down to check] [wanders all the way back] the eleventh chapter of the third book which is, like, hundreds and hundreds of years later! So, anyway, Noah has this big problem. *God* told him to take the animals by twos: male and female. And *Yoohwhoo* tells him to take the animals and birds by seven seven—whatever the heck seven seven means. Which Yoohwhoo leaves up to Noah to figure out. No matter whether he takes it to mean seven, or seven *times* seven—forty-nine—or seventy-seven, they're all odd numbers, so Noah has to decide whether to have one extra *male* or one extra *female*. So Noah...*Noah* decides that Yoohwhoo God meant "seven" and God told him two, one of each, so Noah decides to just split the difference. *"Of cleane beasts, & of beasts that are not cleane, & of fowles, and of euery creeping thing that creepeth vpon the earth, There went in two and two vnto Noah in the Arke, the male & the female; as God had commanded Noah."* Two and two. Two males and two females of each.

Konigsberg:
Hold it hold it [tinkling one of his bells] Time out. How do you know that? It says Noah did what God commanded. Maybe...maybe "two and two" is just a...another way of expressing it.

Cerebus:
[thinks] You could be right.

Konigsberg:
[astonished] I could?

Cerebus:
Aye. See, on the one hand, after the flood [wanders down to chapter eight][reading] *"Noah builded an Altar vnto the Yoohwhoo, and tooke of euery cleane beast, and of euery cleane fowle and offred burnt offerings on the Altar."* If Noah only took *one* male and *one* female of each onto the ark and all the others were *killed* in the flood, how could he sacrifice the clean beasts and the clean fowl without, you know, automatically making them *extinct* in the process?

Konigsberg:
Then [thinks] how can I be right?

Cerebus:
Cerebus is pretty sure that it was just a *regional* flood. The flood covers all of *Yoohwhoo's* world, but remember that all Yoohwhoo knows about are the four rivers—or, rather, the river that "became into four heads,"—whatever *that* means—and the garden that she grew and the fact that everything happened eastward of someplace called Eden. [thinks] Yoohwhoo is just a *little* yoohwhoo. She *thinks* everything on the whole earth was destroyed. But Cerebus is pretty sure that all God wanted to do was to destroy the garden, the good-and-evil-fruit tree, the tree of life, Hawwa and her immortal daughters and all the women and men and "sons of God" and daughters of men and the mighty men and the men of renown who were just, you know, doing nothing all day but *thinking* about beating crap out of each other and *actually* beating crap out of each other and becoming *famous* for beating crap out of each other and *thinking* about humping the daughters of men and *actually* humping the daughters of men. And the only way to accomplish that was to destroy every living thing in the area. God wanted to start the story over with this guy called Noah representing *Yoohwhoo* this time—rather than *Adam* representing *God* and then *Cain* representing God and *Hebel* representing Yoohwhoo. Basically, God "playing along" with Yoohwhoo: Yoohwhoo is God, Noah represents Yoohwhoo and Noah, like Adam did, has *three* "sons of God," Sem, Ham and Japhet. [talking to me] Make sure you put "sons of God" in quotation marks [Cerebus and Konigsberg take a break while I go back and do just that] [after I finish, Cerebus starts dictating again:] See, "*sons of God*" is *Yoohwhoo's* phrase. God doesn't *have* sons. He can make a man out of *dirt* anytime He *wants*, a man who will breathe air and get up and walk around and eat and drink and sleep and talk and think and [clears throat] will be *fruitful* and [clears throat again] *multiply*. But the men that God makes out of dirt aren't His sons any more than [thinks a while] a clay pot is a potter's son. [thinks some more] or any more than Yoohwhoo is a New God, or God's wife, or God's younger brother or God's half-sister, or God's wife's handmaid or God's daughter or any of the other crazy stuff Yoohwhoo comes up with as we go along. The men *and* Yoohwhoo are God's *creations*. Yoohwhoo is like a clay pot telling the potter that she made herself. [sighs] The Books of Moshe are the beginning of this very, very, very long argument that revolves around all these crazy ideas of Yoohwhoo's that she got from eating the bad fruit. So God—*who always lets his creations decide things for themselves*—God just lets Yoohwhoo come up with as many crazy ideas as she can and then men and women act out those crazy ideas so, hopefully, eventually Yoohwhoo will see how crazy her ideas are.

Konigsberg:
Which will take how long, do you suppose?

Cerebus:
"How *long*?" [thinks] Cerebus isn't God. Cerebus has no idea. Cerebus' best guess? "It will take as long as it takes for Yoohwhoo to run out of crazy ideas."

Konigsberg:
[rueful, twisting his wedding ring again] In other words…

Cerebus:
…don't hold your breath.

Konigsberg:
"She's just a *little* yoohwhoo"?

Cerebus:
Aye. [thinks] One of *Big* Yoohwhoo's "handmaids". [gesturing with his magnifying glass at the next section of the Torah] Like Hagar is to Sarah [gesturing at a distant point in the Torah] or like Zilpah is to Leah and Bilhah is to Rachel. As soon as Yoohwhoo started telling *her* version of the creation story and it became obvious that the *only things she* knew about were the four rivers and a couple of countries where you could get good gold and bdellium and onyx stones, well, right away that told God that she wasn't the *Big* Yoohwhoo, the living thing inside the earth. That told God that she was just a *part* of Yoohwhoo or a *part* of Yoohwhoo's *spirit* which separated *from* Yoohwhoo. You know? The way *part* of God or part of God's *spirit* separated from God when God divided *between* the light and *between* the darkness? After all, that's Yoohwhoo's big trick: dividing. That's how the part of God that separated from God or the part of God's spirit that separated from God's spirit *became* separate from God. [thinks] Cerebus' best guess? God told Big Yoohwhoo not to eat the bad fruit. Big Yoohwhoo then divided into Big Yoohwhoo and little yoohwhoo. Then, Big Yoohwhoo told little yoohwhoo to eat the bad fruit so Big Yoohwhoo could see what the bad fruit would do—Big Yoohwhoo figuring, as only a woman would, that as long as she didn't eat the fruit *herself* she isn't *technically* disobeying God. [thinks] Big Yoohwhoo has probably been hiding from God ever since. But God plays along, see? Just as if *the-little-yoohwhoo-who-ate-the-bad-fruit-and-decided-she-was-a-god* is actually *the-Big-Yoohwhoo-in-the-center-of-the-earth*. Because He knows that Big-Yoohwhoo-in-the-center-of-the-earth is *aware* of everything that's going on, everything that little yoohwhoo is doing and saying, everything that God is doing and saying and everything that the "sons of God" are doing and saying.

Konigsberg:
How does God know that?

Cerebus:
Because He's *God*. He knows *everything*. [thinks] Because "omniscient" is the complete opposite of "stupid".

Konigsberg:
[thinks] I mean, how do you know that Big Yoohwhoo knows everything that little yoohwhoo is doing and saying?

Cerebus:
Actually, Cerebus *doesn't* know. [thinks] It's really just Cerebus' best guess. [wanders back down to chapter eight] Hang on. Cerebus wants to make sure he didn't skip over anything important when we skipped ahead to the part where Noah builds the altar and sacrifices the clean beasts and the clean birds. [reads for a few minutes]. Oh, right. The raven and the dove that Noah releases to see if the waters have dried up over the whole earth—or, at least, as far away as the outskirts of little yoohwhoo. See, the raven goes first. Raven. Black. "Night". "Of God". Then the dove. Dove. White. "Day." "Of Yoohwhoo". The dove comes back to Noah. The first time? When she can *"find no rest for the sole of her foot."* The second time? With an Olive leaf in her mouth. A sure sign that it's just a regional flood. You can't grow an olive tree in a matter of a few days. The third time? She's gone for good. Which, Cerebus suspects, is God trying to explain to Yoohwhoo *exactly how* their relationship is going to go. They *don't* end up together. So much for God "cleaving" to her and becoming "one flesh" with her like she keeps hoping. *"And the Yoohwhoo smelled a sauour of rest and the Yoohwhoo said in his heart, I will not againe curse the ground any more for mans sake; for the imagination of mans heart euil from his youth…neither will I againe smite any more euery thing liuing, as I haue done."* See, Yoohwhoo thinks she's proved her point—that men *deserved* to be kept away from the tree of life—so that they end up dying—because she believes men are basically evil. That is—if men aren't *born* evil—they're evil from a very early age. Which is the exact *opposite* of what God believes: that men are basically good. And this becomes another recurring argument between God and Yoohwhoo. Anyway, after God's "destroy them *with* the earth" comment, the earth—Yoohwhoo—is

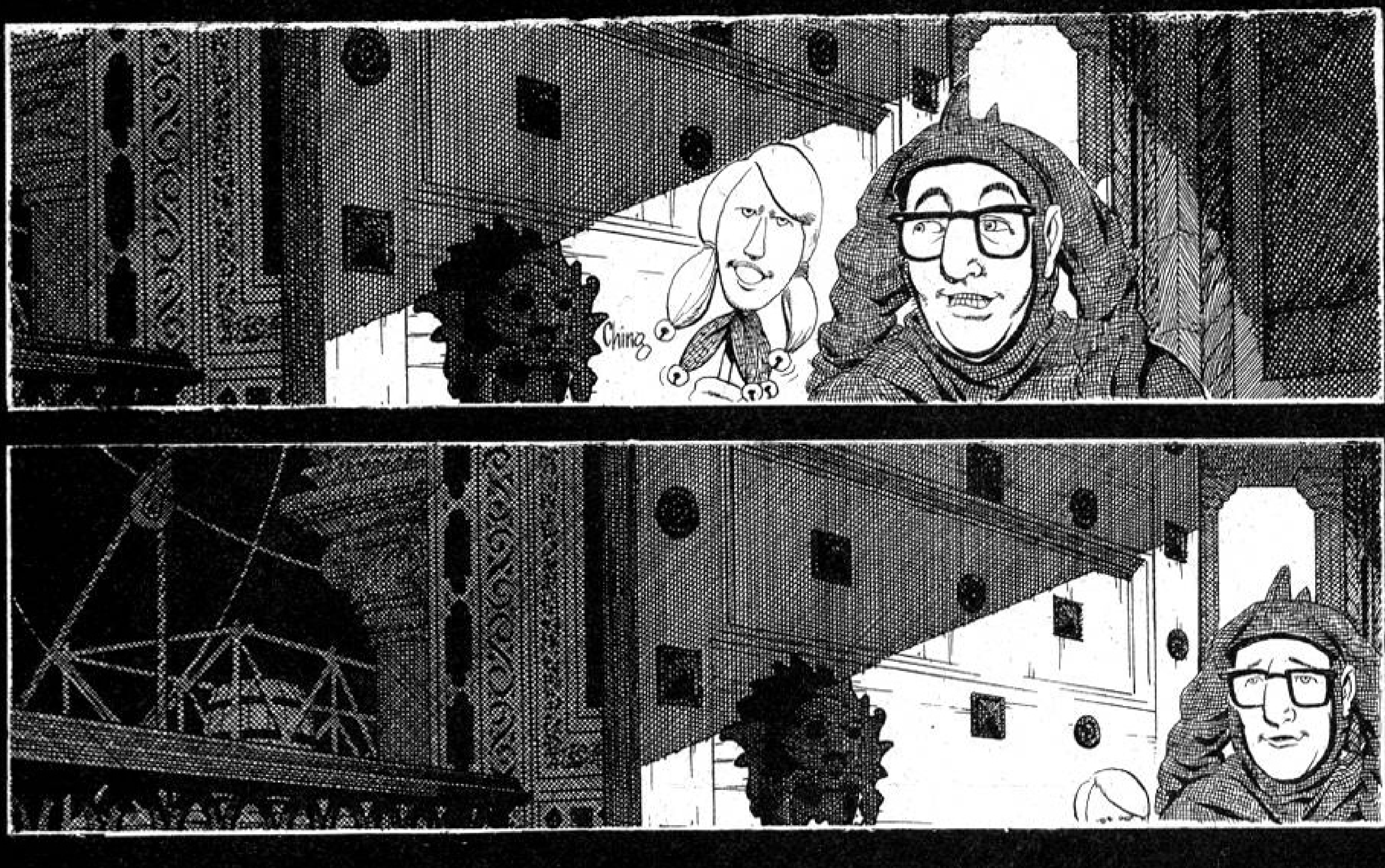


relieved to find out that she made it through to the end of chapter eight okay: *"As yet all the dayes of the earth remaineth, seedtime and haruest and cold, and heat, and Summer, and Winter, and day and night, shall not cease."* You know, as if that's Yoohwhoo's decision to make. Nyuck nyuck nuyck. And then God explains the new rules to Noah and his sons. And, of course, when he's talking to Noah, he's also talking to Yoohwhoo and about Yoohwhoo: *"And the feare of you, & the dread of you shall be vpon euery beast of the earth, and vpon euery fowle of the aire, vpon all that mooueth the earth, and vpon all the fishes of the sea; into your hand are they deliuered. Euery mouing thing that liueth, shalbe meat for you; euen as the greene herbe haue I giuen you all things."* Suddenly, the animals and birds are afraid of men and afraid of Yoohwhoo, whereas before the animals and birds had been completely docile, so docile that there had been no problem leading them onto the ark. That's a direct shot to Yoohwhoo's emotions. And God gives men permission to kill the animals and birds and eat them, which definitely violates the long-standing agreement between God and Yoohwhoo that the cattle are "taboo," off limits. And Yoohwhoo jumps right in immediately. Practically before God has finished talking. Angry. So angry she can't even talk straight. *"But flesh with the life thereof, the blood thereof, shall you not eate. And surely your blood of your liues will I require: at the hand of euery beast will I require it, & at the hand of man, at the hand of euery mans brother will I require the life of man."* At the hand of every beast? Even leaving aside the fact that beasts don't have hands—every beast? At the hand of every man's brother will I require the life of man? Every man's brother? Every man is going to be required to kill his brother? Even for Yoohwhoo, that's more than a little crazy. Basically, as far as Cerebus can see, all she wants to say is, "I get the blood" without looking as if she's saying "I get the blood" and to indicate that she's sticking with the original terms of the deal: for every "taboo" cattle that the men kill, she's going to require the life of a man. And then she gets nasty with God, again: *"Who so sheddeth mans blood, by man shall his blood be shed: for in the image of God made he man."* Basically calling God a murderer and saying that that's why man is evil and that one day man will…murder God? because God murdered men in the flood? No awareness on Yoohwhoo's part that Yoohwhoo murdered men by keeping them away from the tree of life. No awareness on Yoohwhoo's part that it was her idea to kill everything that was walking around. All God had said was that "the wickedness of man was great in the earth and every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil every day." That was God's answer to Yoohwhoo's view that everything was fine: to Yoohwhoo everything was fine because everyone was getting married and big, strong, famous guys were beating crap out of each other the way they used to in the olden days. It was *Yoohwhoo* who said that she repented of creating man and she wanted to destroy everything. All God did was to make it—regionally—come true. If Yoohwhoo considered herself to be God and men considered Yoohwhoo to be God, well, God would—up to a point—help Yoohwhoo to *be* God. He would persuade her to save Noah and his sons and their wives and a certain number of animals and birds, but apart from that? Yoohwhoo's wish is God's command. Which is why, when she calls God a murderer and tries to blame Him for men being evil, all God can say is: *"And you, be ye fruitfull, and multiply, bring foorth abundantly in the earth, and multiply therein."* Basically saying, you aren't going anywhere, Yoohwhoo. You're inside the earth, and you—or part of you—has eaten the fruit of the tree of knowledge-of-good-and-evil and you've also eaten of the tree of life. So, as long as the earth exists, you're going to be alive. So you just come up with every bright idea you can think of and keep dividing between the light and the light and between the light and the rocks and between the rocks and the dirt and between the dirt and the grass and between the dirt and the herbs and between the dirt and the fruit. [laughs] Feel free to discuss it amongst yourselves. And then God establishes his covenant with Noah—and gets a good shot in at Yoohwhoo at the same time. Remember Yoohwhoo saying that seedtime and harvest and cold and heat and Summer and Winter and day and night shall not cease? None of which she has had anything to do with creating? So, God picks his own "sign": the rainbow. Which is caused by light—Yoohwhoo—passing through water, neither of which are God. But God makes it sound—*"I doe set my bow in the cloud"*—as if He just came up with the rainbow—specially and on His own—as a sign between Himself and all flesh on the earth. Which makes it sound to Yoohwhoo awfully close to God implying that he created the light, which, as Cerebus said, Yoohwhoo is really sensitive about. And then the next part. The next part was the part Cerebus couldn't figure out until yesterday. [thinks] Actually there are a lot of things that Cerebus can't figure out, but this…this was the first whole episode that Cerebus couldn't figure out. You know, as opposed to "Why is it that Noah's sons are called Sem, Ham and Japheth before the flood and then Shem, Ham and Iaphet after the flood?" The 'h' disappears from Japheth's name and turns up in Shem's? It's a neat trick. But Cerebus has no idea what—if anything—it means. But the episode at the end of chapter nine. Until Cerebus saw that Shem, Ham and Iaphet were She, He and It, the episode at the end of chapter nine was driving Cerebus NUTS [clears throat]…nuts. [thinks] Anyway, as far as Cerebus can



see, it turns out to be another shot at Yoohwhoo. Basically, God is making fun of Yoohwhoo's version of the story of creation that she told in chapters two and three: *"And Noah began a husbandman and he planted a vineyard."* See, Noah represents Yoohwhoo, who said in chapter two that she planted the garden eastward in Eden. *"And he dranke of the wine, and was drunken, and hee was uncouered within his tent. And Ham, the father of Canaan saw the nakedness of his father, and told his two brethren without."* Yoohwhoo ate from the fruit of the tree of knowledge-of-good-and-evil and declared "the man and his wife were both naked and they were not ashamed," "the man and his wife," Adam and Hawwa, representing God and Yoohwhoo. Only, *this* time, God leaves *Himself* out of it—so instead of God, you have Yoohwhoo, God and "his" three sons...Shem or *She*-Yoohwhoo...Ham or *He*-Yoohwhoo...and Japhet or *It*-Yoohwhoo *"And Shem and Iaphet tooke a garment, and layed vpon both their shoulders, and went backward, and covered the nakedness of their father, and their faces backward and they saw not their fathers nakednesse."* God is making fun of She-Yoohwhoo—Hawwa—and It-Yoohwhoo—the "talking snake"—going backwards in chapter three from the "who told thee thou wast naked?" question and coming up with their "dialogue" as a cover story or a "garment"—consisting of a conversation *between them* that never actually took place—to cover Yoohwhoo's nakedness. *"And Noah awoke from his wine, and knew what his younger sonne had done to him. And he saide, Cursed Canaan: a servant of servants shall hee be vnto his brethren."* Yoohwhoo "awoke" from the effects of the bad fruit and saw what her "younger son," Adam, had "done" to her. [thinks] Of course, Adam hadn't *actually* "done" *anything* to Yoohwhoo except to say—with Yoohwhoo *prompting* him—that "the man and his wife were naked," thus implying that *Yoohwhoo* was naked. Which Yoohwhoo *was*. By *using* the *word* "naked," she was *nakedly admitting* that she had eaten the fruit she was told *not* to eat. When she recognized what Adam's use of the word "naked" actually *meant*: transparently self-exposed—she "awoke from her wine"—and promptly cursed her "grandson". See, if Yoohwhoo really was God—the Yoohwhoo God she calls herself—then her "son" would be the light and her "grandson" would be the earth. Or, if she was Adam—God's stand-in in the first story—Hawwa came out of Adam and the "talking snake" came out of Hawwa, therefore the "talking snake" was Adam's grandson. *Both* of whom Yoohwhoo ended up cursing in the first story. Of course, the fact is that *He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo, It Yoohwhoo <u>and</u> the earth* Are...All...Just...Yoohwhoo. *"And hee saide, Blessed the Yoohwhoo God of Shem, and Canaan shall be servant to them."* Here Noah becomes the mediator between God and Yoohwhoo God, the same way that he split the difference between what God told him to do and what Yoohwhoo told him to do about the animals he would take onto the ark. Ham believed in God, presumably, and Shem believed in Yoohwhoo, so, because Ham embarrassed him, Noah blesses Shem's God, Yoohwhoo, and declares that Ham's son will serve both Shem and Yoohwhoo. That is, the earth will serve She-Yoohwhoo and Yoohwhoo. Which is kind of funny. It gets even funnier when Noah says, *"God shall enlarge Iaphet and he shal dwel in the tents of Shem and Canaan shalbe his servant."* God is going to make the "talking snake" even bigger and the "Big Talking Snake" will dwell in Shem's—She-Yoohwhoo's—tent and the earth will also serve *both* of *them*. [thinks] You sure can't say that God isn't *really trying* to take all this stuff at face value, no matter how crazy it is. If Yoohwhoo says there was a talking snake, God will not only take her at her word, God will even go so far as to make the "Big Talking Snake" big enough to be one of Yoohwhoo God's sons! And the light and the earth and She-Yoohwhoo and He-Yoohwhoo's son and It-Yoohwhoo, the "big talking snake" are *ALL* going to serve Yoohwhoo God. Basically, God gives up and says, fine, we'll do it your way, we'll *ALL* do everything *YOUR way*, Yoohwhoo, and we'll see how that goes [Cerebus and I both notice Konigsberg twisting his wedding ring around and around on his finger and looking kind of unhappy]. [thinks] [sigh] What the *actual guys, the actual* Noah and Shem and Ham and Iaphet—and, particularly, *Canaan—made* of all this...*while* it was happening to them...in *real life*, [laughs] Cerebus has *no* idea. Canaan, must've been wandering around for *months* afterward going "I do NOT get this. At. ALL. *How* did I end up being everyone's *servant*?" [we all laugh] And Noah, with his hangover, going: "What in the hell was I talking about? 'God will *enlarge* Japhet?'" And then watching Japhet for the next couple of days to see if he's, you know, getting any bigger [we all laugh again]. Anyway, probably as a result of everything getting *really confusing for everyone* [thinks] for everyone *besides* God, anyway [checks the Torah] Noah ends up living twenty years longer than Adam did. So, you know: [trying to think of a good way to sum up]

Konigsberg:
[finally letting go of his wedding ring] "Good for Noah" [we all nod]





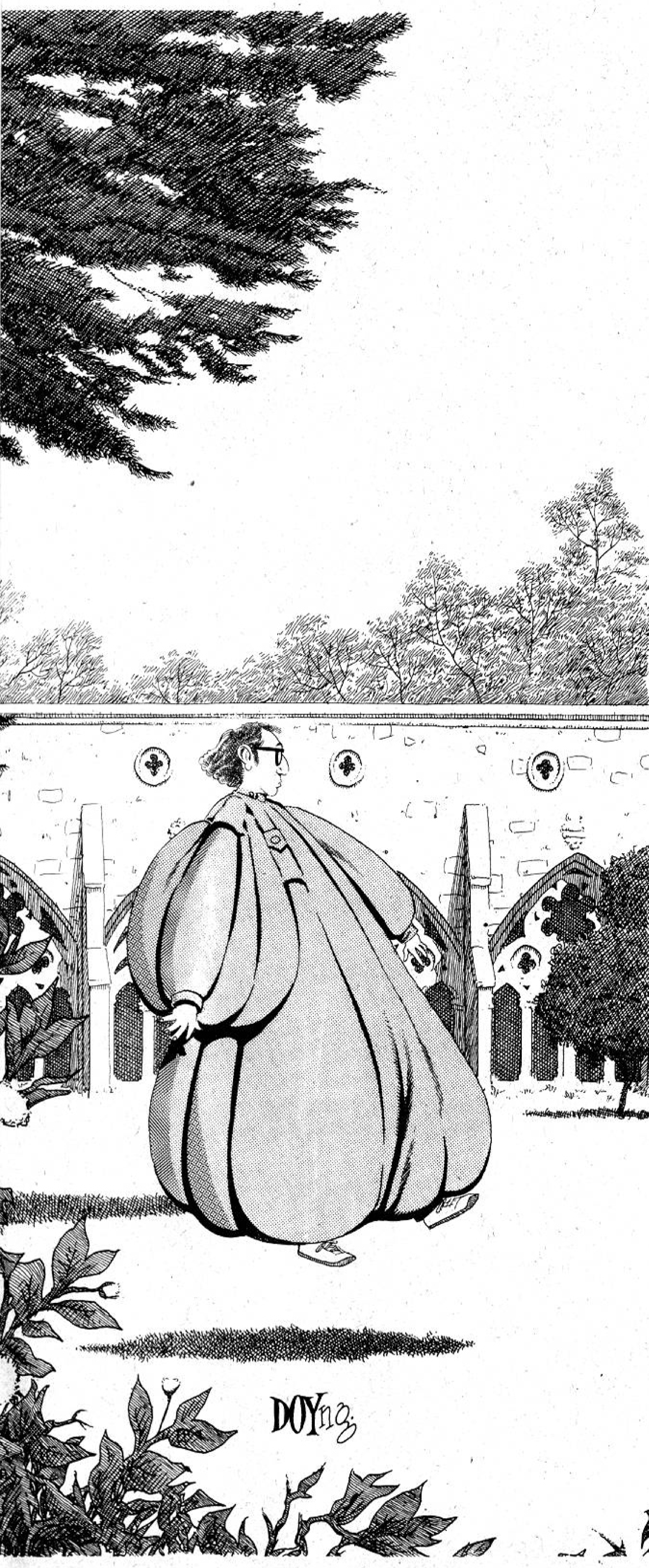
20th of Springmonth — I've finally discovered the key to unlocking all of my problems: a revolutionary approach to psychotherapy contained in a new book called *Death? I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death* by Earnest Beaker. Professor Beaker's thesis is that *"death is the mainspring of human activity — activity designed largely to avoid the fatality of death, to overcome it by denying in some way that it is the final destiny for man."* What a surge of recognition within me as I read these words! Of course! It's all so simple now! *"...the fatality of death!"* THAT's what has — *unconsciously* — bothered me about death for all these years: the <u>*FATALITY*</u> of it!

22nd of Springmonth 71 — My insights come faster and faster! <u>DEATH</u> is the reason I'm estranged from my wife! <u>NOT</u> the fact that my only interest in her had been her family's money! <u>DEATH</u> is the reason for my chronic masturbation! <u>NOT</u> shallow, infantile self-absorption in my own fatuous physical pleasures! <u>DEATH</u> is the reason that I ache with longing for nubile, barely pubescent young girls! <u>NOT</u> the firm, enticing curves of their parabolic adolescent flesh!..... Well. Okay..... the firm, enticing curves of their parabolic adolescent flesh are DEFINITELY a "close second." But the <u>*primary*</u> reason is.... <u>DEATH</u>!

"What we think of as man's noblest impulses — love, heroism, religion — are merely mechanisms of defence, repression and denial that allow him to live with the problems of serving two masters: physical reality and the knowledge that this must end."

"The sexual conflict is thus a universal one, because the body is a universal problem to a creature who must die." (A creature who must die! It was as if Professor Beaker was addressing me <u>*personally*</u>!) *"The sexual partner does not and cannot represent a complete and lasting solution to the human dilemma. The partner represents a kind of fulfilment in freedom from self-consciousness and guilt but, at the same time, represents the negation of one's distinctive personality. We might say, the more guilt-free sex the better, but only up to a certain point."* As with all great Wisdom, it is as if I have known all my life the Truth of Professor Beaker's words — and that I needed only for him to enunciate them on the printed page to dispel — thoroughly and, indeed, completely — all of my illusions and doubts for all time! The cure for DEATH is guilt-free sex! I resolve this very night to begin my pilgrimmage; to seek out this Awe-Inspiring Sage; to study at his feet (or whatever part of his anatomy is responsible for the excretion of his Imperishable Wisdom). And also to get a prescription. Preferably with multiple refills.





18th of Summermonth 73- I return home from my pilgrimmage, disconsolate. After two years of searching, I had at last tracked Professor Beaker to his home in (of all places) Northern Isshuria.... WESTERN Northern Isshuria. He had successfully concealed all clues to his national origin. In the entire 242 pages of *Death? I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death* not once had he mentioned Five-Bar-Gate! I'll never forget that last excrutiating twenty miles to Professor Beaker's ancestral village, DRIVING my team of huskies to the limits of their endurance as they STRAINED against the weight of my dog-sled: *"On Compos! On Mentis! On Schizo! On Phrenic!"* "If only I had KNOWN," I remember thinking to myself, each bitter step of that arduous journey"... *If only I had KNOWN that there's no snow in Northern Isshuria this time of year, I... I could've WALKED there by now!"* Alas, the news was no better upon my arrival. It turned out that Professor Beaker had DIED the same year that his book had come out. I asked the nice woman who answered the door if the Professor had happened to leave any signed prescription forms lying around that I could have as keepsakes for my hope chest ...and she suddenly became less nice. Discretely, I steered the conversation around to my profound admiration for the Professor's views on the psychotherapeutic value of guilt-free sex. When that got no reaction, trying to find a way to cut my losses, I asked if she had any interest in "huskie meat." Immediately, Compos, Mentis, Schizo, Phrenic and I were arrested and formally indicted pursuant to multiple Criminal Code violations of various Northern Isshurian statutes prohibiting Conversational Juxtapositions Tending to Cause Anxiety in Women, Children and/or Houseplants: a conviction carrying a mandatory sentence of 400 hours of listening to Social Worker Jargon. I managed to strike a deal with the Crown Prosecutor: a suspended sentence in exchange for serving as the Crown's star witness against Compos, Mentis and Schizo (Phrenic having already pled guilty to the lesser charge of Being An Accessory After-the-Fact to an Unfortunate Euphemistic Misconstruction).

In my mailbox, I find a little over seven hundred "while you were out" notes advising me that Cerebus is ready to dictate his commentaries on the next part of the first Book of Moshe whenever I'm ready. Fearing the worst, I race to my bedroom. To my relief, I find the wax seal on my nightstand drawer unbroken, the "chastity padlock" secure.



Cerebus isn't even going to ask.
What? Oh. You mean...the...the
...outfit. I noticed that babies...
...seem to attract a lot of great-looking women.
And I figured it must be a...a... clothes thing.
You know, those...huggly, snuggly...bag-shaped outfits that babies wear.
?...You mean...?
SLEEPERS
Is that what they're called?
Aye. Cerebus has no idea how he knew that
But, aye. Cerebus is pretty sure that that's what they're called.
Well, I decided to get a...full-sized Konigsberg version...made for myself.
Did it work?
No.
Well. Not the way I planned, anyway.
doorway
to edge past me.
Squeezing
jiggling.
...trapping her other leg...
Actually, Cerebus isn't interested in any of this
incidence!
That's exactly what she said.
First Book of Moshe. Chapter ten.
Right. Yes. Chapter ten. I'm all ears.

Cerebus:

Okay. Chapter ten. The generations of Shem, Ham and Japhet. *Yoohwhoo's* version, anyway. You can tell that it's Yoohwhoo's version because she narrates it as if it's going to be the same as chapter *six*: a bunch of big, strong, famous guys beating crap out of each other. Ham's eldest son is Cush *"And Cush begat Nimrod: he began to be a mighty one in the earth. He was a mighty hunter before the Yoohwhoo: wherefore it is saide, Even as Nimrod the mightie hunter before the Yoohwhoo. And the beginning of his kingdom was Babel, and Erech, and Accad, and Calneh, in the land of Shinar. Out of that land went forth Asshur, and builded Nineueh, and the citie Rehoboth, and Calah, and Resen betweene Nineueh and Calah: the same is a great citie."* Unfortunately for Yoohwhoo, that's about it, as far as the "mighty hunters before the Yoohwhoo" and the "great cities" go. Shem's son, Arphaxad begets Salah? Nothing. Salah begets Eber? Nothing. Then Eber begets two sons and Yoohwhoo tells us *"the name of one, Peleg, for in his dayes was the earth diuided, and his brothers name Joktan."* So, evidently, this Peleg guy's name translates as something like: "Divided Earth". Which is interesting, since Yoohwhoo is, obviously, talking about herself. But, as usual, she doesn't say *much*—besides the basic fact that the earth was divided in the days of Peleg. The only other clue is in the last verse, *"These the families of the sonnes of Noah after their generations, in their nations: and by these were the nations diuided in the earth after the Flood."* Note:...

Konigsberg:

"...*in* the earth." I *promise* to *always note* "*in* the earth" if you promise to stop pointing it out.

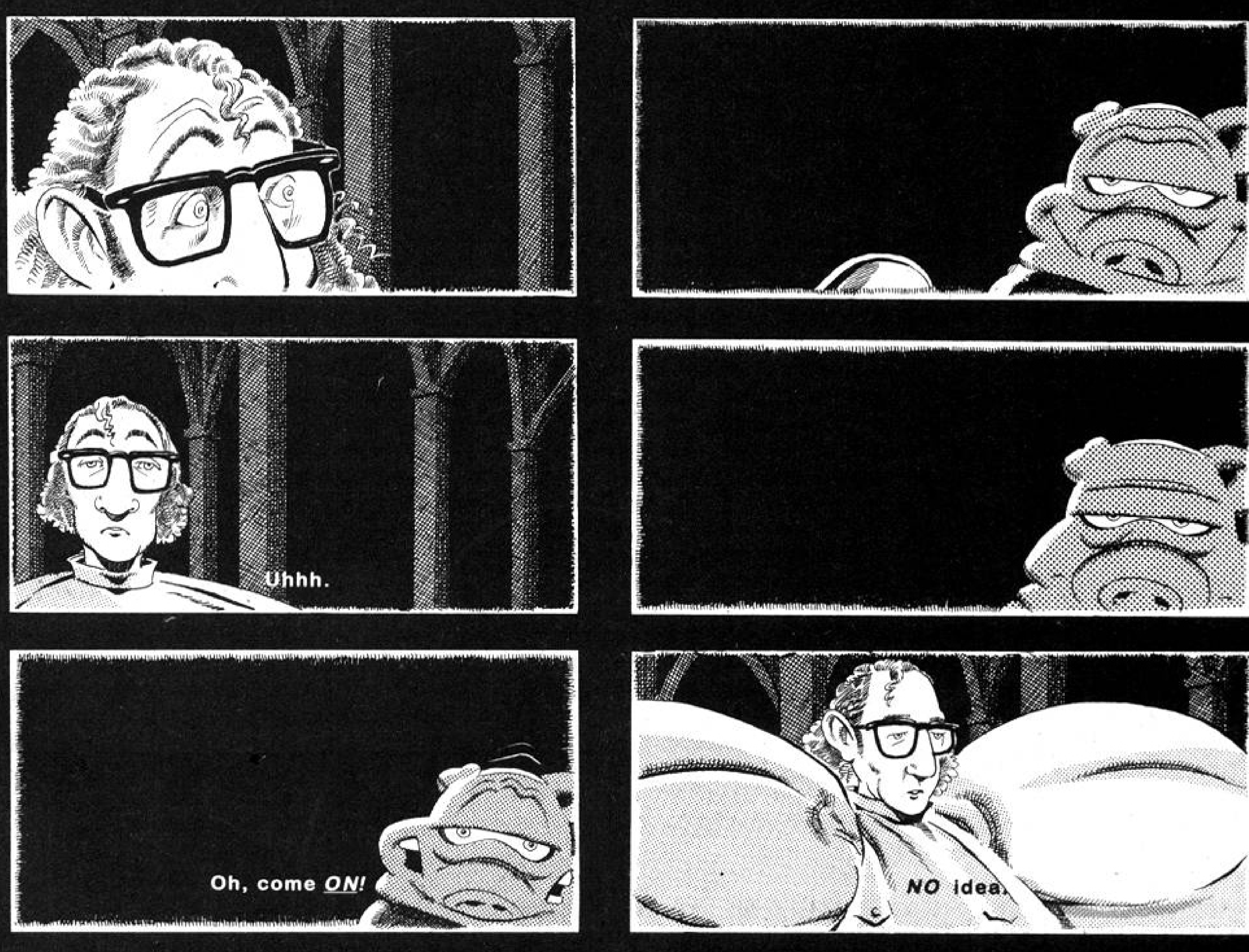
Cerebus:

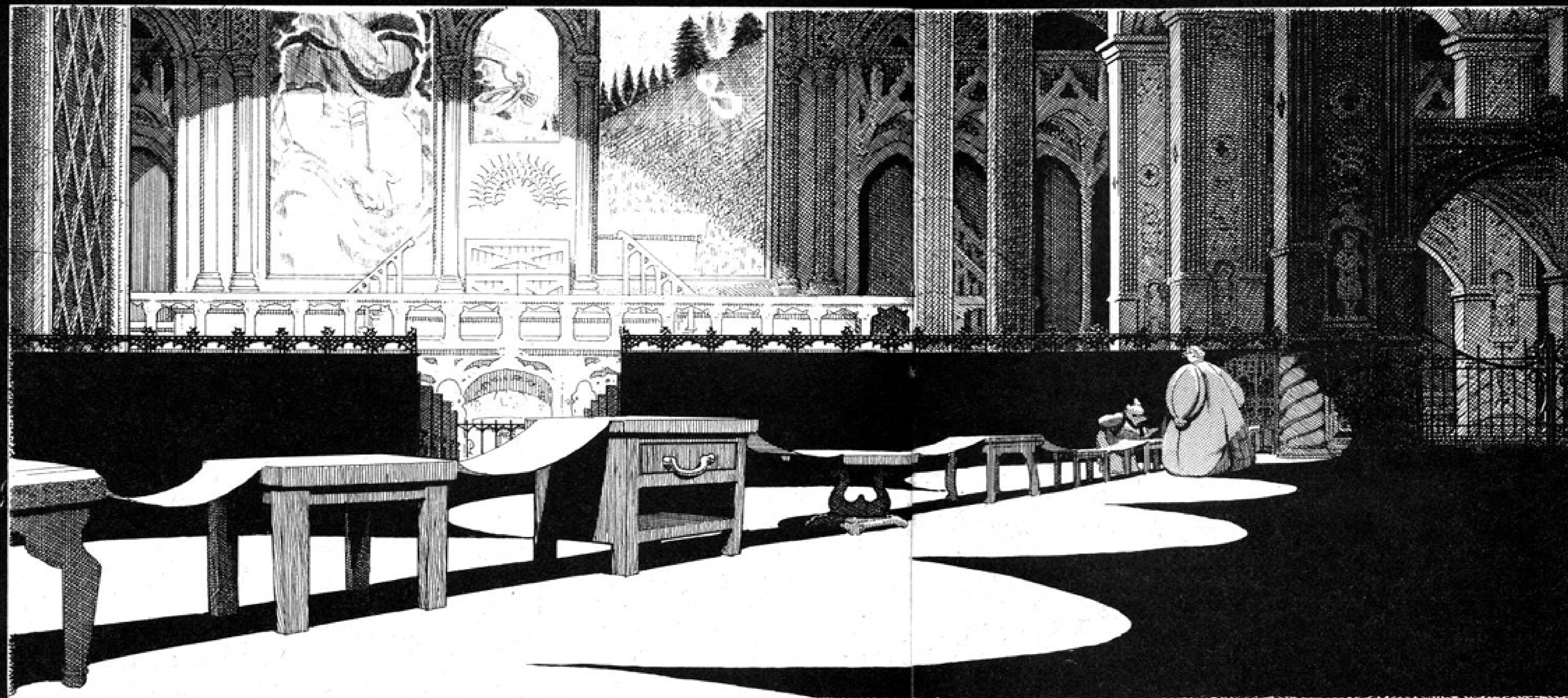
[thinks] Deal. As Cerebus reads it, this means that not only are the spirits of *birds flying around* upside-down inside the earth, not only are the spirits of *men and women walking around* upside down inside the earth, but *nations also* have spirits—BIG spirits—inside the earth. And all of those nations formed *around* the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet. Which makes for a big difference between the two different kinds of men. The *regular* men—the *leftover* men from last time—end up getting absorbed into whatever nation formed around whatever Shem, Ham or Japhet descendant they happened to be living near. The *regular* men have sons, the sons grow up and "beget" other sons, but they're just, you know, *regular* families. The descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet, on the other hand, although *they're* families, too, they're *also* nations. Canaan begets Tzidon and Heth, but he *also* begets the Jebusite, the Emorite, the Girgasite and so on: *nationalities*. So basically, while these *nations* are forming *on* the earth around the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet, they're also forming *in* the earth as BIG spirits. BIG spirits that aren't as big as Yoohwhoo but which are much bigger than bird-spirits and men-spirits and women-spirits. And they are *all* descended from He, She and It—so *everyone* is under Yoohwhoo. God has no representation at all.

Okay. Now, chapter eleven. Cerebus is pretty sure that this is the story of "how the earth was divided" in Peleg's days. *"And the whole earth was of one lippe, and of one words."* All the descendants of Shem, Ham and Japhet still speak the same language. *"And they said, Goe to, let vs build vs a city and a tower, whose top may vnto heauen, and let us make vs a name, lest we be scattered abroad vpon the face of the whole earth. And the Yoohwhoo came downe to see the city and the tower, which the children of men builded. And the Yoohwhoo said; Behold the people one, and they all one language: and this they begin to doe: and now nothing will be restrained from them which they haue imagined to doe. Goe to, let vs go downe, and there confound their language, that they may not vnderstand one anothers speech."* This is Yoohwhoo deciding, again—same as she did with the fruit from the tree of life—what things men are going to be allowed to do and have and what things they are *not* going to be allowed to do and have. It's a weird part of the book. It's as if the men believe—and *Yoohwhoo* believes—that "heaven" is something more than a bunch of air, dividing the waters from the waters, as if "heaven" is [laughs] Yoohwhoo's *house*, or something. This is also the first time that we find out that Yoohwhoo's spirit isn't *confined* to the earth, that her spirit can move around in the air—in the "heaven"—as well as in the earth



[thinks] [tells me to put this part in brackets] [Although you could say that that was what chapter three verse eight meant: *"And they heard the voice of the Yoohwhoo God, walking in the garden, in the wind of the day..."*] Obviously, Yoohwhoo doesn't like the idea of sharing "heaven" with *anyone* but the *birds*. [thinks] It's *also* possible that Yoohwhoo only *thinks* she can move around in the air. Since there's an "upside down" spirit-version of every*one* and every *thing* flying or walking or hopping or crawling around *inside* the earth, it's possible that Yoohwhoo just *thinks* she's looking "down" from "heaven," when she's actually in the center of the earth looking "up" at all these upside-down spirit-creatures. Watching all of these children of men [pauses]...erecting...[pauses] [clears throat]...erecting...and, uh, climbing up...this, uh...big, long...*hard*...uh...tower, which is, uh, getting bigger and bigger and [clears throat] which is allowing the *spirits* of these children of men to climb deeper and, uh, [clears throat] deeper *into* Yoohwhoo and, uh...Anyway, she's basically telling God that this tower thing is a bad idea and that the men's language should be "confounded" so they can't understand each other [thinks] and so they'll knock it the hell off. Since men are still calling on the Yoohwhoo, Yoohwhoo's wish is God's command. [reading] And then, at the end of the chapter, God does His Own "generations of Shem," basically forgetting about Ham and Iaphet and concentrating on Noah's "first born". There's nothing really *new* in the "generations of Shem". It's the same as chapter five's "generations of Adam". The men continue to live shorter and shorter lives. Unlike *Yoohwhoo's* generations in chapter *ten*, in chapter *eleven*, God is only interested in the "first-born" son. *Apart* from the "first-born" son—same as He did in chapter *five*—God just mentions that each guy *"begate sonnes and daughters"*. At some point, Yoohwhoo finally understands that the argument—which has been going on *around* her since chapter one—is about who is the eldest and who is the youngest. Who is the "morning" and who is the "evening." Who is the "day" and who is the "night". Who is God and who is God's—not-really-but-for-the-sake-of-keeping-the-argument-simple-and-in-tune-with-Yoohwhoo's-misunderstanding-so-Yoohwhoo-will-pay-attention—[Konigsberg twists his wedding ring so hard he winces] "first born". So, Yoohwhoo starts paying attention, waiting for something to happen in the "generations of Shem" that will explain what the heck has been going on and that fits what she believes is going on. See, Yoohwhoo has plenty of bright ideas she got from the bad fruit about who she is and about who God is, so she's just waiting to see something happen that matches her bright ideas. And what happens is this guy named Terah, see, who begat Abram, Nahor and Haran. Three sons—*all* of whom get mentioned, this time, not just the "first born," so, as far as Yoohwhoo knows, this could be the new "Cain, Hebel and Sheth" or the new "Shem, Ham and Japhet". And, boy are they interesting! Haran dies before his father, Terah, which hasn't happened—a son dying *before* his father does—since Hebel died before Adam! And Nahor marries Haran's daughter! A guy marrying his own niece! And—as we find out later in chapter twenty—Abram is married to his half-sister, Sarai! They have the same father, but different mothers! All *right,* thinks Yoohwhoo, *finally* we're getting to the bottom of this! This "God" and I have different *Mother* Gods, but the same *Father* God. Or "God's" *Father* God died and I'm actually "God's" *Uncle* God! Or *my* Father God died and I'm actually God's Niece God! [thinks] From what Cerebus knows about tribes, Cerebus is pretty sure that Terah and Abram and Sarai and Nahor and Milcah and Lot were, you know, "asked to leave" by their tribes. Which only makes sense. After all, here's all these guys who are supposed to be "sons of God" and—in one generation!—*one* of them marries his half-sister and the *other* one marries his dead brother's daughter! Which explains a *lot,* from Yoohwhoo's standpoint, when she sees them expelled from their tribe. "God" is ashamed because *marrying ME—his half-brother or his half-sister or his uncle or his niece or...WHOEVER I am... is really, really evil!* Just like Yoohwhoo had been saying all along: "man is evil from his youth"! Just like God! "For in the image of God made he man"! So, Yoohwhoo decides that Abram is the horse she's going to bet on, Yoohwhoo's own personal representative in the story, Yoohwhoo's own hand-picked Adam or Yoohwhoo's own hand-picked Noah, the key to figuring out what's going on. So, in chapter twelve? She tells Abram to *"Get thee out of thy countrey, and from thy kinred, and from thy fathers house, vnto a land that I will shew thee."* Three guesses what the land is.





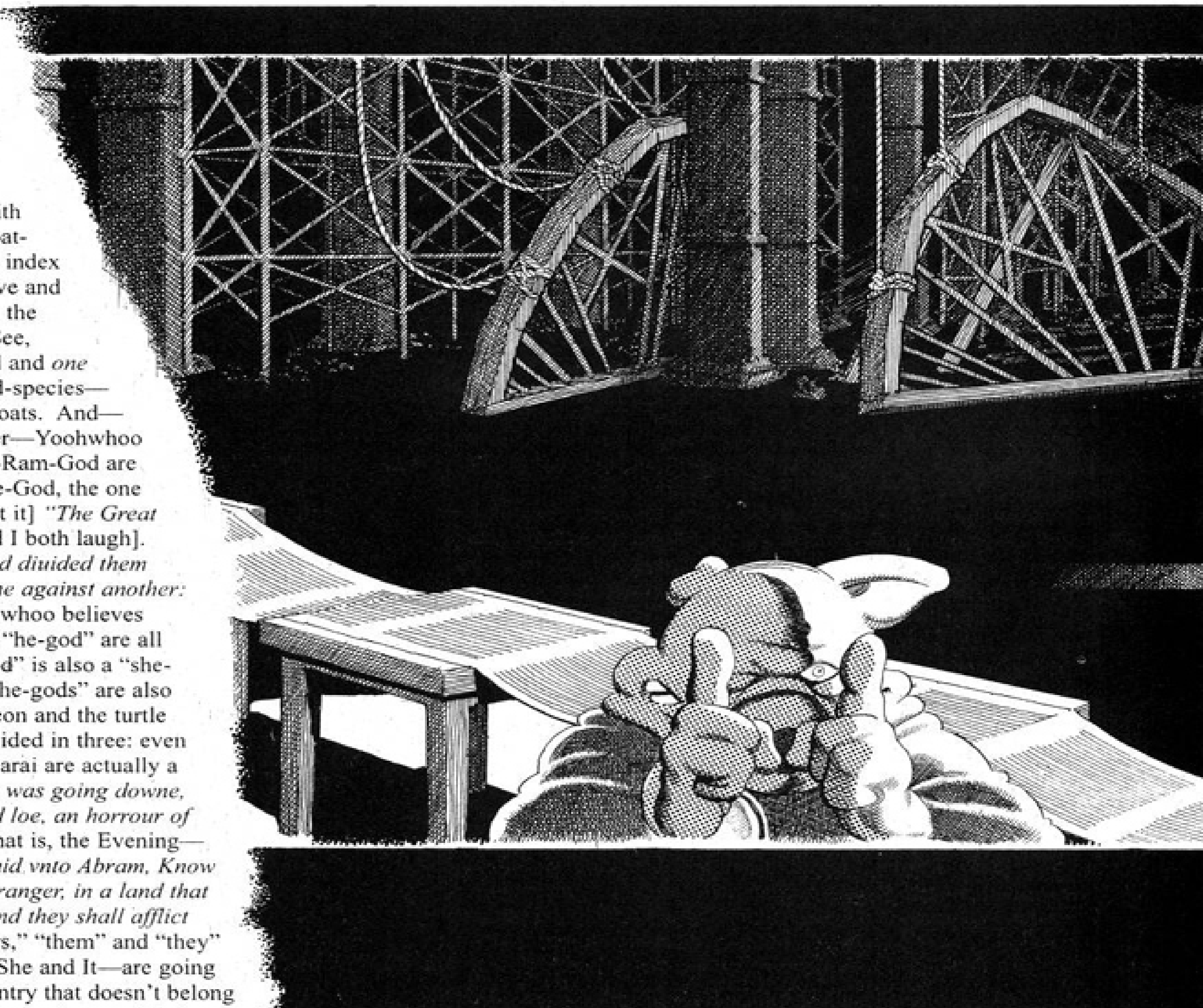
Cerebus:
Yoohwhoo's Garden! The garden eastward of Eden. [thinks] Cerebus thought that would have been obvious. The *first* Adam didn't work out, but *this* Adam, hand-picked by Yoohwhoo, *this* one, she thinks, *is* going to work out. *"And I will make of thee a great nation, and I wil blesse thee, and make thy name great; and thou shalt bee a blessing. And I will blesse them that blesse thee and curse him, that curseth thee and in thee shal all families of the earth be blessed."* Bless THEM that bless thee. Curse HIM that curseth thee. To Yoohwhoo, it's going to be Yoohwhoo and Abram and all the he, she and its—all the "families of the earth"—against God. Yoohwhoo assumes that God will *curse* Abram because Yoohwhoo has picked him. In verses seven and eight, Abram builds an altar to the Yoohwhoo and calls upon the name of the Yoohwhoo. For Yoohwhoo? So far so good. The Garden being back in the story leads to a "cherubim with the flaming sword" reminder: *"Therefore it shall come to passe, when the Egyptians shall see thee, that they shall say, This is his wife: and they will kill me, but they will save thee alive."* The Egyptians are like the "cherubim with the flaming sword," like Yoohwhoo herself: killing "outsider" men but saving women. Sarai turns out to be quite a…[thinks] character. Happy to pretend to be Abram's sister even to the point of [clears throat] "going with" Pharaoh and with Abimelech, the King of Gerar. Cerebus is willing to bet that the Pharaoh and Abimelech episodes *actually* took place one right after the other and that Yoohwhoo, when she saw how that *looked*—like Sarai was this real tramp—had some Yoohwhoo-worshipper change them around so the Abimelech story doesn't come until chapter twenty.

Konigsberg:
How do you know the Abimelech story doesn't *belong* in chapter twenty?

Cerebus:
By chapter twenty Sarai is *ninety-nine years old.* If *you* were the King of Gerar do *you* think you would get the "hots" for a ninety nine-year-old woman?

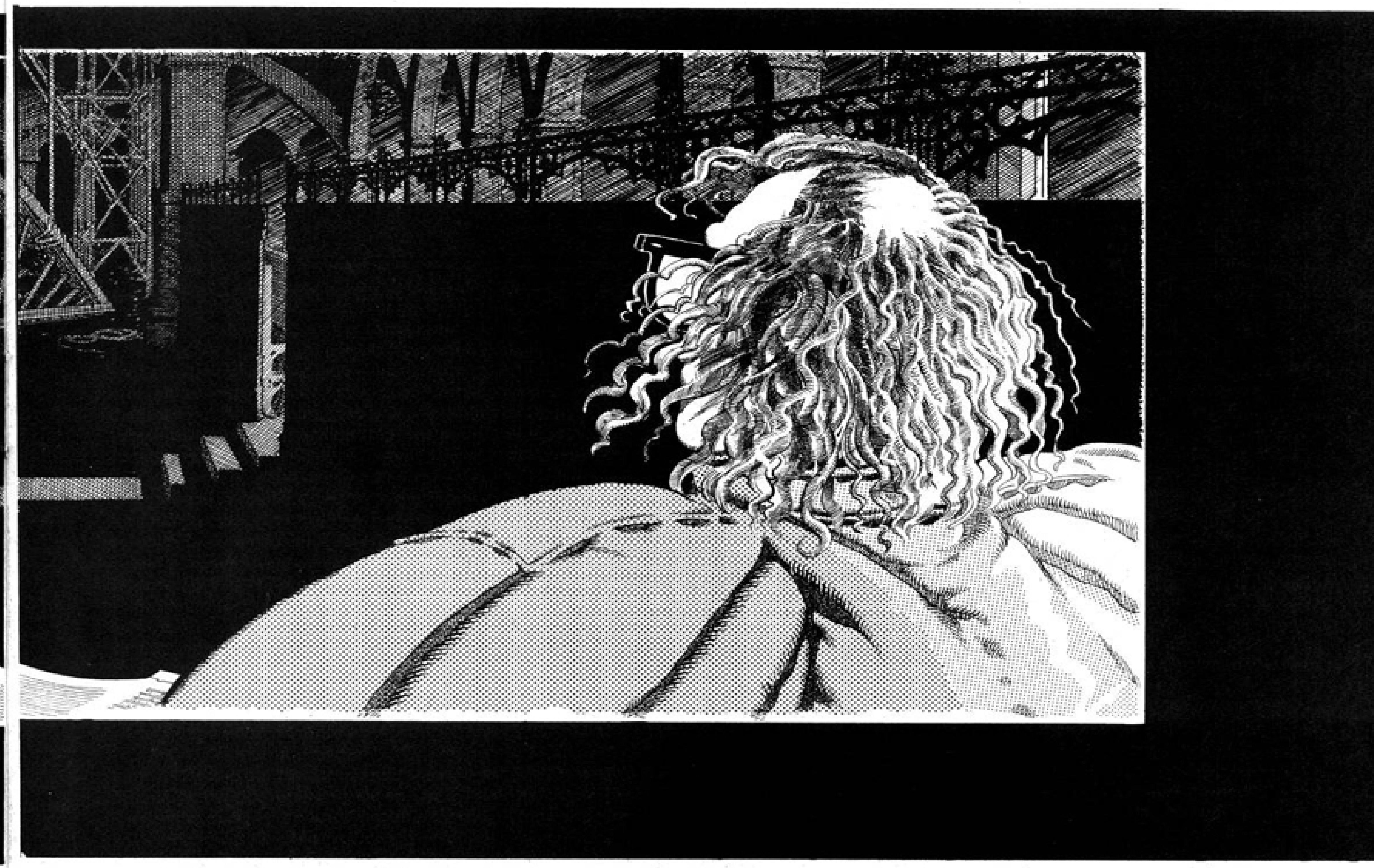
Konigsberg:
I see what you mean.

Cerebus:
Of course, Yoohwhoo thinks she's *God* and that Abram represents *her*, so she's not paying a lot of *attention* to Sarai. Which—if she *really* wanted to know what the heck was going on—she should have. As Abimelech says to Sarah when he gives her back to Abraham: *"Behold, I haue giuen thy brother a thousand of siluer: behold, he to thee a couering of the eyes unto all that are with thee, and with all."* That is, Abram is *such* a nice guy, everyone—the he, she and its that Sarai/Yoohwhoo is "fronting" for: that is, the "all" that are "with her" and even God—consciously *ignore* what a lousy *tramp* Sarai is, because they like Abram. When Cerebus first read it, Cerebus thought that Abram wasn't so much a *nice* guy as a really *weird* guy. What sort of husband just…*stands there*…while Pharaoh and, later, Abimelech decide to make "hootchie-cootchie" with his wife? And when the *truth* comes *out*—in *Pharaoh's* case because Yoohwhoo sends plagues against his house (for almost messing up her nicely matched evil set of married step-siblings) and in *Abimelech's* case because God comes to him in a dream—what sort of husband would accept flocks of cattle and men-servants and maid-servants as a bribe to take his slutty wife and go away? And then, Cerebus realized that Abram and Sarai are *He*-Yoohwhoo and *She*-Yoohwhoo. The "She" part of Yoohwhoo, as she keeps insisting, just wants to be reunited with God, to be "one flesh" with God, because God is like a Pharaoh, like a King. What God is saying through Abram is that God isn't fooled, that God *knows* that the *real* reason that He-Yoohwhoo, Abram, is willing to give She Yoohwhoo, Sarai, to God/Pharaoh/Abimelech is to get *lots of cattle*—whose blood Yoohwhoo wants to *drink*—and men-servants—to get the blood *out* of the cattle by *mutilating* them and spilling the blood all over the ground so Yoohwhoo can drink it—and maid-servants—to breed more men-servants to keep the whole operation going. As far as Yoohwhoo is concerned, she figures she can't lose with this plan. She believes men are evil. Obviously, if Abram mutilates all of the cattle to feed Yoohwhoo, then Abram is *evil* and God will have to *destroy* Abram or, at least, *curse* Abram, proving Yoohwhoo's point. [reading] Okay. So.
At that point, Abram and Sarai and Lot come out of Egypt and Abram and Lot both have everything they could possibly want in abundance. *"And the land was not able to beare them, that they might dwell together: for their substance was great so that they could not dwell together. And there was a strife betweene the heardmen of Abrams cattell, and the heardmen of Lots cattell. And Abram said vnto Lot, Let there be no strife, I pray thee between mee and thee, and between my heardmen and thy heardmen: for wee bee men brethren. Is not the whole land before thee? Separate thy selfe, I pray thee, from mee: if thou the left hand, then I will goe to the right: or if thou to the right hand, then I will goe to the left."* This is one hell of a surprise for Yoohwhoo. God is saying, I know what you're up to, but let's not fight about it. You go your way and I'll go my way. Now Yoohwhoo doesn't know *what* to do. God has a point. *Both* Abram and Lot are descended from He, She and It, *both* Abram and Lot believe in Yoohwhoo God, *both* Abram and Lot are lousy with cattle—cattle that they're more than eager to mutilate to feed Yoohwhoo God. What does it matter to Yoohwhoo God if Abram and Lot are mutilating cattle *together* or *separately*? Yoohwhoo God smells a rat, but she doesn't know where, so all she can do is go along with it. Once again, Yoohwhoo separates from God. So after Lot leaves, Yoohwhoo gives Abram a guided tour of the garden, obviously wondering the whole time what in the heck God is up to. Chapter fourteen, the war between the *five* kings and the *four* kings, doesn't help Yoohwhoo a bit. See, the four kings represent Yoohwhoo God, He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo and It-Yoohwhoo. The five kings represent God, Yoohwhoo God, He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo and It-Yoohwhoo. What God is saying is that when God is *united with* Yoohwhoo and her three aspects, he will always defeat Yoohwhoo and her three aspects trying to *"go it alone"*. Which is why it doesn't bother God either being *with* Yoohwhoo or *apart from* Yoohwhoo. "Heads God wins, tails Yoohwhoo loses." To amplify the point, Abram comes to the rescue of his nephew, Lot. Not only saves Lot but saves everyone *with* Lot—as God intends, ultimately, to save Yoohwhoo and everyone who is with Yoohwhoo.
To celebrate, God brings another King into the story, Melchizedek, the Priest of the most high God. *"And hee blessed him and saide: Blessed bee Abram of the most high God, possessour of heauen and earth, and blessed bee the most high God, which hath deliuered thine enemies into thy hand: and he gaue him tithes of all."* Yoohwhoo must've been just *fuming*. Not only doesn't God *destroy* Abram or *curse* him, He *blesses* him! And blesses him as the *possessor* of heaven…*and earth*! God is declaring Abram the possessor of Yoohwhoo! And then Melchizedek blesses God for delivering Abram's enemies—Yoohwhoo, He Yoohwhoo, She Yoohwhoo and It Yoohwhoo—into Abram's hand! Furious, Yoohwhoo speaks through the King of Sodom: *"And the King of Sodome said vnto Abram, giue me the soules and take the goods to thy selfe."* Basically, saying that Abram is greedy enough to trade his people for material goods—sort of what he did with Sarai. *"And Abram said to the King of Sodome, I haue lift up my hand vnto the Yoohwhoo, the most high God, the possessour of heauen and earth, that I will not take from a threed euen to a shoe latchet, and that I will not take any thing that is thine, lest thou shouldest say, I haue made Abram rich:"* Which shows a lot of *chutzpah* on Abram's part, since that's exactly how he got rich in the first place *"… saue onely that which the yong men haue eaten, and the portion of the men which went with mee, Aner, Eschol, and Mamre: let them take their portion."* Which is, you know, a nice recovery by Yoohwhoo, because Abram—in his moment of triumph, where he has been declared by God to be the possessor of heaven and earth—Abram declares *Yoohwhoo* to be the most high God *and* the possessor of heaven and earth.
Which, in chapter fifteen, really causes major problems when Yoohwhoo decides to take advantage of her new status. She promises Abram that he'll have an heir. *"And he brought him forth abroad, and said, Looke now towards heauen, and tell the starres, if thou be able to number them. And he said vnto him, So shall thy seed be."* So, Yoohwhoo is definitely marking Abram as being "of the light," "of Yoohwhoo" *"And he said vnto him, Take me an heifer of three yeeres old, and a shee goat of three yeeres old, and a*



ramme of three yeeres old, and a turtle doue, and a yong pigeon." Okay, so here's Yoohwhoo's *latest* bright idea. Yoohwhoo figures that there are *two* She-Gods and one *He*-God and two small beings that don't count for much. [gesturing with his arms, wide] Heifer-God, She-Goat-God and He-Ram-God. [holding his index fingers a few inches apart] turtle dove and young pigeon. Sarai and Abram are the turtle dove and the young pigeon. See, Yoohwhoo believes that the He-God and *one* of the She-Gods are of the same god-species—like a ram and a she-goat are both goats. And—just as goats are smaller than a heifer—Yoohwhoo believes that She-Goat-God and He-Ram-God are both smaller gods than the other She-God, the one Yoohwhoo thinks of as [thinks about it] *"The Great Heifer in Heaven."* [Konigsberg and I both laugh]. *"And he tooke vnto him all these and diuided them in the midst, and layd each peece one against another: but the birds diuided he not."* Yoohwhoo believes that the two "she-gods" and the one "he-god" are all divided in three. That is, the "he-god" is also a "she-god" and an "it-god" and the two "she-gods" are also "he-gods" and "it gods" but the pigeon and the turtle dove—Abram and Sarai—*aren't* divided in three: even Yoohwhoo admits that Abram and Sarai are actually a he and a she. *"And when the Sunne was going downe, a deepe sleepe fell vpon Abram: and loe, an horrour of great darkenesse fell vpon him."* That is, the Evening—God—comes to Abram. *"And he said vnto Abram, Know of a surety, that thy seed shalbe a stranger, in a land that is not theirs, and shal serue them, and they shall afflict them foure hundred yeeres."* "Theirs," "them" and "they" and "them". Yoohwhoo God—He, She and It—are going to take Abram's seed to another country that doesn't belong to them. That is, the regional little yoohwhoo—with the garden—is going to take Abram's seed into a country—Egypt—with a much bigger Yoohwhoo [thinks] probably the bigger Yoohwhoo that the little regional yoohwhoo originally separated from: the Yoohwhoo that the little regional yoohwhoo believes to be the Big Heifer in Heaven. *"And also that nation whom they shall serue wil I iudge: and afterward shall they come out with great substance. And thou shalt goe to thy fathers in peace; thou shalt be buried in a good old age."* Basically, God is just establishing that he knows what Yoohwhoo is up to and is telling her that it won't work—that Abram and his seed will prove stronger, ultimately, than the bigger Yoohwhoo in Egypt. It'll take four hundred years to play out, but the bigger Yoohwhoo in Egypt will neither destroy Abram and his seed, nor will she absorb Abram and his seed and God won't curse Abram or destroy Abram, Abram will die a natural death. [thinks] You'd figure that Yoohwhoo would spare herself the four hundred—*plus*—years of futility, but, remember Yoohwhoo is a woman so she'll never pay attention to what she's told, she has to see for herself. Besides, God holds out a little hope to her. *"But in the fourth generation they shall come hither againe: for the iniquitie of the Amorites is not yet full."* [thinks] Doesn't bother her for a moment that God is more than four hundred years ahead of her, telling her that her plan won't work. This is one single-minded bitch. *"And it came to passe that when the Sunne went downe, and it was, behold, a smoking furnace, and a lampe of fire that passed betweene those pieces."* The lamp of fire, of course, is Yoohwhoo declaring that *she* is the She-Goat-God, *she* is the He-Ram-God *and she* is the Great Heifer in Heaven. *"In that same day the Yoohwhoo made a couenant with Abram, saying: Vnto thy seed haue I giuen this land from the riuer of Egypt vnto the great riuer, the riuer Euphrates: The Kenites, and the Kenizites and the Kadmonites: And the Hittites, and the Perizzites, and the Rephaims, and the Amorites, and the Canaanites, and the Girgashites, and the Iebusites."* Ten nations under Abram's seed's command which, presumably, will make Abram's seed the largest collective spirit in the earth, next to Yoohwhoo herself. Okay. And then in chapter sixteen, Sarai has no children. Sarai *wants* children so she has Abram go in unto her Egyptian handmaid, Hagar. God indicates to Yoohwhoo that, again, He isn't fooled. Sarai represents the Big Yoohwhoo in the earth. Although she is pretending that the bigger Yoohwhoo in Egypt is Yoohwhoo, the Big Herself, the Great Heifer in Heaven, God is indicating through Hagar that, again, he isn't fooled, that God is fully aware that the Yoohwhoo in Egypt is just the *Big* Yoohwhoo's handmaid, the same as the *little* yoohwhoo—who grew the garden and ate the bad fruit and decided she was a god—was *Egypt's* handmaid.

And God indicates what the result of Abram's seed going into Egypt is going to be. *"And he went in vnto Hagar, and she conceiued: And when shee saw that shee had conceiued, her mistresse was despised in her eyes."* Abram's seed will go into Egypt, stay there four hundred years, one of his seed will impregnate an Egyptian woman but that will only cause the Egyptian woman—and Egypt *herself*—to despise Yoohwhoo. Sarai—Yoohwhoo's—reaction is typical. *"And Sarai said vnto Abram, My wrong be vpon thee: I haue giuen my maid into thy bosome, and when shee saw that she had conceiued, I was despised in her eyes: the Yoohwhoo iudge betweene me and thee."* In other words, "this was my idea, but it didn't work out so it's your fault. Just ask Yoohwhoo." *"But Abram said vnto Sarai, Behold thy maid in thy hand; doe to her that which is good in thine eyes."* God says, "What are you dragging Me into this for? These are all your ideas. Do what you think is right, Yoohwhoo." *"And when Sarai afflicted her she fled from her face."* Well, exactly. Any time anyone doesn't do exactly what Yoohwhoo wants, she gets rid of them. Now, even if they do *exactly* what Yoohwhoo wants, if it doesn't turn out the way Yoohwhoo *wants* it to, she gets rid of them. Of course, Yoohwhoo doesn't have to think about it for very long before she realizes how stupid she's being. Egypt is *her* big idea. It's Yoohwhoo's idea that Egypt is going to absorb Abram and his seed. And now Sarai just pounded on "Egypt" and told her to take a hike. So Yoohwhoo has to divide again, this time separating into an *Angel* of Yoohwhoo who goes after Hagar. *"And he said Hagar Sarais maid, whence camest thou? And whither wilt thou goe? And she said, I flee from the face of my mistresse Sarai."* Oops for Yoohwhoo. This is exactly what Cain said, *"Behold, thou hast driuen me out this day from the face of the earth, and from thy face shall I be hid."* Even for someone as monumentally stupid as Yoohwhoo, it has to start sinking in that she has a certain problem in these areas. *"And the Angel of the Yoohwhoo said vnto her, Returne to thy mistresse, and*



submit thy selfe vnder her hands." Heh-heh. You can just imagine what Hagar thought of *that* plan. *"And the Angel of the Yoohwhoo said vnto her, I will multiply thy seede exceedingly, that it shall not be numbred for multitude."* Back to "square one" with Yoohwhoo believing that women have a "seed" instead of just being the "boxes" the "seeds" grow in. *"And the Angel of the Yoohwhoo said vnto her, Behold, thou art with child, and shalt beare a sonne, and shalt call his name Ishmael; because the Yoohwhoo hath heard thine affliction."* Of course, the name "Ishmael" translates as "*God* shall hear". God shall *hear*, all right. God shall *hear* that Yoohwhoo is taking credit for women getting pregnant again. God shall hear that Yoohwhoo is back talking about women having a "seed" the same as the men do. Which, of course, leads to evil multiplying in the earth, the earth being filled with violence, giants in the earth whose only thought is evil every day, etcetera. So, God tries to point this out—that Ishamael *"... will be a wilde man; his hand will be against euery man, and euery man's hand against him & he shal dwell in the presence of all his brethren."* That is, raised to believe that he's actually a *woman's* seed, he'll be just another big , strong, famous guy beating crap out of people, like Nimrod. Until the women give up the idea that they *have* a seed, there'll be no getting rid of the big, strong famous guys beating crap out of people. Meanwhile, Hagar *"... called the name of the Yoohwhoo that spake vnto her, Thou God seest me: for she said, Haue I also here looked after him that seeth me?"* Yoohwhoo thinks she's God, Hagar thinks Yoohwhoo's angel is a god and that Hagar is looking after—that is, pregnant with—a god. So, all in all, *another* giant step backward to "square one" where Hawwa believed that she had "gotten a man from the Yoohwhoo" when Cain was born. [sighs]. *"Wherefore the well was called, Beer-lahai-roi."* That is, "the well of him that liveth and seeth me". This is pretty typical, too. The "god" speaks to Hagar when she's next to a well, so Hagar decides that that must be where the "god" is: inside the well. Considering that water is as stupid as fruit, as stupid as air and only a little less stupid than cattle, she's not too far wrong. Speaking of "only a little less stupid than cattle," Yoohwhoo kicks off chapter seventeen by calling herself almighty God. *"And when Abram was ninetie yeres old and nine, the Yoohwhoo appeared to Abram and said vnto him, I am the almightie God, walke before me, and be thou perfect. And I wil make my couenant between me and thee, and will multiply thee exceedingly. And Abram fell on his face."* At which point, the *actual* God—having decided that enough is enough with all of these phony yoohwhoo "gods" and "women's seed" crap—decides to speak to Abram on His own behalf : *"and God talked with him, saying: As for me, behold, my couenant is with thee, and thou shalt be a father of a multitude of nations. Neither shall thy name any more be called Abram, but thy name shall bee Abraham: for a father of many nations haue I made thee. And I will make thee exceeding fruitfull, and I will make nations of thee, and Kings shall come out of thee. And I will establish my couenant betweene me and thee, and thy seede after thee, in their generations for an euerlasting couenant, to bee a God vnto thee, and to thy seede after thee. And I will giue vnto thee, and to thy seed after thee, the land of thy soiournings wherein thou art a stranger, all the land of Canaan, for an euerlasting possession, and I will be their God. And God said vnto Abraham, Thou shalt keepe my couenant therefore, thou, and thy seede after thee, in their generations. This is my couenant which yee shall keepe betweene me and you, and thy seed after thee: euery man-child among you shall be circumcised. And ye shall circumcise the flesh of your foreskinne; and it shal be a token of the couenant betwixt me and you. And he that is a sonne of eight dayes shalbe circumcised among you, euery man child in your generations, he that is borne in thy house, or bought with money of any stranger, which is not of thy seed. He that is borne in thy house, and he that is bought with thy money, must needs be circumcised: and my couenant shall be in your flesh, for an euerlasting couenant. And the circumcised man-child, whose flesh of his foreskinne is not circumcised, that soule shall be cut off from his people: hee hath broken my couenant. And God said vnto Abraham, As for Sarai thy wife, thou shalt not call her name Sarai, but Sarah her name. And I will blesse her, and giue thee a sonne also of her, yea I will blesse her and she shall become nations, Kings of people shall be of her. Then Abraham fell vpon his face, and laughed, and said in his heart, Shall be borne vnto him that is an hundred yeeres old? And shal Sarah that is ninetie yeeres old, beare?"* That's a weird part of the story. It *wasn't* unusual for a guy who was *eighty-six* to have a son?

But it *is funny* for a guy who is a *hundred* to have a son? The difference between Hagar and Sarai? Well, obviously, if you want to grow a seed, you need a young box to grow it in. But, what's the difference between eighty-six and a hundred for getting the seed *into* the box? *"And Abraham said vnto God, O that Ishmael might liue before thee. And God said, Sarah thy wife shall beare thee a sonne in deede, and thou shalt call his name Isaac: and I will establish my couenant with him, for an euerlasting couenant, with his seed after him. And as for Ishmael, I haue heard thee: behold I haue blessed him, and will make him fruitfull, and will multiplie him exceedingly: Twelue princes shall he beget, and I will make him a great nation. But my couenant wil I establish with Isaac, which Sarah shall beare vnto thee, at this set time, in the next yeere. And he left off talking with him, and God went vp from Abraham."* Which God would, you know, actually *do*—because God actually *is* "up," above the "heaven" in the black nosebleed waters of space. So, there you have it. God's longest speech since the first chapter. His first covenant since the rainbow. Yoohwhoo must not have known what hit her. God just made a covenant with *her guy!* With the He, She and It guy! The evil guy who married his half-sister! And he just changed their names! It shouldn't have come as *that* big a surprise. God had just been waiting for Yoohwhoo to actually *say out loud*, "I am almighty God". From the time that Hagar implied that she believed the angel of yoohwhoo was a "god" and that she, Hagar, was *pregnant* with a "god" it was only a matter of time before Yoohwhoo decided she was almighty God, again. It took thirteen years for Yoohwhoo to say it out *loud*, but God knew it was coming. [snickers] [tries to contain himself] [snickers again]

Konigsberg:
[snickering a bit himself] What?

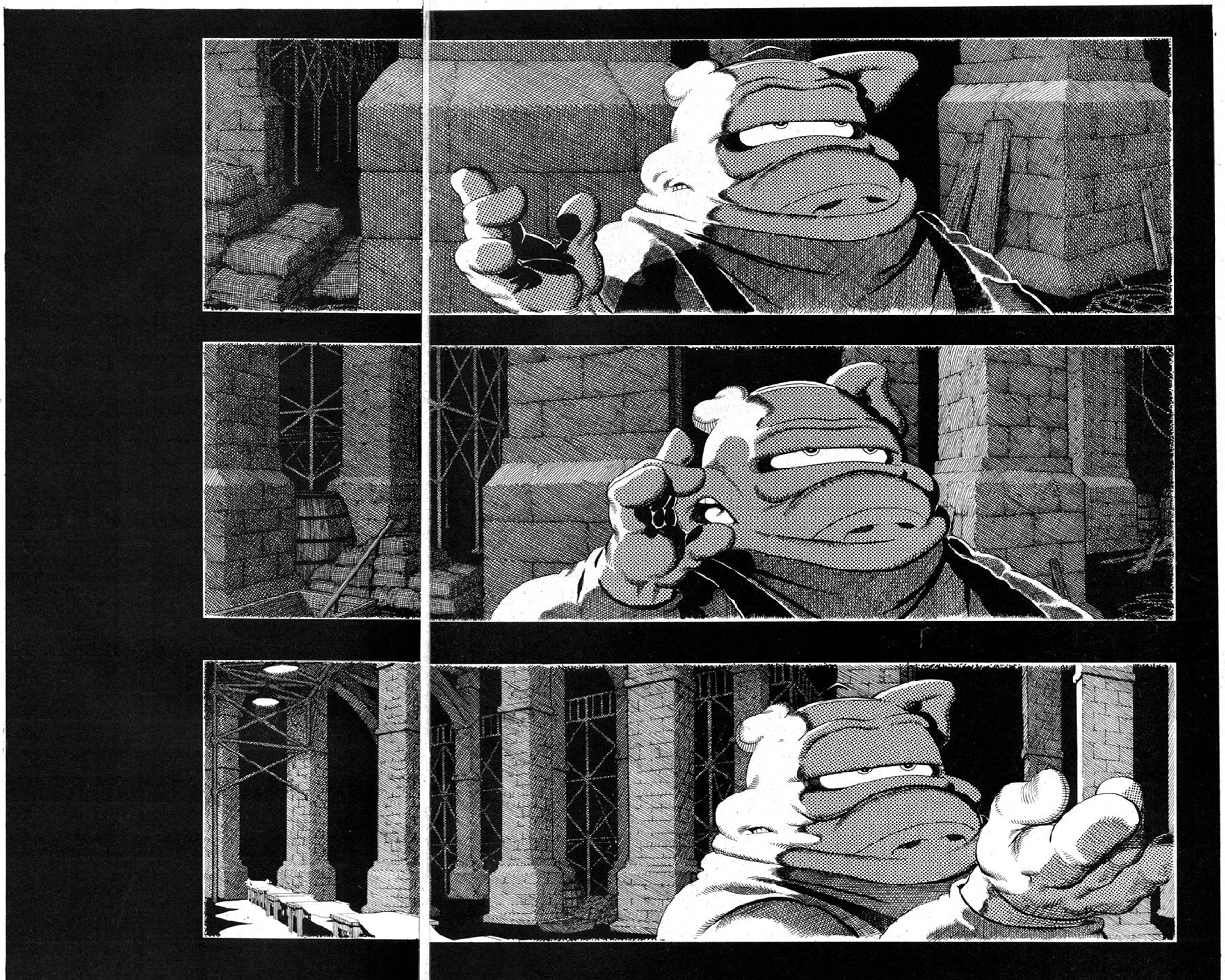
Cerebus:
[snickering, waving him away]

Konigsberg:
[laughing] No, come on. I could use a good laugh. Spill it.

Cerebus:
The circumcision. [laughing]

Konigsberg:
[glancing down at his own crotch] What about the circumcision?

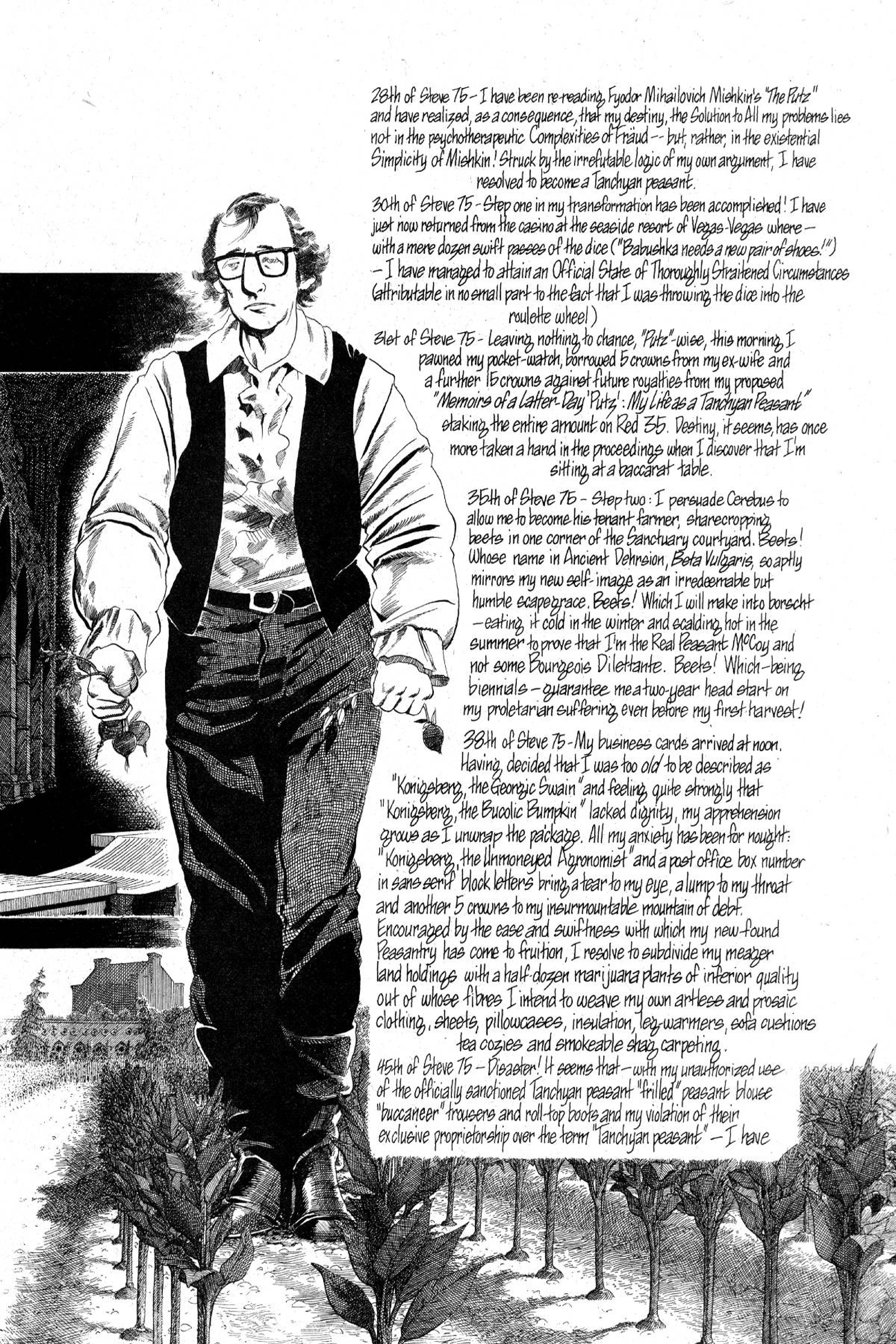
Cerebus:
[suddenly using a deep, deep voice that sounds like that of a big, big boss of some kind] "Yoohwhoo?...Yoohwhoo? Do you remember…?" [mimes puffing on a cigar.] "…Do you remember, Yoohwhoo, back when…uh…when the deep sleep fell upon Adam? And…and…I, uh…I, uh…took out one of his ribs?" [puffs on his cigar. Konigsberg and I both laugh as we realize that Cerebus is doing an "impression" of God] "You *remember* that, Yoohwhoo? Remember how it was like this…this…uhhh…" [pretends to search for the right word] "…*symbol*…of, uh…of our *relationship*? A *symbol*…of how you were like…*Bone* of my Bones? Like…like…a…*Bone* close to my *heart*? Like a *rib*, Yoohwhoo?" [puffs on his cigar] "Well, uh…*actually*…Yoohwhoo." [grinning, puffing on his cigar] "Actually, Yoohwhoo…*our* relationship…*our* relationship is, uh…it's *actually*, uh…it's actually a little…*south*…of there, Yoohwhoo." [we're all snickering. Cerebus grinning. Puffing on his cigar] "See…you weren't…*really*…like one of my…*ribs*…" [I'm laughing so hard I can't see what I'm writing through the tears] "See, Yoohwhoo? It's more like…" [puffs on his cigar] "It's more like you were this…this…useless piece of flesh" [puffs on his cigar] "that I…that I…*snipped off of the end of my* dick." [we all laugh uproariously]
[after we're all done laughing] [which takes a while] That's what Cerebus figures God is saying. Yoohwhoo doesn't "get it" for more than four hundred years, but when she does [laughs] boy, is she pissed! But, more importantly, the circumcision is a way of getting rid of Yoohwhoo's "woman's seed" bullshit. Because the women *can't* be circumcised—they're just, you know, *women* –they aren't part of God's covenant. So, now it's God and the circumcised men against Yoohwhoo and whatever crazy idea she comes up with next to try to get the circumcised men in trouble.





Konigsberg:
Actually, from what I understand, there are a number of places in *Africa* where *girls* are circumcised.

Cerebus:
That doesn't surprise Cerebus. It doesn't *accomplish* anything [thinks] but, knowing Yoohwhoo? That doesn't surprise Cerebus one bit. There isn't anything too low or too cruel that Yoohwhoo won't give it a try. Circumcising someone who hasn't got a dick or a foreskin? [wincing] That's just plain sick. [sighs] But, then, that's Yoohwhoo.

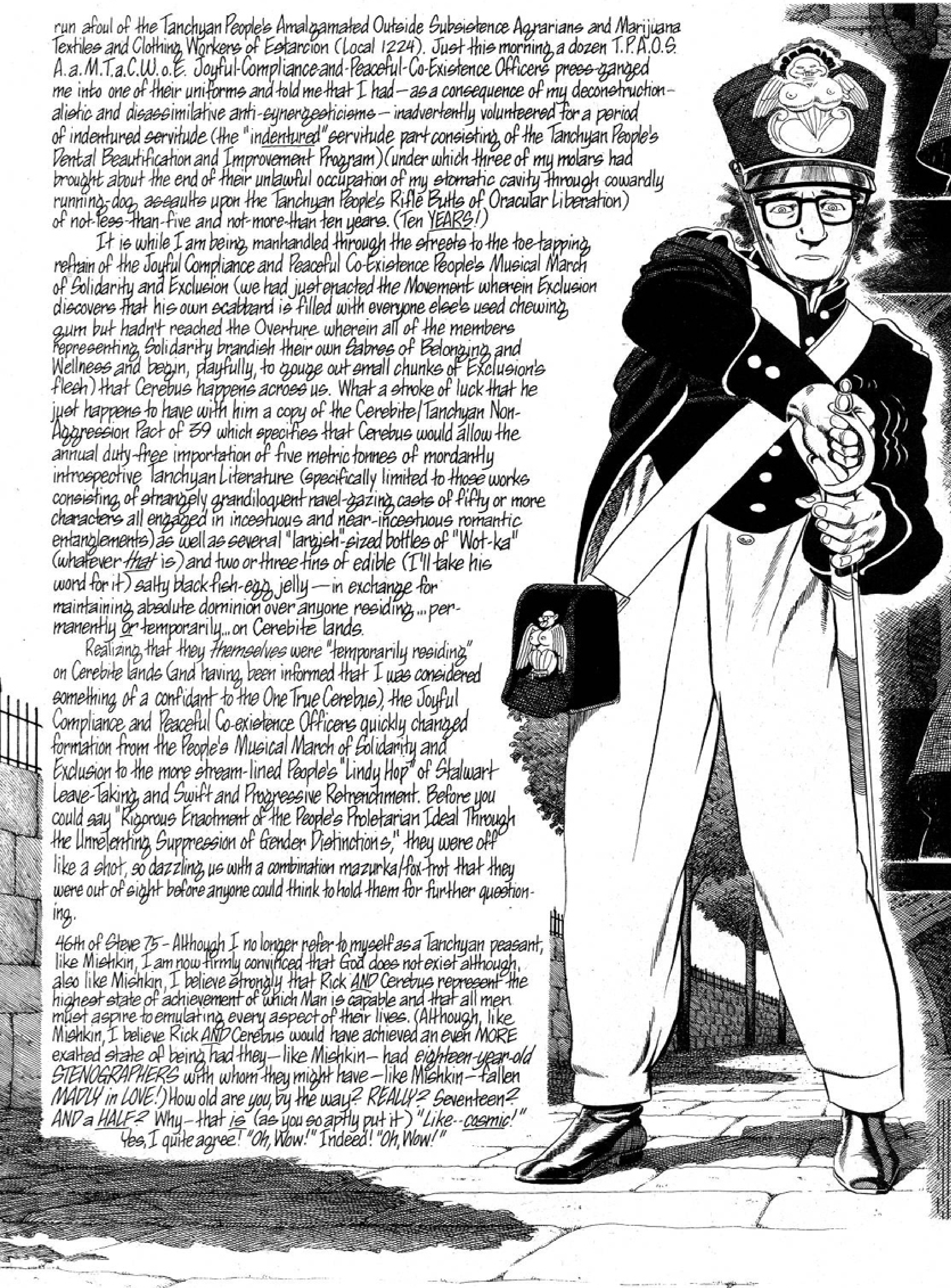

28th of Steve 75 – I have been re-reading Fyodor Mihailovich Mishkin's *"The Putz"* and have realized, as a consequence, that my destiny, the Solution to All my problems lies not in the psychotherapeutic Complexities of Fraud -- but, rather, in the existential Simplicity of Mishkin! Struck by the irrefutable logic of my own argument, I have resolved to become a Tanchyan peasant.
30th of Steve 75 – Step one in my transformation has been accomplished! I have just now returned from the casino at the seaside resort of Vegas-Vegas where – with a mere dozen swift passes of the dice ("Babushka needs a new pair of shoes!") – I have managed to attain an Official State of Thoroughly Straitened Circumstances (attributable in no small part to the fact that I was throwing the dice into the roulette wheel)
31st of Steve 75 – Leaving nothing to chance, "Putz"-wise, this morning, I pawned my pocket-watch, borrowed 5 crowns from my ex-wife and a further 15 crowns against future royalties from my proposed *"Memoirs of a Latter-Day 'Putz': My Life as a Tanchyan Peasant"* staking the entire amount on Red 35. Destiny, it seems, has once more taken a hand in the proceedings when I discover that I'm sitting at a baccarat table.
35th of Steve 75 – Step two: I persuade Cerebus to allow me to become his tenant farmer, sharecropping beets in one corner of the Sanctuary courtyard. Beets! Whose name in Ancient Dehrsion, *Beta Vulgaris*, so aptly mirrors my new self-image as an irredeemable but humble scapegrace. Beets! Which I will make into borscht – eating it cold in the winter and scalding hot in the summer to prove that I'm the Real Peasant McCoy and not some Bourgeois Dilettante. Beets! Which – being biennials – guarantee me a two-year head start on my proletarian suffering even before my first harvest!
38th of Steve 75 – My business cards arrived at noon. Having decided that I was too *old* to be described as "Konigsberg, the Georgic Swain" and feeling quite strongly that "Konigsberg, the Bucolic Bumpkin" lacked dignity, my apprehension grows as I unwrap the package. All my anxiety has been for nought: "Konigsberg, the Unmoneyed Agronomist" and a post office box number in sans serif block letters bring a tear to my eye, a lump to my throat and another 5 crowns to my insurmountable mountain of debt. Encouraged by the ease and swiftness with which my new-found Peasantry has come to fruition, I resolve to subdivide my meager land holdings with a half-dozen marijuana plants of inferior quality out of whose fibres I intend to weave my own artless and prosaic clothing, sheets, pillowcases, insulation, leg-warmers, sofa cushions tea cozies and smokeable shag carpeting.
45th of Steve 75 – Disaster! It seems that – with my unauthorized use of the officially sanctioned Tanchyan peasant "frilled" peasant blouse "buccaneer" trousers and roll-top boots and my violation of their exclusive proprietorship over the term "Tanchyan peasant" – I have

run afoul of the Tanchyan People's Amalgamated Outside Subsistence Agrarians and Marijuana Textiles and Clothing Workers of Estarcion (Local 1224). Just this morning, a dozen T.P.A.O.S. A.a.M.T.a.C.W.o.E. Joyful-Compliance-and-Peaceful-Co-Existence Officers press-ganged me into one of their uniforms and told me that I had—as a consequence of my deconstructionalistic and disassimilative anti-synergesticisms—inadvertently volunteered for a period of indentured servitude (the "indentured" servitude part consisting of the Tanchyan People's Dental Beautification and Improvement Program) (under which three of my molars had brought about the end of their unlawful occupation of my stomatic cavity through cowardly running-dog assaults upon the Tanchyan People's Rifle Butts of Oracular Liberation) of not-less-than-five and not-more-than ten years. (Ten YEARS!)

It is while I am being manhandled through the streets to the toe-tapping refrain of the Joyful Compliance and Peaceful Co-Existence People's Musical March of Solidarity and Exclusion (we had just enacted the Movement wherein Exclusion discovers that his own scabbard is filled with everyone else's used chewing gum but hadn't reached the Overture wherein all of the members representing Solidarity brandish their own Sabres of Belonging and Wellness and begin, playfully, to gouge out small chunks of Exclusion's flesh) that Cerebus happens across us. What a stroke of luck that he just happens to have with him a copy of the Cerebite/Tanchyan Non-Aggression Pact of 39 which specifies that Cerebus would allow the annual duty-free importation of five metric tonnes of mordantly introspective Tanchyan Literature (specifically limited to those works consisting of strangely grandiloquent navel-gazing casts of fifty or more characters all engaged in incestuous and near-incestuous romantic entanglements) as well as several "largish-sized bottles of "Wot-ka" (whatever that is) and two or three tins of edible (I'll take his word for it) salty black fish-egg jelly—in exchange for maintaining absolute dominion over anyone residing...permanently or temporarily...on Cerebite lands.

Realizing that they themselves were "temporarily residing" on Cerebite lands (and having been informed that I was considered something of a confidant to the One True Cerebus), the Joyful Compliance and Peaceful Co-existence Officers quickly changed formation from the People's Musical March of Solidarity and Exclusion to the more stream-lined People's "Lindy Hop" of Stalwart Leave-Taking and Swift and Progressive Retrenchment. Before you could say "Rigorous Enactment of the People's Proletarian Ideal Through the Unrelenting Suppression of Gender Distinctions," they were off like a shot, so dazzling us with a combination mazurka/fox-trot that they were out of sight before anyone could think to hold them for further questioning.

46th of Steve 75 - Although I no longer refer to myself as a Tanchyan peasant, like Mishkin, I am now firmly convinced that God does not exist although, also like Mishkin, I believe strongly that Rick AND Cerebus represent the highest state of achievement of which Man is capable and that all men must aspire to emulating every aspect of their lives. (Although, like Mishkin, I believe Rick AND Cerebus would have achieved an even MORE exalted state of being had they—like Mishkin—had eighteen-year-old STENOGRAPHERS with whom they might have—like Mishkin—fallen MADLY in LOVE!) How old are you, by the way? REALLY? Seventeen? AND a HALF? Why—that is (as you so aptly put it) "Like–cosmic!"
Yes, I quite agree! "Oh, Wow!" Indeed! "Oh, Wow!"





Cerebus:
You've been smoking your shag carpet samples again.

Konigsberg:
She's a very *mature* seventeen. *And* a half.

Cerebus:
Nay, Cerebus meant *this* part. Not believing in God, but believing in Rick *and* Cerebus. *Rick* didn't create the heaven and the earth. *Cerebus* didn't create the heaven and the earth. [sighs] If you would just *try* praying to God…

Konigsberg:
I prefer not to arouse the attention of a Being who—*if* He exists—is *potentially* capable of stripping all the water out of my body like… like a *magician yanking* a tablecloth out from under a table full of dishes.

Cerebus:
[turning and looking at Me]

Me:
I showed him some of your preliminary notes. Sorry.

Cerebus:
No problem. [thinks] Cerebus has been meaning to get back to this for a while, but everything's been going so well with everyone reading Cerebus' commentaries on just the *first ten* chapters, Cerebus isn't sure how necessary these other books are. Did you see the fifty-foot razor strop on the way in?

Konigsberg:
The spring-loaded one? On the giant paddlewheel-looking thing? Yeah I did.

Cerebus:
We haven't even had to use it yet. As soon as we got it rigged up these *huge* vegetables started just sort of *bursting* out of the ground.
Okay. Chapter eighteen. Oh, right. Here comes a different *kind* of yoohwhoo, to have a little chat with Abraham. *"And he lift vp his eyes and looked, and loe, three men stood by him."* Okay, so we know that this is a yoohwhoo because there are three of them: He, she and it. *"And they said vnto him, Where is Sarah thy wife? And he said, Behold, in the tent. And he said, I will certainly returne vnto thee according to the time of life; and loe Sarah thy wife shall haue a sonne. And Sarah heard in the tent doore, which was behind him. Now Abraham and Sarah were old, and well stricken in age: it ceased to be with Sarah after the maner of women. Therefore Sarah laughed within her selfe, saying, After I am waxed old, shall I haue pleasure, my lord being old also? And the Yoohwhoo said vnto Abraham, Wherefore did Sarah laugh, saying shall I of a surety beare a childe which am old?"* See, Yoohwhoo catches Abraham in his lack of faith since—even though *God* told *Abraham* that Sarah is going to have a child—obviously *Abraham hasn't* told *Sarah*. Which probably means that Abraham doesn't believe it's going to happen. *"Is any thing too hard for the Yoohwhoo? At the time appointed will I returne vnto thee, according to the time of life, and Sarah shall haue a sonne."* So, Yoohwhoo gets to irritate God by claiming that she's going to make Sarah pregnant—the "Yoohwhoo crap" that always causes trouble and which led God to introduce his circumcision covenant with the men.

Konigsberg:
How can you keep calling Yoohwhoo "she"? It says three *men* were standing by him.

Cerebus:
Well, "men" really should be in quotation marks. They were "he-she-it" men. You know [dangles his hand from a limp wrist]

Konigsberg:
You mean...homosexuals?

Cerebus:
You're getting ahead of the story.

Konigsberg:
Sorry.

Cerebus:
"And the men rose vp from thence, and looked toward Sodome: and Abraham went with them, to bring them on the way. And the Yoohwhoo said, Shall I hide from Abraham that thing which I doe; seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation, and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him? For I know him, that hee will command his children, and his household after him..." [laughs] Yoohwhoo's *Un*circumcision Covenant: referring to Abraham's "children"—that is, his sons *and* daughters—and "his household" rather than "his seed" or "his son" *"...and they shall keepe the way of the Yoohwhoo, to doe iustice and iudgement, that the Yoohwhoo may bring vpon Abraham, that which hee hath spoken of him."* This is "three-'men'-yoohwhoo"'s way of letting God know that, even though God has a covenant with Abraham and his seed through *circumcision,* that Yoohwhoo—and her *little* yoohwhoos—still have a pretty good "stake" in Abraham as well. *"And the Yoohwhoo said, Because the cry of Sodome and Gomorrah is great, and because their sinne is very grieuous: I will goe down now, and see whether they haue done altogether according to the cry of it, which is come vnto me: and if not, I will know. And the men turned their faces from thence, and went toward Sodome: but Abraham stood yet before the Yoohwhoo."* The next part is kind of funny. [thinks] Again, depending on your sense of humour. Abraham takes the yoohwhoo's "justice and judgement" comment to heart and says, *"Wilt thou also destroy the righteous with the wicked? Peraduenture there be fifty righteous within the citie; wilt thou also destroy, and not spare the place for the fiftie righteous, that are therein? That be farre from thee, to do after this maner, to slay the righteous with the wicked, and that the righteous should be as the wicked, that be farre from thee: Shall not the Iudge of all the earth doe right?"* [laughs] This is a new one on the little "three-'men'-yoohwhoo" and on Big Yoohwhoo: the idea that the "way of the Yoohwhoo"—having everything done the way Yoohwhoo wants it done—might not be *exactly the same* as "justice and judgement." It's the voice of God speaking through Abraham: *"Shall not the Iudge of all the earth doe right?"* "It's your show, little yoohwhoo. *You* make the call." And then [laughs] Abraham enters into what he *thinks* is a "justice and judgement" negotiation. *"Behold now, I haue taken vpon me to speake vnto the Yoohwhoo, which am but dust and ashes."* Which takes us all the way back to the garden and Yoohwhoo's curse on Adam: *"for dust thou and vnto dust shalt thou returne"* just before the Yoohwhoo cast him out of the garden *"to keep the way of the Yoohwhoo".* So Abraham negotiates: Fifty righteous? Forty righteous? Thirty righteous? Twenty righteous?—all the way down to: *"And hee saide, Oh let not the Yoohwhoo be angry and I will speake yet but once: Peraduenture ten shall be found there. And he said, I will not destroy for tennes sake."* It's funny, see, because this is a little-*yoohwhoo* that Abraham is talking to. *Yoohwhoo* and *ALL* the little yoohwhoos *ALL* believe that *ALL* men are wicked. *That's* the *real* "way of the Yoohwhoo". That was Yoohwhoo's basis for driving Adam out of the garden. From the "Yoohwhoo side of things" [laughs] Abraham would have just as much luck negotiating over *headless* people. "What if there are ten guys walking around down there without heads?" "Okay, if I find ten guys walking around Sodom without heads, I won't destroy the place." Chapter nineteen. The [dangles his limp wrist] "men" come into Sodom and get invited to spend the night by Lot. And Sodom turns out to be [laughs] just the place for them. *"But before they lay downe, the men of the citie, the men of Sodom, compassed the house*

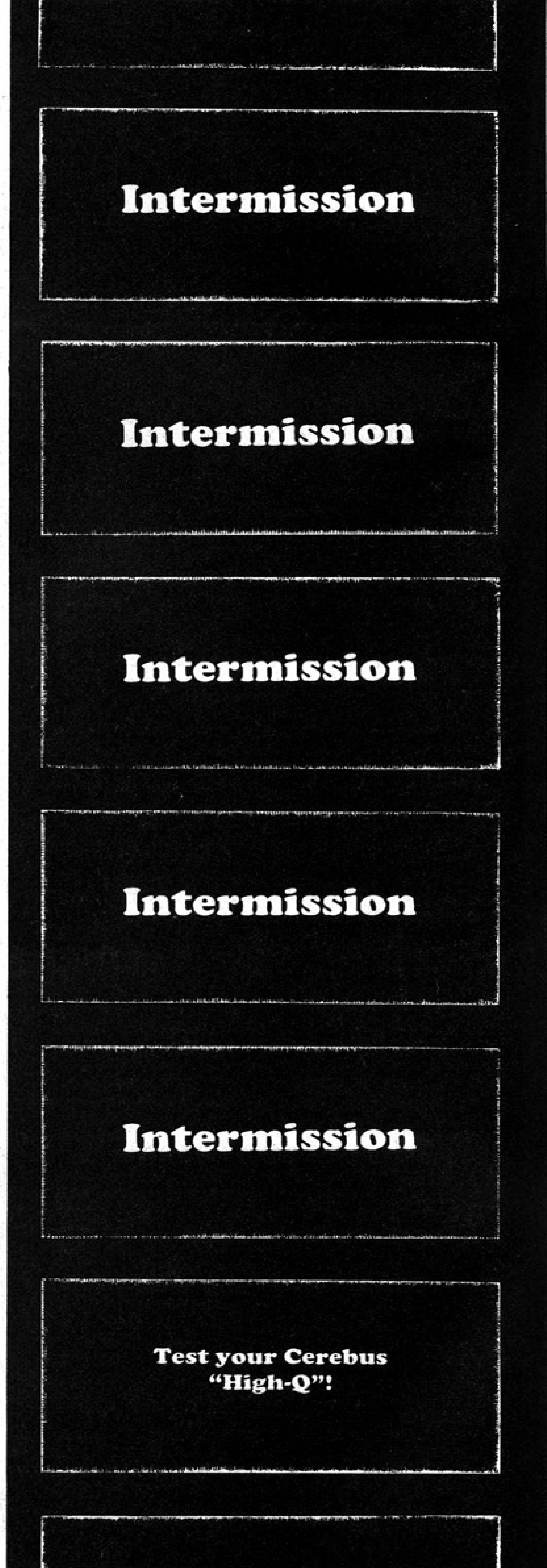




round, both old and yong, all the people from euery quarter. And they called vnto Lot, and said vnto him, Where are the men which came in to thee this night? bring them out vnto vs, that we may know them. And Lot went out at the doore vnto them & shut the doore after him..." The door is actually an important part of the story, following on with Yoohwhoo's reference to "the way of the Yoohwhoo" and Abraham's comment about being "dust and ashes" both of which are references that go all the way back to the garden. "*...and said, "I pray you, brethren, doe not so wickedly. Behold now, I haue two daughters, which haue not knowen man; let mee, I pray you, bring them out vnto you, and doe ye to them, as is good in your eyes, onely vnto these men do nothing: for therefore came they vnder the shadow of my roofe.*" [laughs] It's the *opposite* of the "way of the Yoohwhoo". Instead of getting rid of the *men*—as Yoohwhoo did in driving Adam out of the garden—Lot is going to drive out the *women*, his *daughters* and allow them to be raped. Which isn't as bad as murdering Adam by keeping him away from the tree of life, but it's still a long way from "justice and judgement"—which is God's point. Yoohwhoo wouldn't know "justice and judgement" if they came up and bit her on the ass. Part of the crowd of "he-she-it-'men'" yells, *"Stand backe,"* which *would* qualify as "justice and judgement" and part of the crowd of "he-she-it-'men'" yells, *"This one came in to soiourne, and he will needs bee a Iudge:"* echoing what Abraham said to the yoohwhoo-who-stayed-behind, about "Shall not the judge of all the earth do right?" By getting in between the crowd of [dangles his limp wrist] "men" and the two [dangles his limp wrist] "men," Lot puts himself in the position of being the judge over right and wrong, the one who has to come up with a "justice and judgement" way out of the situation. Which is God's way of telling this particular "he-she-it-three-'men'-yoohwhoo," "Hey, it wasn't a rhetorical question: Shall. Not. The. Judge. Of. All. The. Earth. Do. *Right?*" And the yoohwhoo, of course—as all yoohwhoos do—tries to just ignore the question and hope that everything gets better on its own or (because it's what the Yoohwhoo *wants* to have happen) God *fixes* it because, basically, *that's* the "way of the Yoohwhoo". Which, in this case—because *no* decision *is* a decision—tilts the crowd in the direction of doing *wrong*. *"Now wil we deale worse with thee, then with them."*

And this becomes something completely new for Yoohwhoo—the possibility of getting the crap beaten out of her [clears throat] among other things [clears throat] because she has no *clue* as to *what* the *right* thing is to do *even in an environment where* everyone *is a "he-she-it"!* Which is God's point. Yoohwhoo, because of the bad fruit, has "knowledge-of-good-and-evil"—magic, like the cherubims and the flaming sword—but that isn't the same thing as "knowing right from wrong". By trying to be three "he's," Yoohwhoo has just gone back to the Cain and Hebel situation, where *her* solution was for the two of them to become one flesh, to be man and wife. Do well, do it "the way of the Yoohwhoo" or "sin croucheth at the door." Well, here you've got Sodom and Gomorrah, *whole cities* in which all of the "men" *have* become "one flesh," all of the "men" *are* following "the way of the Yoohwhoo" and sin isn't *crouching* at the door anymore. [laughs] Sin is ready to break the door *down*.

"And they pressed sore upon the man, Lot, and came neere to breake the doore. But the men put forth their hand, and pulled Lot into the house to them, and shut to the doore." And Lot/Yoohwhoo *still* doesn't know what to do, *still* doesn't know right from wrong, so that leaves it up to the "he-she-it-'men,'" Yoohwhoo's "angels" to use their knowledge-of-good-and-evil. *"And they smote the men that at the doore of the house, with blindness, both small and great: so that they wearied themselves to finde the doore."* The "both small and great," Cerebus is willing to bet, refers to the "men" *and* their spirits inside the earth. Blindness to keep the "men" from finding the door but also—like Shem and Iaphet covering Noah's nakedness, or like Abraham being a "covering of the eyes" so people didn't see what a tramp Sarai was—attempting to blind everyone's spirit to the fact that Yoohwhoo doesn't know the difference between right and wrong. *"And the men said vnto Lot, Hast thou here any besides? Sonne in law, and thy sonnes, and thy daughters, and whatsoeuer thou hast in the citie, bring out of this place. For we will destroy this place, because the crie of them is waxen great before the face of the Yoohwhoo: and the Yoohwhoo hath sent vs to destroy it." That* results in *another* funny part of the story. [thinks] Again, depending on your sense of humor. Picture these two [dangles his limp wrist] "men" announcing to Lot—who as Lot/Yoohwhoo almost just got killed—that they're about to [waves his limp wrists around] "dethtroy the thity" [we both laugh]. And Lot, now that he's just a guy, just Lot, again, instead of





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a) Jaka b) the Regency Elf
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Lot/Yoohwhoo, *"And Lot went out, and spake vnto his sonnes in law, which married his daughters..."* that is, *actual* men [thinks] men *without* quotation marks [we both laugh] *"...and said,"* [waving his limp wrists around even more and using a mincing voice] *"Vp, get yee out of this place: for the Yoohwhoo wil destroy this citie: but hee seemed as one that mocked, vnto his sonnes in law."* Well, aye. How seriously would *you* take it if a couple of [dangles his limp wrist] "men" told you they were about to destroy your city? *"And when the morning arose, then the Angels hastened Lot, saying, Arise, take thy wife, & thy two daughters, which are found, lest thou be consumed in the iniquitie of the citie."* Notice anyone missing?

Konigsberg:
The two sons-in-law.

Cerebus:
[dangling his limp wrist and stamping his foot] [lisping] The big *bitches*. Laugh at the way Yoohwhoo's angels talk, will they? [we both laugh] *"And while he lingred, the men laid hold vpon his hand, and vpon the hand of his wife, and vpon the hand of his two daughters, the Yoohwhoo being merciful vnto him: and they brought him forth, and set him without the citie."* More knowledge-of-good and-evil. Obviously, the only one that the local yoohwhoo—or Big Yoohwhoo—*wants* to save is the guy who has been trained to do what all yoohwhoos want done—that is, he mutilates cattle so the blood spills all over the ground so the yoohwhoos can drink it. [thinks] At least now the *numbers* are appropriate for a change: *one* man and *three* women. *"And it came to passe, when they had brought them forth abroad, that he said, Escape for thy life, looke not behind thee, neither stay thou in all the plaine: escape to the mountain lest thou bee consumed."* And now God, with God's great sense of humour, God takes over the part of Lot. Why not? *Yoohwhoo* doesn't want to be Lot anymore. *"And Lot said vnto them, Oh not so, my Yoohwhoo. Beholde now, thy seruant hath found grace in thy sight, and thou hast magnified thy mercy, which thou has showed vnto me, in sauing my life, and I cannot escape to the mountaine, lest some euill take me, and I die."* God's little joke at Yoohwhoo, since Yoohwhoo basically *is* the mountain. *"Behold now, this citie is neere to flee vnto, and it is a litle one: Oh let me escape thither, (is it not a litle one?) and my soule shall liue."* It's hard to tell if Yoohwhoo catches the reference—that God is suggesting that the story should end the same way the Cain and Hebel story ended, where God-as-Cain was driven out from the face of the earth and built a city to live in. This time, Lot has a city right there ready for him. Only *this* time, even when he is given a choice between living in a city or in—or *on*—the Yoohwhoo, he *chooses* the city.

And Yoohwhoo...Yoohwhoo is [thinks] basically, Yoohwhoo is a sucker for anything that makes her *feel* like God. Things like God-as-Lot complimenting her on "magnifying her mercy" which, of course, God-as-Lot is only half-serious about. Saving four people out of all of the cities of the plain—for Yoohwhoo—*does* represent "magnifying her mercy" but only because, up to that point, [laughs] Yoohwhoo hasn't had *any* mercy. But Yoohwhoo—realizing that a reliable cattle mutilator is a reliable cattle mutilator—takes Lot's groveling and compliments at face value: *"See I haue accepted thy face concerning this thing, that I will not ouerthrow this citie, for the which thou hast spoken. Haste thee, escape thither: for I cannot doe any thing till thou bee come thither."* [laughs] Well. *That* was certainly true: Yoohwhoo *can't* do anything until after Lot "comes thither". Or even *after* Lot "comes thither". On her own? All *Yoohwhoo* could do would be to grow some really scary herbs [we both laugh]. *"The sunne was gone forth vpon the earth, when Lot entred into Zoar. Then the Yoohwhoo rained vpon Sodome & vpon Gomorrah, brimstone and fire, from the Yoohwhoo out of heauen. And he ouerthrew those cities, and all the plaine, and all the inhabitants of the cities, and that which grew vpon the ground."* Which, of course, was God's doing, not Yoohwhoo's. You'll notice that God was careful to destroy "that which grew upon the ground". If he's going to destroy whole cities to satisfy the local yoohwhoo's whim, he isn't going to leave any of Yoohwhoo's grass and herbs and fruits out of the deal. [reads] Then Yoohwhoo, like Lot's wife—as a *female*, that is—can't resist "looking back from behind him". Why? Simple. Because she was told *not* to. It's another reference to the garden, with God reinforcing His lesson from the garden that a woman, more often than not, is going to disobey when you tell her not to do something. It's, like, their primary job skill. *"But his wife looked backe from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt."* Lot's wife looks back from behind Lot in the *physical* world the same way that the trouble-making "three-'man'-little-yoohwhoo" looks back from behind God.

Konigsberg:
I've never understood that part. Why a pillar of salt?

Cerebus:
There were two *he's*—the "men," yoohwhoo's "angels"—and, ultimately, two *she's*—Lot's daughters. Which meant that there were two "its" missing from the story. The two "its" were God's big surprise in the story. The two "its" were water and salt. When Lot's wife disobeyed orders, God just *wrenched* all of the water out of her.

Konigsberg:
Oh. *This* is the part about the magician who can pull a tablecloth out from under a table full of dishes without the dishes moving.

Cerebus:
Aye. See if you strip all of the water out of a human being all you're left with is...

Konigsberg:
Salt.

Cerebus:
Exactly. It's a threat *and* a reminder to Yoohwhoo. God is pointing out that there are a lot of things—even with her "knowledge of good-and-evil"—that Yoohwhoo *doesn't* know. One of those, is that people are basically made up of water and salt. Another thing that Yoohwhoo doesn't know is how to *take* all the water out of a person so that nothing is *left* but a "pillar of salt". See, when Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt by having all the water taken out of her, Cerebus is willing to bet that the same thing happened on the "spirit" side of things—inside the earth—to the little yoohwhoo-of-the-plains. The little yoohwhoo-that-Sodom-and-Gomorrah-were-built-on.

Something important that a yoohwhoo needs to be a *living* yoohwhoo—the way that a human being needs lots of water to be a *living* human being—was taken out of her by God [snaps his fingers so loudly that Konigsberg and I jump] *like THAT!* So that all that was left of her was *half* of what she needed to be a *living* little yoohwhoo. So—before Big Yoohwhoo's eyes, inside the earth, the little yoohwhoo [laughs] became a *dead* little yoohwhoo. See, Cerebus is willing to bet that this little-yoohwhoo-of-the-plains—which had separated from the Big Yoohwhoo and who appeared to Abraham in the form of three "men," who was, that is, Big Yoohwhoo's idea of an "all-male" yoohwhoo—was the yoohwhoo who came up with the bright idea of telling God that she wanted him to rain fire and brimstone on the cities of the plain. *Her* bright idea being: If Big Yoohwhoo *is* actually in charge because men are calling on the name of the Yoohwhoo, then shouldn't God be willing to *punish* the wickedness of men the way *each little* yoohwhoo *wants* the men of her own little-yoohwhoo-district punished? So God demonstrates that He is more than happy to make things happen as Yoohwhoo—or any of the little yoohwhoos separated from her—picture them, even up to the point of destroying with fire and brimstone what the yoohwhoo-of-the-plain sees as her own "wicked" cities. But in the process, God removes half of the two "its" that a yoohwhoo needs to be alive and reduces the yoohwhoo who came up with the idea to a little pile of salt. Which, undoubtedly, [laughs] scared Big Yoohwhoo pretty good, since she has no idea if God can do the same thing to her [thinks] which, Cerebus is willing to bet, God *can*. And which [laughs] no doubt cut down on the number of yoohwhoos—all of whom are just staring at this little pillar of salt where the yoohwhoo-of-the-plains *used* to be—who might be tempted to come up with... *similar*... bright ideas in their little yoohwhoo districts for...for...uh...

Konigsberg:
Wide-scale arbitrary genocide?

Cerebus:
Aye. Exactly. "Wide-sail actuarial jealocide" [*Cerebus: I usually fix these, but I decided to leave this one – Me*] God makes a very, very strong point that "actuarial jealocide" can cut both ways. So God plays along. But!

God plays along *only up to a point*. As an example, He doesn't save Zoar when Yoohwhoo promises Lot that Zoar will be spared.

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Of Cerebus' *first* wife?
a) Jaka b) the Regency Elf
c) Astoria

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c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

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Clue #1! "No 'jacking off'"

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c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #1! "No 'jacking off'"

Yoohwhoo decides to save *four* people but God decides that only *three* of the four are going to make it, because He knows that the *one* of the four that most closely resembles Yoohwhoo—Lot's wife—*like* Yoohwhoo, won't choose to obey a simple instruction even if her *life* depends on it [laughs] which, in this case, it *did.* Which leaves one male and two females, just like the she-goat, the ram and the heifer of Yoohwhoo's covenant with Abraham. Only in this case, because Lot—in the role of Yoohwhoo—was willing to cast out his daughters—the she-goat and the heifer—that means Yoohwhoo is left only with the ram. So, God, having taken the role of Lot (the role that Yoohwhoo doesn't want anymore) now assumes dominion over the daughters, the she-goat and the heifer that Yoohwhoo cast out when *she* was being Lot. Which is God's way of telling Yoohwhoo that this is a much more apt model of how things are than Yoohwhoo's "She-Goat God," "Ram-God" and the "Great Heifer in Heaven" *and* a more apt model than dead-pillar-of-salt-of-the-cities-of-the-plain-yoohwhoo's "Three He-She-Its-Who-Are-Actually-Men-with-Quotation-Marks". The apt model, God is pointing out, is: God *with* two little yoohwhoos—like Abraham *with* Sarah and Hagar. God *with* the regional-yoohwhoo-with-the-garden and the bigger-Egyptian-yoohwhoo-up-ahead. And—since Big Yoohwhoo and the other little regional yoohwhoos show no evidence of wanting to push their luck, pillar-of-salt-wise [laughs]—that's the model that Yoohwhoo and all the little yoohwhoos agree to stick with for the time being. [reading the text] And, as it turns out, the two *human* little yoohwhoos in the story, Lot's daughters, both think—just like the regional yoohwhoo-with-the-garden did after the flood—that the *whole world* was destroyed in the overthrow of the cities of the plain. And then, Lot's daughters fulfill Lot's premonition that he *"cannot escape to the mountaine, lest some euill take me, and I die." "And the first-born saide vnto the yonger, Our father is old, and there is not a man in the earth, to come in vnto us, after the maner of all the earth. Come, let vs make our father drinke wine, and we will lye with him, that we many preserue seed of our father."* God's way of telling Yoohwhoo that this is how life *actually* works. Women. Don't. Have. A. Seed. Women "preserve seed" of men. [thinks] Which is a much *nicer* way of saying it than *Cerebus'* way of saying it: "women are just the box the seed grows in," but, then, God is much nicer than Cerebus. *"And they made their father drinke wine that night, & the first borne went in, and lay with her father: and he perceiued not, when shee lay downe, nor when she arose."* And then the younger of the two does the same thing the next night. So both of Lot's daughters get pregnant by their father. "He perceived not, when she lay down, nor when she arose"? Cerebus doesn't know *who* is kidding *who* here, but that [thinks] *that* just isn't *possible.* If you were so drunk that you didn't know when she lay down...

Konigsberg:
You wouldn't be able to...be able to...uh

Cerebus:
Exactly. So, anyway, Lot's daughters give birth to the Moabites and the Ammonites. His daughters must've been awfully embarrassed when they came down from that cave and found out that the whole world *hadn't* been destroyed—embarrassed enough, Cerebus is willing to bet, that they probably told their father that *Yoohwhoo* got them both pregnant [we all laugh]. And Lot was probably happy to go along with it. "*Yoohwhoo* got you pregnant? Let's celebrate by mutilating a cow! Glory to the Yoohwhoo!" Chapter twenty? Chapter twenty is the Abimelech chapter with Sarah-the-tramp which we already talked about. It belongs back around chapter fourteen when she was still *Sarai*-the-tramp. Chapter twenty-one picks up with Yoohwhoo taking credit for getting Sarah pregnant. *"And the Yoohwhoo visited Sarah as he had said, and the Yoohwhoo did vnto Sarah as he had spoken. For Sarah conceiued and bare Abraham a sonne in his old age, at the set time."* And then, tacked onto the end, a little bit of truth: *"of which God had spoken to him." "And Abraham was a hundred yeeres old, when his sonne Isaac was borne vnto him. And Sarah said, God hath made me to laugh, all that heare, will laugh with me."* Which, you have to be careful when you say things like that out loud [laughs] when you're representing Yoohwhoo in a story: *"And the child grew, and was weaned: and Abraham made a great feast, the day that Isaac was weaned. And Sarah saw the sonne of Hagar the Egyptian, which shee had borne vnto Abraham, mocking."* Ishmael fulfills Sarah's words by laughing, but it isn't the *kind* of laughing Sarah was talking about. *"Wherefore she said vnto Abraham, cast out this bond woman, and her sonne: for the sonne of this bond woman shall not be heire with my sonne, with Isaac."* So, Yoohwhoo has to be pretty pleased with *that:* Sarah calling Isaac "*my* son"—not "*our* son," "*my* son"—and calling Ishmael "the son of this bond woman". It's a totally female world, just like in the garden. Only now, the women are casting *each other* out. *"And the thing was very grieuous in Abraham's sight, because of his sonne. And God said vnto Abraham, Let it not be grieuous in thy sight, because of the lad, and because of thy bond woman. In all that Sarah hath said vnto thee, hearken vnto her voice: for in Isaac shall thy seed be called."* God takes the opposite approach that Yoohwhoo took with Adam and Hawwa, when she cursed Adam for hearkening unto the voice of his wife. Heck, no, God says. Go ahead and do everything that Sarah tells you to do. Everything will turn out fine. Again, Yoohwhoo must've smelled a rat. But what's she going to do? So far, God is pretty much going along with everything Yoohwhoo wants done and God tells *Abraham* to do everything *Sarah* tells *him* to do. What has Yoohwhoo got to complain about? Not that that ever stops a woman, of course. So Abraham casts out Hagar and the child with some bread and a bottle of water. *"And the water was spent in the bottle, and she cast the child vnder one of the shrubs. And she went, and sate her downe ouer against, a good way off, as it were a bow shoot: for she said, Let me not see the death of the child. And shee sate ouer against, and lift vp her voice, and wept. And God heard the voice of the lad, and the Angel of God called to Hagar out of heauen, and said vnto her, What aileth thee, Hagar? Feare not: for God hath heard the voice of the ladde, where he is. Arise, lift vp the lad, and hold him in thine hand: for I will make him a great nation."* See, *this* is what Yoohwhoo should've been worried about. Yoohwhoo's Angel was the only one who had a relationship with Hagar to that point, a relationship which started when Hagar fled from Sarai. Remember? Hagar represented Yoohwhoo's Egyptian plan. But, with the birth of Isaac, Yoohwhoo lost track of the plot and got rid of Hagar again, figuring she didn't need her anymore. Which then allowed God to create his own "Angel" to look after Hagar and Ishmael. *"And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water, and shee went, and filled the bottle with water, and gaue the lad drinke."* Just to show how important this is to God, he doesn't just give her water, he "opens" Hagar's eyes. The first time that phrase has been used since Adam and Hawwa ate the bad fruit. So now, Yoohwhoo and God are on the same side again! Yoohwhoo and God *both* have a covenant with Abraham and Isaac and Yoohwhoo's Angel and God's Angel both have a covenant with Ishmael. *"And it came to passe at that time, that Abimelech and Phichol the chiefe captaine of his hoste spake vnto Abraham saying, God with thee in all that thou doest. Now therefore sweare vnto mee here by God, that thou wilt not deale falsly with me, nor with my sonne, nor with my sonnes sonne: according to the kindnesse that I haue done vnto thee, thou shalt doe vnto me, and to the land wherein thou hast sojourned. And Abraham saide, I will sweare."* Abimelech plays the same role that Melchizedek did earlier of representing God. God and the Angel of God who "opened" Hagar's eyes represented by Abimelech and Phicol. Only, this time instead of giving Abraham a chance to hand God's blessing over to Yoohwhoo—like he did with Melchizedek—God just makes it a very basic verbal commitment on Abraham's part: to swear not to deal falsely with Abimelech—and also, *God,* who Abimelech *represents.* Or with Abimelech's sons, Abimelech's sons' sons, and the *land.* That is, to not deal falsely with Yoohwhoo. Which Abraham swears to abide by. Which, when you think about all the grief Yoohwhoo's trying to give God, was pretty nice of God to include her. Which, of course, doesn't stop Yoohwhoo, speaking through Abraham, from dredging up an unrelated dispute just so she has something to complain about. *"And Abraham reproued Abimelech, because of a well of water, which Abimelechs seruants had violently taken away."* Yoohwhoo wants to make a big deal out of the water that was "violently taken away" from Lot's wife—and the regional-yoohwhoo-of-the-plains—leaving her a pillar of salt. *"And Abimelech saide, I wote not who hath done this thing: neither didst thou tell me, neither yet heard I of it, but to day."* Abraham was probably wondering what the hell he was talking about, too, since Yoohwhoo was speaking through him about a completely unrelated matter that happened to someone else in another country. "A well of water taken violently away? *What* well of water?" Just to make sure that God knows that Yoohwhoo still claims her stake in Abraham, she has Abraham go through

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #2! "Dust the Pixie"

b) the Regency Elf
c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

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b) the Regency Elf
c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3! "'Misses' Lord Julius"

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3! "'Misses' Lord Julius"

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3! "'Misses' Lord Julius"

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3! "'Misses' Lord Julius"

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #3! "'Misses' Lord Julius"

c) Astoria d) Red Sophia

Clue #4! "There's only one left, you moron."

d) Red Sophia

Clue #4! "There's only one left, you moron."

d) Red Sophia

Clue #4! "There's only one left, you moron."

d) Red Sophia

Clue #4! "There's only one

another strange ritual. *"And Abraham tooke sheepe and oxen, and gaue them vnto Abimelech: and both of them made a couenant. And Abraham set seuen ewe lambs of the flocke by themselues. And Abimelech said vnto Abraham, what meane these seuen ewe lambes, which thou has set by themselues? And he said, For these seuen ewe lambs shalt thou take of my hand, that they may be a witnesse vnto me, that I haue digged this well."* So Abraham swears by God, but then makes a covenant that's [laughs] witnessed by seven female sheep. Yoohwhoo reminding God that Abraham and his seed are still mutilating cattle which are off-limits, taboo, "by themselves". Cerebus is willing to bet that that was the first time that Abimelech had ever had *sheep* as legal witnesses to one of his covenant agreements. Seven is Yoohwhoo's number, since she's the one who came up with the seventh day when God "rested". *"Wherefore he called the name of that place, Beer-sheba: because there they sware both of them."* Beer-sheba, "the well of the oath". Seven female sheep witnessing that a well of water had been taken violently away. *"Thus they made a covenant at Beer-sheba: then Abimelech rose vp, and Phichol the chiefe captaine of his hoste, and they returned into the land of the Philistines. And planted a tree in Beer-sheba, and called there on the Name of the Yoohwhoo, the euerlasting God."* So even Abimelech and Phichol—who just finished representing God and the Angel of God—end up planting a tree and calling on the name of the Yoohwhoo. So Yoohwhoo doesn't come out *ahead* like she did with Melchizedek, but, so far, she is definitely matching God point for point. [laughs] Except for one of her yoohwhoos, one of her "angels" being reduced to a little pile of salt. Cerebus thinks we can put that one in the "win" column for God.

Okay, and that brings us to chapter twenty-two. [thinks] As *Cerebus* reads chapter twenty-two [thinks] now that Hagar and Ishmael are gone and its just Abraham and Sarah and Isaac, you just *know* that Yoohwhoo is going to lose interest in Sarah—who is actually the most like Yoohwhoo in the story [thinks] which is *probably* why Yoohwhoo loses interest in her—and start sniffing around for another "bright idea" about what's going on. And, of course, the "bright idea" that she comes up with *next* is that either Yoohwhoo is Abraham and God is Isaac or Yoohwhoo is Isaac and God is Abraham. That is, either Yoohwhoo is the *son of God* or God is the *son of Yoohwhoo*. *"And it came to passe after these things, that God did tempt Abraham, and said vnto him, Abraham. And hee said, Behold me. And he said, Take now thy sonne, thine onely Isaac, whom thou louest..."* That's what gave Cerebus the first clue: God mentioning that Abraham loves Isaac, like, you know [laughs] Abraham has to be *told* that. See, Yoohwhoo loves God and still wants to become "one flesh" with God [thinks] and Yoohwhoo wants to think that God loves Yoohwhoo, so, as far as *Yoohwhoo* is concerned, that was a *great* way to start a story. Yoohwhoo can't wait to find out what happens next. *"...and get thee into the land of Moriah: and offer him there for a burnt offering vpon one of the Mountaines which I will tell thee of."* Suddenly? As far as Yoohwhoo is concerned? Suddenly, this is now a *not*-so-great story. *God* is willing to make *Yoohwhoo* into a *burnt offering*? Or God thinks *Yoohwoo* would make *God* into a burnt offering? This is *way* more personal than what happened to Cain, *way* more personal than when Cain said that "everyone that findeth me will slay me" in the earth. This isn't someone who *represents* God talking about what *all the little yoohwhoos* are going to do to *his* spirit in the *earth*. This is *God*, straight out, telling the one who represents *Him* in the story to *kill* the one who represents Yoohwhoo. *"And Abraham rose vp earely in the morning, and sadled his asse, and tooke two of his yong men with him, and Isaac his sonne, and claue the wood for the burnt offering, and rose vp, and went vnto the place of which God had told him."* With the *two* young men, it even has the right numbers: the three that represent Yoohwhoo and the one that represents God. *"Then on the third day Abraham lift vp his eyes, and saw the place afarre off."* Cerebus had to laugh about that part. God doesn't tell Abraham to just take Isaac "out back" or "a mile away" and kill him. No, God tells Abraham about a place that's *three days' journey* away and gives Yoohwhoo *three days* to think about what's about to happen. *"And Abraham said vnto his yong men, Abide you here with the asse, and I and the lad will goe yonder and worship, and come againe to you."* The ass comes back in later on, because Yoohwhoo misses the joke this time and God always repeats his jokes until Yoohwhoo "gets" them. The joke that Yoohwhoo misses here is that God, in the role of Abraham, is saying that the *two young men and the ass* are the three-in-one Yoohwhoo in this particular chapter—see, God is referring back to Sodom, when Yoohwhoo took the part of Lot and, trying to be a Judge of right and wrong [laughs] made an ass of herself and the two young "men" had to bail her out by blinding everyone and their spirits. Which worked on everyone—except God, of course. Where was Cerebus, again?

Me:
"and I and the lad will goe yonder and worship, and come againe to you."

Cerebus:
Right, right, right. See, Yoohwhoo is still thinking that *Isaac* and *Abraham* are *God* and *Yoohwhoo* in the story. But, Cerebus is pretty sure that what God is doing is *"leaving the actual Yoohwhoo*—the two young men and the ass—*behind"* so that God can show Yoohwhoo that God is God, God is Abraham and Isaac is a "separated part of Abraham"—Abraham's seed. What God wants to show Yoohwhoo is that God tells Abraham what to do and Abraham does it. Abraham tells Isaac what to do and Isaac does it. What God is saying is that *this is how Yoohwhoo should be*. Yoohwhoo should ask God what God wants Yoohwhoo to do and Yoohwhoo should do it, instead of wasting all her time trying to come up with all these "bright ideas" of how Yoohwhoo is actually God or Yoohwhoo and God are *both* gods or Yoohwhoo is God's uncle-god or Yoohwhoo is God's half-sister-god and then telling God that He has to make everything fit Yoohwhoo's *new* "bright idea" *just* because men have made a mistake and are "calling on the name of the Yoohwhoo." Where was Cerebus, again?

Me:
"and I and the lad will goe yonder and worship and come againe to you."

Cerebus:
Right, right, right. So, at that point, Yoohwhoo really must've been wondering: "I *and the lad* will come again to you?" or "*I* will come again to you?" You know, is the "fix" in? Does Abraham know that this is just a gag? *"And Abraham tooke the wood of the burnt offering, and layd it vpon Isaac his sonne: and he tooke the fire in his hand, and a knife: and they went both of them together."* God *can't* be serious, Yoohwhoo must've been thinking for three days. It's just some kind of weird joke. But, God is *completely* serious. He wants to show Yoohwhoo what real faith in God is. And God knows that Abraham *has real faith* in God. *"And Isaac spake vnto Abraham his father, and said, My father. And he said, Behold me, my sonne."* Which *really* must've given Yoohwhoo the willies, because that's *just* what Abraham said to *God* when *God* called to him: "Behold me." You can bet that Yoohwhoo was "beholding" like *crazy* at this point. What am I beholding? *What am I beholding? "And hee said, Behold the fire and the wood..."* Remember that the fire is a Yoohwhoo-thing, a "light" and a tree is a God-thing, a "he," so they're *both* in this, they're both part of the sacrifice. [laughs] Cerebus is willing to bet that if Yoohwhoo "beheld" any *harder*, Yoohwhoo's eyes would have *jumped right out of her head* at this point. *"...but where is the lambe for a burnt offering? And Abraham said, My sonne, God will prouide himselfe a lambe for a burnt offering: so they went both of them together."* OH NO! Yoohwhoo must've thought. This is payback time for my encouraging men to slaughter all those cattle! God is going to cut my throat and burn me alive! Or God is saying that by encouraging men to slaughter all those cattle, that I've been cutting *God's* throat and burning *God* alive—all this time, *God* has been providing *Himself* as a burnt offering! When what God is saying is that Abraham, unlike Yoohwhoo, has real faith in God. And then comes the *next* part: *"And they came to the place which God had tolde him of, and Abraham built an Altar there, and layd the wood in order, and bound Isaac his sonne, and layde him on the Altar vpon the wood. And Abraham stretched foorth his hand, and tooke the knife to slay his sonne."* God is making the even *larger* point that *Isaac, too,* has *real faith* in God, *and real faith* in Abraham. Isaac doesn't *scream*, he doesn't try to *run away*. He just lets Abraham tie him up and lay him down on the wood. Isaac *knows* what happens next, he's seen it happen *too many times* with *too many lambs* sacrificed *to Yoohwhoo not* to know what's coming next. Abraham, his father, *is going to cut his throat*. Abraham isn't hesitating and Isaac isn't batting an eye. At that point, it all becomes too much for Yoohwhoo. *"And the Angel of the Yoohwhoo called vnto him out of heauen and said, Abraham, Abraham. And he said, Here am I."*

d) Red Sophia

Clue #4! "There's only one left, you moron."

d) Red Sophia

Time's Up!

d) Red Sophia

Time's Up!

d) Red Sophia

Time's Up!

d) Red Sophia

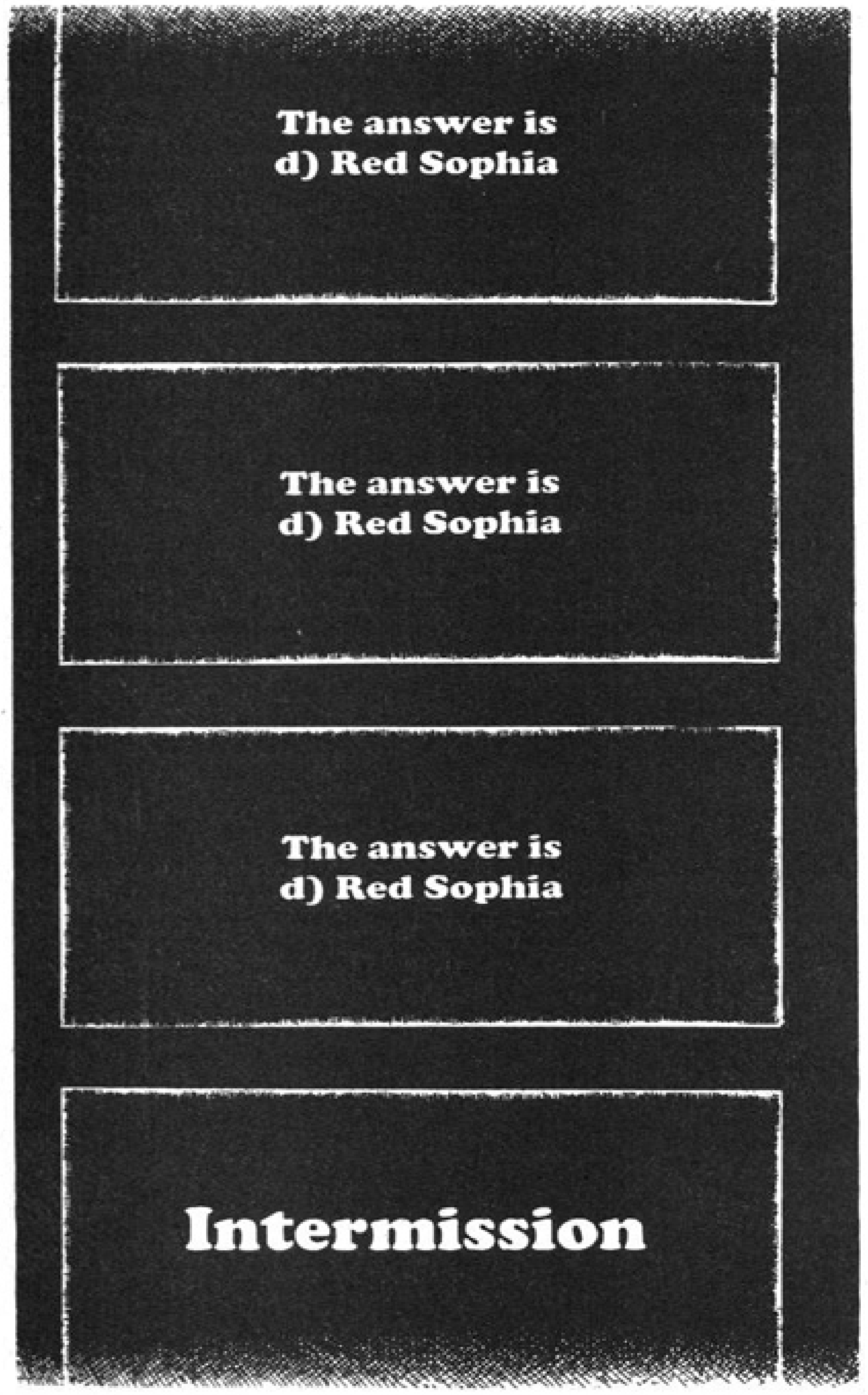
Time's Up!

d) Red Sophia

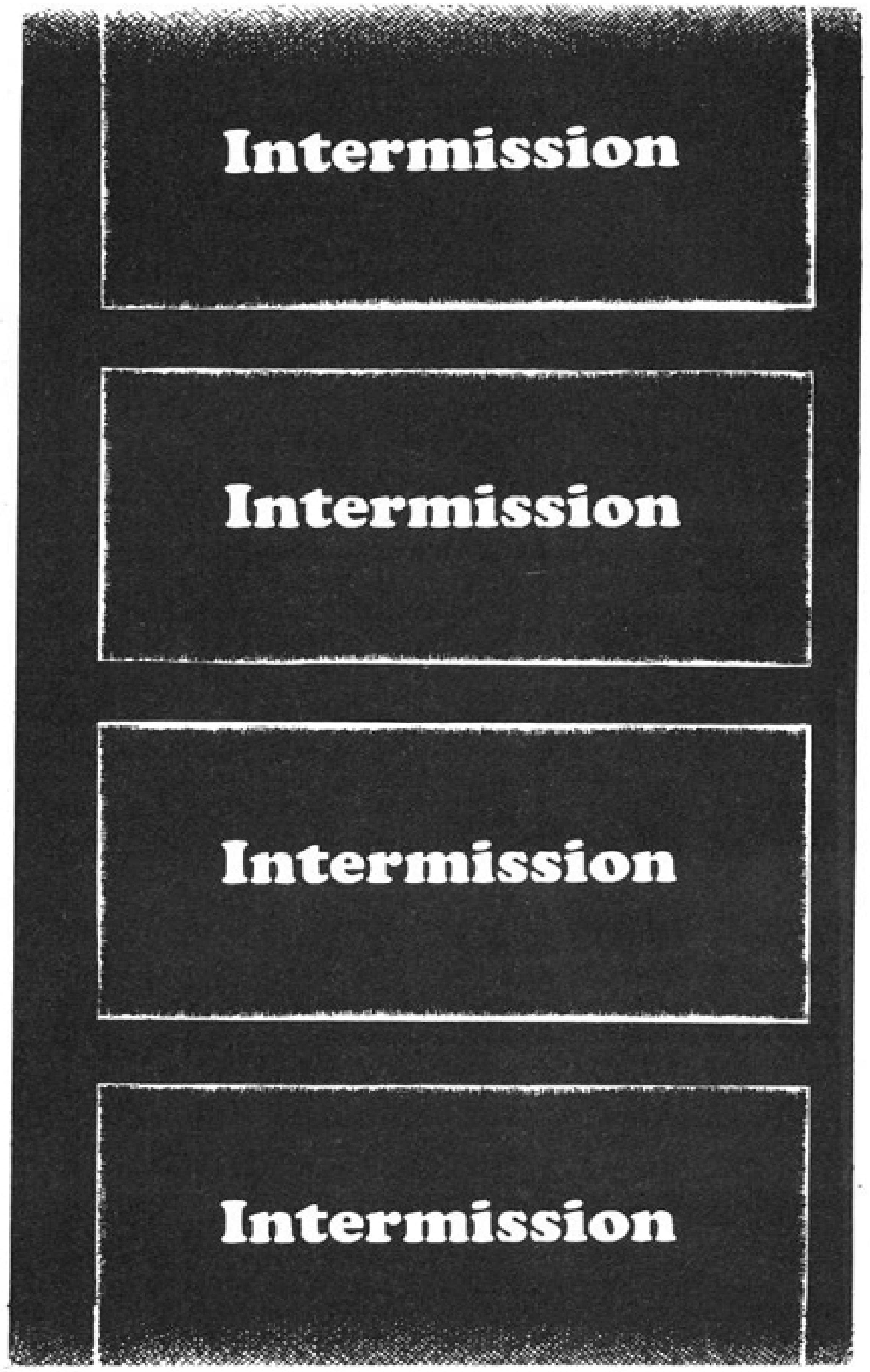
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d) Red Sophia

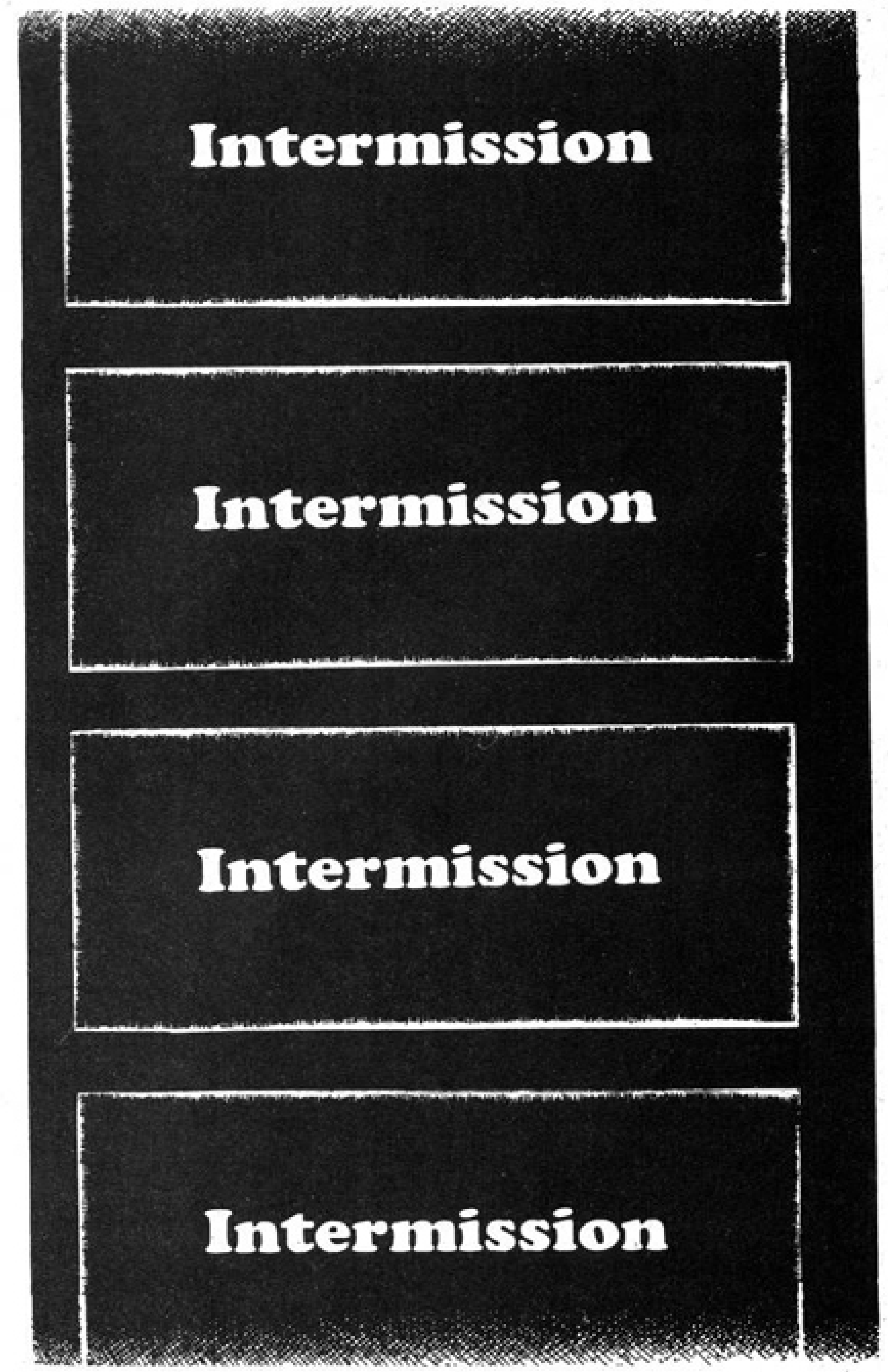
Time's Up!



Notice, "here am I" not "behold me". He's just Abraham again. *"And he said, Lay not thine hand vpon the lad, neither do thou any thing vnto him: for now I know that thou fear God, seeing thou has not withhelde thy sonne, thine onely sonne from mee."* Which is really, really funny. Basically, Yoohwhoo cracks under the pressure and God doesn't. *Yoohwhoo* is the one who has *her* angel stop Abraham—and then tries to cover up for the fact that she was the one who cracked by making it sound as if Abraham's *faith IN God* was *fear OF God and* by pretending that Abraham was sacrificing Isaac to *her*. [laughs] She was certain, right up to the moment when Abraham picked up the knife, that *God* would stop the sacrifice, that *God* couldn't bear to watch Himself-as-Yoohwhoo's-son or Yoohwhoo-as-God's-son be sacrificed in cold blood. And she gets so absorbed in thinking that she's watching God and Yoohwhoo that she even forgets *completely* about Ishmael and calls Isaac Abraham's "only son" which is what she now thinks of herself as, God's only son—or God as *her* only son. *"And Abraham lifted vp his eyes, and looked, and beholde, behind a Ramme caught in a thicket by his hornes."* See, it turns out that God was just putting the finishing touches on the story of Lot and his two daughters—remember, where Lot's wife got stripped down to a pillar of salt so that God-as-Lot gets complete control of the two daughters—the she-goat and the heifer—when Yoohwhoo-as-Lot screws up at the door? Yoohwhoo has forgotten all about the *other* one of the three animals in her covenant sacrifice with Abraham: the Ram. But *God* hasn't. See? There the Ram is, *behind* Abraham, the way Lot's wife was *behind* Lot. *Because* Yoohwhoo just couldn't face God sacrificing Yoohwhoo-as-God's son or Yoohwhoo sacrificing God-



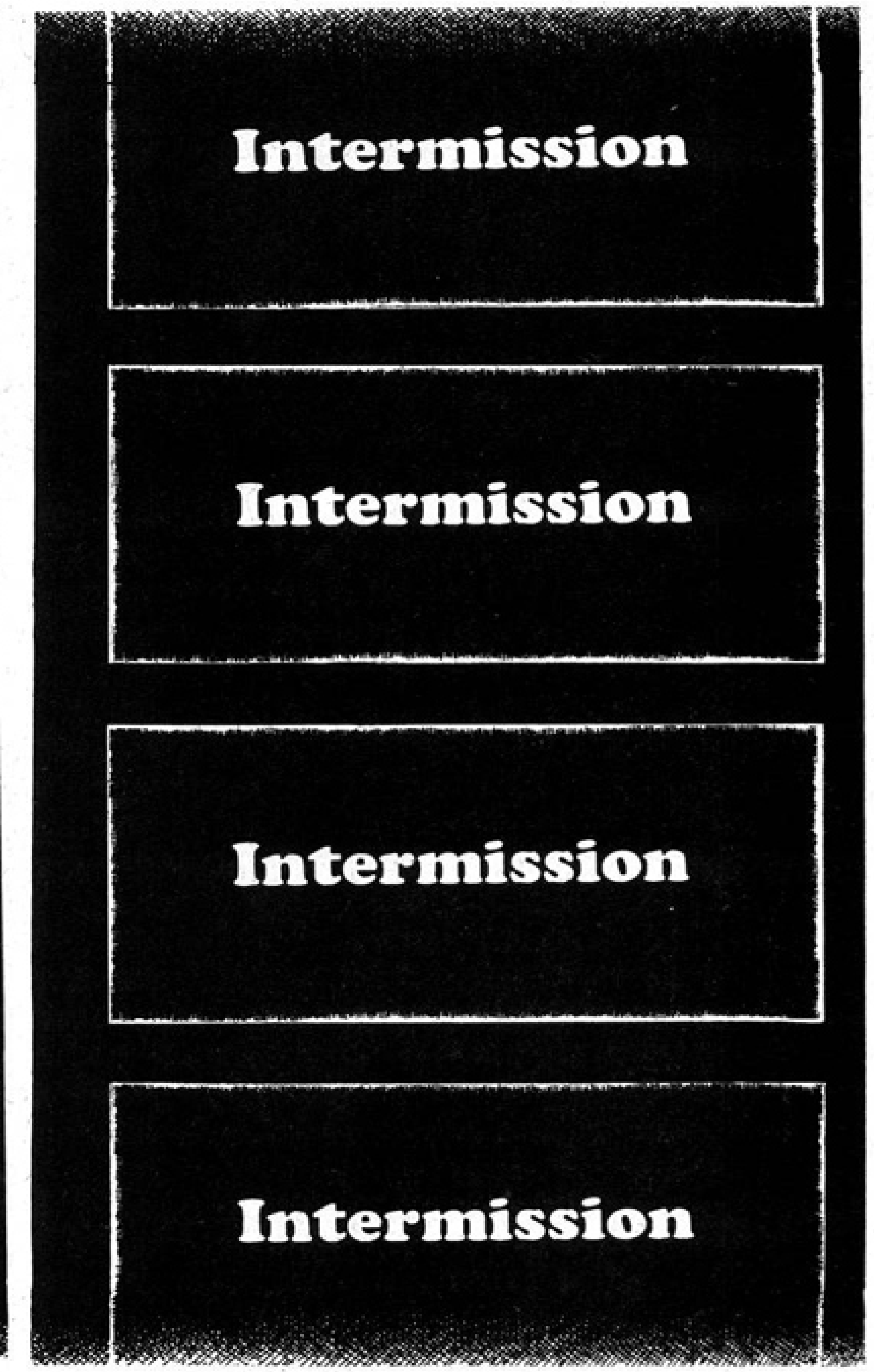
as-Yoohwhoo's son, God proves He's more of a "Ram" than Yoohwhoo is. A "Ram" could watch without interfering, a "she-goat" or a "heifer" couldn't. So an actual ram ends up caught by his horns in a *thicket*—the *thorns* and *thistles* that are Yoohwhoo's, the earth's, actual "sons," *the thorns and thistles* which were part of Yoohwhoo's punishment for men way, way back in the garden. The Ram is Yoohwhoo's Ram caught by her own thicket. Abraham said that "God would provide himself a *lamb* for the burnt offering." And, instead, God provides the *father* of a lamb—a *ram*—for a burnt offering. So, God is expressing his willingness to go along with Yoohwhoo's God-and-Yoohwhoo/father-and-son or Yoohwhoo-and-God/father-and-son "bright idea" for a while—now that Yoohwhoo's lost interest in the the-ram-the-she-goat-and-the-heifer/God-and-the-two-yoohwhoos/Abraham-Sarah-and-Hagar story. Yoohwhoo probably doesn't realize exactly *how* God did it, but God beat Yoohwhoo cold in this one, boy. Which reinforces God's lesson a) that God is the Ram, and the two little yoohwhoos are the she-goat and the heifer, which was Yoohwhoo's "bright idea" when she thought the heifer was in control and b) Abraham and Isaac are better than Yoohwhoo, in the eyes of God because they have faith in God and they obey God. Unlike certain "living things in the earth" which shall be nameless. [bends down to read the rest of the chapter] And *then*, of



course, Yoohwhoo spends the rest of the chapter telling Abraham how she is going to multiply his seed, blah blah blah, like the sand on the sea lip, blah blah blah, because he was so obedient, blah blah blah and oh, look at all of Abraham's relatives who are having babies, blah blah blah like Milcah bearing children unto Abraham's brother Nahor—note, *children,* not *sons* and, of course, "the way of the Yoohwhoo": Yoohwhoo mentions the mother before the father—just like Yoohwhoo *promised* they would blah blah blah. So Yoohwhoo doesn't learn a thing, and all God can do is wait for her next "bright idea". You know, some day [thinks a long time] *somebody* [thinks a long time] is going to die in a really, really bad way because of *this* "bright idea".

Konigsberg:
How do you mean?

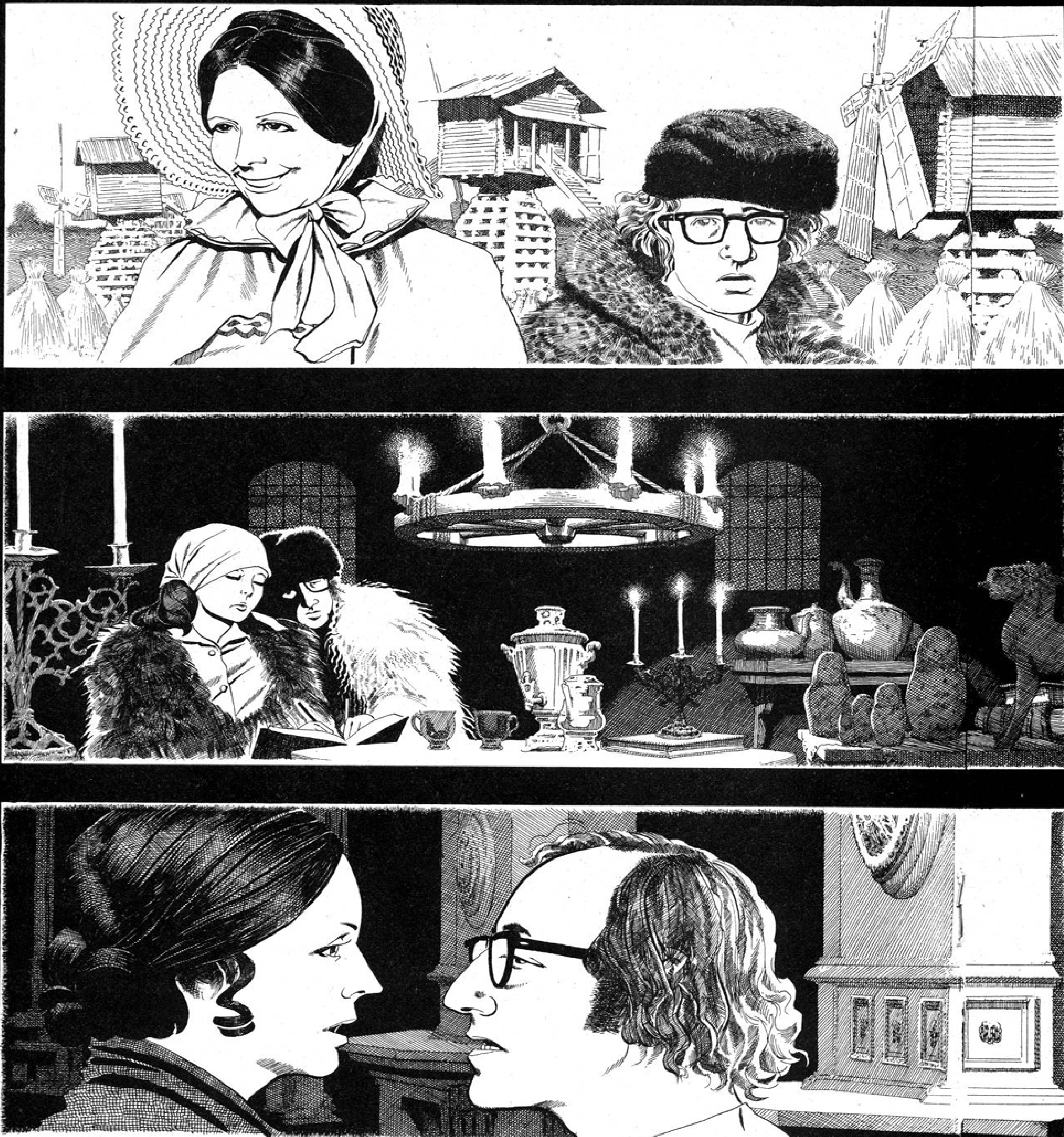
Cerebus:
Well, it's probably going to take a *while*, but this *is Yoohwhoo* we're



talking about. *Someday* she's going to want to prove that she's just as much of a Ram as God is. *Someday* she's going to want God to set up *another* sacrifice—just like this one—and then *she's* not going to have her angel stop it, she's just going to stand back and watch and see if *God* will *actually* go through with it, see if God will actually watch someone who represents Yoohwhoo's son or God's son *actually* get his throat cut and burned alive [thinks] or, knowing Yoohwhoo, probably something even *more* gruesome.

Konigsberg:
There's a cheerful thought.

Cerebus:
You've probably noticed by now that "Yoohwhoo" and "cheerful thoughts" don't really *go* together.



25th of Steve 77 - Are you sure it doesn't bother you that I'm writing in your diary like this? Bother me? No, no. It was MY idea, remember? I was the one who said, "Maybe it would be easier to keep track of our...discussions...if we WROTE DOWN what we wanted to say! But what about when I just grab the diary out of your hands before you've even finished writing, like I did just now because I wanted to know why you underlined "discussions"? That bothers you, doesn't it? Oh, no--not at all, I've always admired your strength and and your determination and ar Oh, come ON, it does, too, bother you. Look! You're getting that nervous tic in your right eye. Why can't you just admit that it bothers you? I underlined "discussions" because because our our discussions are are so important to me. Really? Oh, of course. I I should have should have CAPITALIZED it like like like DISCUSSIONS with with an exclamation--no!--with THREE EXCLAMATION marks!!! OUR!!! DISCUSSIONS!!! Awwww. That's so so nice. They're important to me, too. Do you really think this is helping, though? Oh, of course, of course it's helping.. Really? You're not just writing that? Really. I'm not just writing that. The two of us writing in your diary is helping you more than Sigmund Fräud did? Are you kidding? This is helping me a million, a billion, a BAZILLION times more than Fräud. Really? You're not just writing that? Noooo. Not at aalll. Since you came along, I'm a lot better. Before? The the smallest upset in my life would would make me write all in capitals and and and underline everything, and and and use way too many exclamation marks. But but now I I write everything in this this really really quiet and whiny and nasal monotone. That's so, so amazing. That's the way I write everything now, too. In a really quiet and whiny and nasal monotone. See? That's why everything is better now. Why? Why? Well, well because we've we've both become quieter and and whinier and and more nasal and and monotonous. Monotonous. You mean, we're boring. Nononono. I never said that. Where did I say "boring"? This is why I wanted us to write everything down, so that we have a a record MONOTONOUS (mə·not'ə·nəs) adj. Tiresome by reason of monotony and lack of variety. What--you're going to accept a dictionary's definition over mine? Who are you going out with? Me? Or Funk & Wagnall. But, it's true, isn't it. We have become monotonous. We never go out anywhere. We never meet any new people, we just sit here night after night quietly, nasally whining at each other in your diary. Our diary. Only in the last few pages." The last few pages." Are you kidding? We've filled more pages in the last month than I filled in the previous nine years on my own. If we meet any new people, we're going to need a much bigger book and and different-coloured ink pens. Oh, oh, I see. So what is it that you're writing? That that I'm this, this big BLABBERPEN, is that it? Jeez, no--not at all. Really. There's there's no need for you to to to go all to capitals on me. We've filled a lot of pages, sure but but but look at the progress we've made. Do you really think we've made progress, really and truly, you're not just writing that? Noooo. I doooo. Why do you aaaask? Well because I'm tired of living like a Tanchyan CAREFUL! The T.P.A.O.S.A.a.M.T.a.C.W.o.E are everywhere! p**sant and I'm tired of eating beets for breakfast, lunch and dinner. What? What--even my borscht soufflé? You always said you loved my borscht soufflé. Ohhhhh I dooo, I doo love your borscht soufflé, but...but But...but...what? A soufflé really has to have, you know, beaten egg whites in it--you can't just whip hot borscht until its all frothy and call it I can't believe what I'm reading here. Ohhhhh. Now I've hurt your feelings. Nonono. Please. Go on. What else? Well, I really think I need to make my clothes out of something besides inferior grades of marijuana. Oh, you do. And why is that? Well, at least my underwear. I really think that that's why I've been getting all these yeast infections. Really? Really. You mean, those infections where you have to drink all that all that cranberry juice and and and we can't have sex for a week-to-ten days? Uh-huh. Yup. Those would be the ones. Oh, well, I uh I uh never intended to be a a a complete idealogue about Tanchya. You didn't? Really? You're not just writing that? Noooo. Of course not. I've always said that there's a world of difference between life-enhancing technological progress on the one hand and and reactionary running-dog, lickspittle toadying before the false idol of bourgeois materialism on the other hand. I've never heard you say that. Well, maybe not in so many words. Really? You mean it? You're not just writing that?

30th of Summermonth 79 - Actually, I uhm I have a couple of big surprises
for you. You do? What are they? Well, my uhm my first big surprise is that that
I've been really really doing a lot of thinking and and I really realized that you were
right. I was right? Oh. That that is a big surprise. What uh what do you think I
uh I was right about? Tanchya. Tanchya? Mm. Uh-huh. Yeah. Tanchya. See.
I realized you were right that that there's so much so much more. To, you
know, life. More. Mm. Uh-huh. Yeah. To to life. Yeah. You got it. Uh-huh. You mean
more than than my giving in to you on anything we have a disagreement about
when you're when you're having your period? Oh. Yeah. Uh-huh. Way, way more.
You you mean more than than my giving in to you on anything we have a
disagreement about for five days BEFORE you get your period? Oh. Are you
kidding? Hunh. Way, way, way more important than that. You you mean more
important than than my giving in to you on anything we have a disagreement about
for five days AFTER you've finished your period? Oh. Hanh. Gosh. Are you
kidding? Post Menstrual Syndrome? This is way, way, way more important
than Post Menstrual Syndrome. Hunh. Mm. Yeah. Definitely. You mean...? Well, you
can't mean that it's more important than your having, having to to have breakfast
within five minutes of of getting out of bed because of of of your low blood sugar?
Oh, C'mon. Important things like like the MYSteries of Life. The mysteries of...?
The MYSteries of Life. The MYSteries of Life. Well, uh, let's see. I guess the the
big gest... MYStery of Life... I know of is is how you can starve yourself for four days
on on saltines and water Allan and and then insist that that its absolutely
necessary for you to to DEVOUR a a four-pound box of of Allan chocolates in one sitting. . Allan.
I mean it's it's not something that that keeps me awake nights like like wondering if
there is a God and and if there is Allan what ah what sort of office furniture he has Allan.
But, but just seeing the the number of chocolates you can get into your mouth at at at
one time. Allan. Read what I am writing. Okay? Okay. Sure. I'm I'm I'm reading. Please.
By all means. Write something. What. This isn't about before, during, or after my period. This
isn't about my low blood sugar. This isn't about saltines and water. And this isn't
about chocolates. It isn't? No. It. Is. Not. It is. Definitely. Definitely. Not. Well, well. Okay those
are those are all my best guesses. So uh so maybe uh maybe you should should just write it down.
It's about about the the poor and and and the downtrodden and and and it's about the the the
workers and and and the prophylactic. The prophylactic? YES! You uh you don't mean the
proletariat, do you? Oh. Right. Hm. Yes. Sorry. I always get those two confused. Yeah, see.
That's that's why I never send you to the drugstore. So so so you mean that that that you've
you've developed a a a social conscience? Yeah. Mm. Uh-huh. That's what I mean. Well. That's.
That's that's wonderful. You're really, really taking an an an active interest Uh-huh. Yup. in in
the plight of of of the the factotum and and the factotumess It's like I like I like I've really
really, you know found myself and and and the quest for for the dignity of of excessive
pay for for like I had been had been searching you know? for work of dubious value. Searching
and and searching for for real meaning, you know? And and participating in the fruits
of their labours And not even even knowing that that I was searching, you know? And
and now you have found found real meaning. . Oh. Uh-huh. Yup. Real. Real. Real. Meaning.
Hanh. Hmm. Yeah. Well, uh well how about that? Heh. Hm. Yeah. How about that? Well, I'm
uh I'm very, very proud of you, you know. You are? You really, really are? Well, sure. Of
course I am. Hunh. Hm. Wow. That's. That's really, really sweet. It really is. Definitely. I really
feel that it, that it opens up this this this whole new dimension to our our our relationship. I
have to say that I I find your new political activism terrifically, terrifically, you know, exciting!
Yeah? You do? Hm. Ha. Well. Whattaya know. Well, for uh for one thing, I know that it it
makes me want to want to want to, you know. Want to...? You know to to to really really
express how how exciting I I find your activism and and and to find a way to to
express my my solidarity, my my extremely extremely solid solidarity in a really
really meaningful and and and physical Physical? Oh. I. Hmm. I. Gee. I see what
you're writing and uh. Hm. No. See. Actually. Actually. Um. That's uh my my other
uh big surprise. What is?




She gave him her heart…
…and he banged her like a screen door in a hurricane.
John Fitzgerald
BEATTY
Annie
HALL
PUM! PUM!
STUDS
OHGOD! SOME
GOD! WHAT? I SAID SOMEONE JUST
FRONT OF SHIRT! OHMIGOD! YOU'RE RIGHT! HELP! SO
NAME OF GOD!
WHAT SEEMS TO BE THE PR
RE HERE OFFICER! SOMEONE JUST SHOT KONIGSBERG!
OH GOD!
QUITE SURE
O, THANK GOD! HE MIGH
DOCTOR IS ON HIS WAY! OH, THANK GOD WHAT? I SAID THAT
GOD! IS HE
GOD! OH DEAR GOD! WHAT'S HAPPENING
MY GOD! MY GOD! HE ISN'T FALLING DOWN! WHAT IN THE NAME OF GO



WHAT CEREBUS DOESN'T UNDERSTAND IS -- WHAT IN THE HECK WERE YOU DOING WITH TWO TIGHTLY PACKED CONTAINERS OF BORSCHT UNDER YOUR SHIRT ANYWAY?
It's it's the secret ingredient behind the the froth in in my borscht soufflé
You keep it at at body temperature all day and and *
CEREBUS IS SORRY HE ASKED.
How how could she DO this to me?
John... Fitzgerald. BEATTY.
TRY NOT TO THINK ABOUT IT.
How can I not think about my my my my my
STENOGRAPHER.
my STENOGRAPHER in in in the arms of of of the best-selling author of of of "TEN BABES THAT SHOOK MY BOX-SPRING AND MATTRESS"?!
and and and That's your BEST advice? "Try not to think about it?"
NAY. CEREBUS' BEST ADVICE WAS PRAYER, BUT...
HOW can I pray to a BEING who ...IF he exists could allow THIS to to to happen to me?
WHOA WHOA WHOA IT WASN'T GOD WHO GOT INVOLVED WITH HIS SEVENTEEN-YEAR-OLD STENOGRAPHER
Seventeen -and-a- half.
Maybe if if HE HAD he'd-- ...He'd have have some some some sympathy for for for what I'm going through here.


speaking of "here"-- where the hell are we?
"FRUITCAKE PARK."
Where?!
"FRUITCAKE PARK". AS IN: "NUTTY AS A..."?
SEE--WE STARTED HAVING TROUBLE WITH THE LAST FEW "CLEANSINGS OF THE LAND." SEVERE DEVIL AND VIPER AND SCORPION OUTBREAKS.
THEY TURNED OUT TO BE GIRLS THAT EVERYONE KNEW WERE TOO EVIL TO LIVE BUT WHO WERE ALSO (IT TURNED OUT) TOO BEAUTIFUL TO KILL...
SO NOW SPORE'S SPORES JUST DESIGNATE 'EM AS "FRUITCAKES" AND WE LOCK 'EM UP IN FRUITCAKE PARK FOR TWENTY YEARS.
Oh?
and AND And what happens in twenty years?
WELL... THEY'LL EITHER BECOME LESS EVIL SO WE CAN JUST (YOU KNOW) LET 'EM GO...
Uh-huh. OR...?
...OR THEY'LL GET OLD AND UGLY ENOUGH THAT IT WON'T BOTHER SPORE'S SPORES TO BLOW THEIR HEADS OFF.
No wonder they're calling this "The Age of Enlightenment."
IT WAS CEREBUS' IDEA! IT'S ACTUALLY WORKED OUT REALLY WELL! THE "FRUITCAKES" KNOW EVERYTHING ABOUT CLOTHES AND MAKE-UP SO WHATEVER IS THE MOST POPULAR STUFF IN THE FRUITCAKE PARK CLOTHING HUT IS WHAT WE FILL THE OTHER CLOTHING HUTS WITH...
...SO THE NON-FRUITCAKES CAN HAVE uh BETTER LUCK ATTRACTING HUSBANDS.
WE'VE BEEN HAVING A LITTLE TROUBLE WITH A...uh... DECLINING BIRTH-RATE.
Gee. I can't imagine why.


ANYWAY...
YOU SAID YOU WANTED TO SEE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRLS IN ESTARCION?
WELL.
THIS IS WHERE WE KEEP 'EM NOW.
I said that? (What was I thinking?)
Get me away from here.
They THEY all remind me of... of *sob* Annie...!
THESE GIRLS REMIND YOU OF... ANNIE HALL?
YES!!
WHY DON'T WE... STOP BY... THE OPTICAL DEPARTMENT OF THE CLOTHING HUT ON OUR WAY OUT?
What for?
IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU'RE WAY OVERDUE FOR AN EYE EXAM.

Cerebus:
Sorry. Where was Cerebus, again?

Me:
Uh. Just about to start chapter twenty-three.

Cerebus:
Chapter twenty-three. Right. Okay, chapter twenty-three is really basic. Sarah dies and Abraham needs a place to bury her. And the locals, the children of Heth, offer Abraham, for free, any sepulcher he wants to bury Sarah, calling Abraham "a Prince of God" amongst them. And Abraham insists on paying for the sepulcher. And the children of Heth wouldn't hear of it. And Abraham says, no, seriously, how much do you want for this land right here. And the Heth guy, Ephron, goes, look, it's like four hundred shekels of silver, so what's that between me and you? Take it, bury your dead. And instead Abraham counts out the money, the four hundred shekels. [thinks] The fact that the children of Heth call Abraham "a Prince of God" means that this is probably a big deal between Yoohwhoo and God—the fact that they're called "the *children* of Heth" and not "the *sons* of Heth" tells you which side *they're* on. [thinks] It looks as if God wants to make sure that Abraham's descendants know that there is no *legitimate* dispute about this particular piece of land. What was it called again? Right. "Hebron". Cerebus is willing to bet that "Hebron" becomes really important later on, if God is using a whole chapter of the first Book of Moshe to make sure *everyone* knows who owns it. [thinks] And it also shows that Abraham trusts the sons of Heth about as far as he can throw them. Which is really a set-up for one of God's jokes in chapter thirty-one. Okay. And then chapter twenty-four. Abraham is *"olde, gone into dayes: And the Yoohwhoo had blessed Abraham in all things. And Abraham said vnto his eldest seruant of his house, that ruled ouer all that he had, Put I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh…"* [thinks] [to me] Uhh. Better put a star next to that and a little star at the bottom.

Me:
A footnote?

Cerebus:
[thinks] Okay. Sure. [thinks] As long as its got a star next to it and another little star at the bottom and it says *"Note–This is just how they swore to tell the truth back in those days. This does not mean that Abraham is a [dangles his hand from a limp wrist]."* Okay, so…

Me:
How do you want me to write that [dangling my hand from a limp wrist]?

Cerebus:
What? You mean [dangling his hand from a limp wrist]?

Me:
Yeah. How do you want me to write that?

Cerebus:
Oh, uh. Hmm. [thinks] *"This does not mean that Abraham is a…a…"* [thinks] *"…a…"*[thinks some more] [irritated] Just leave it for right now. Cerebus will fix it in the transcript.

Me:
Okey-dokey.

Cerebus:
Where was Cerebus, again?

Me:
Uh. *"Put, I pray thee, thy hand under my thigh:"*

Cerebus:
Right. *"…And I will make thee sweare by the Yoohwhoo the God of heauen, and the God of the earth, that thou shalt not take a wife vnto my sonne of the daughters of the Canaanites amongst whom I dwell."* Abraham obviously had done a lot of thinking and had come to the conclusion that Yoohwhoo was the God of *heaven* and God was the God of the *earth*. And he's really up-





front about not trusting the children of Heth—the Canaanites—and not wanting his son Isaac to marry one of them—which, again, helps to set up God's joke in chapter thirty-one. Now, what's interesting is that Abraham is sending his *servant* to find Isaac a wife. His *eldest* servant. Get it? It's the "elder versus younger" thing again. So Yoohwhoo, playing coy, speaks through the eldest servant to Abraham/God: *"And the seruant said vnto him, Peraduenture the woman will not bee willing to follow mee vnto this land: must I needes bring thy sonne again, vnto the land from whence thou camest?"* Yoohwhoo doesn't want to play the "elder versus younger" game, Yoohwhoo wants to play the "who is whose son" game. God, speaking through Abraham, scares the you-know-what out of her: *"Beware thou, that thou bring not my sonne thither again."* WHOA! Okay, okay, thinks Yoohwhoo. Forget the "who is who's son" game. Jeez. Of course, she *doesn't* forget. Scaring a female like that, all you're going to do is arouse her curiosity, right? But, for the *moment* it works—especially when Abraham goes on to say: *"The Yoohwhoo God of heauen which tooke me from my father's house, and from the land of my kindred, and which spake vnto me, and that swear vnto me, saying, Vnto thy seed will I giue this land, he shall send his Angel before thee, and thou shalt take a wife vnto my sonne from thence. And if the woman wil not be willing to follow thee, then thou shalt bee cleare from this my othe: onely bring not my sonne thither again."*

This is definitely of interest to Yoohwhoo. So God doesn't want His son in the land that Abraham came from? Or, as *Yoohwhoo's* son, God doesn't want to be back in the land that Abraham came from? Yoohwhoo has no idea what's going on, but Yoohwhoo is definitely interested. So the servant goes into Mesopotamia with Yoohwhoo [laughs] and as it turns out, a lot of little yoohwhoos "in tow" all of whom are wondering what *this* story is all about. And—in yoohwhoo terms—the story gets interesting in a hurry. *"And he made his camels to kneele downe without the citie, by a well of water, at the time of the euening that women which drawe goe foorth."* Women which draw…as in *water*, but who also—nyuck nyuck nyuck—draw *men*. Yoohwhoo is *definitely* interested in any story that has a well in it, because a well *always* reminds Yoohwhoo of *Hagar's* well—Lahai roi—the "well of him who liveth and seeth me". That is, God. So Yoohwhoo and all the little yoohwhoos couldn't *be* more interested at this point. And when Abraham's servant says, *"O Yoohwhoo, God of my master Abraham, I pray thee send me good speed this day, and shew kindnesse vnto my master Abraham. Behold I stand here by the well of water; and the daughters of the men of the Citie* [Cerebus has no idea why Citie has a capital "C" on it here] *come out to draw water: and let it come to passe, that the damsell to whom I shall say, Let downe thy pitcher, I pray thee that I may drinke, and she shall say, Drinke and I will giue thy camels drinke also; let the same be shee that thou hast appointed for thy seruant Isaac: and thereby shall I know that thou hast shewed kindnesse vnto my master."* Oh, this is *definitely* a *good story* for yoohwhoos. The *eldest family servant of Abraham* calling Isaac *a servant of Yoohwhoo*. Interested? Yoohwhoo and all the little yoohwhoos must've darn near jumped clear out of the middle of the earth at that one. Yoohwhoo sure didn't *expect* it, but suddenly—after several thousand years—*suddenly*, it's looking a lot like "hubba hubba" time. And, as far as Yoohwhoo is concerned, the "hubba hubba" game beats the "who is whose son" game [thinks] [laughs] like a rotten egg, boy! See, like any female, Yoohwhoo is a *sucker* for a good love story. Interested? Hoo-Ha! Yoohwhoo is *so* interested: *"And it came to passe that before hee had done speaking, that behold Rebekah came out, who was born to Bethuel, sonne of Milcah, the wife of Nahor Abrahams brother with her pitcher vpon her shoulder. And the damsel was good of countenance, a virgine, neither had any man knowen her."* There's a good reason that the "virgin" and "neither had any man known her" gets emphasized. We're getting to that part, but, meanwhile, suddenly *everyone* is getting excited! *"And the seruant ranne to meete her, and said, Let mee (I pray thee) drinke a little water of thy pitcher. And she said, Drinke my lord: and she hasted, and let downe her pitcher vpon her hand, and gaue him drinke. And when shee had done giuing him drinke, she said, I will draw water for thy camels also, vntill they haue done drinking. And she hasted and emptied her pitcher into the trough, and ranne againe vnto the well to draw, and drew for all his camels."* You see what Cerebus is saying about everyone getting excited? The servant *ran*, Rebekah *hasted*, Rebekah *ran*, Rebekah *hasted*. Suddenly *everybody's* in a hurry to get to "hubba hubba" time. And the servant gives her a jewel for the forehead and two bracelets [opens a drawer and sorts through some of his notes] *which*…Oh, right. Bracelets come back into the story in chapter thirty-eight [to me] don't let Cerebus forget. And he asks her whose daughter she is and then he adds, *"Tell mee, I pray thee: is there roome in thy fathers house for vs to lodge in?"* Yoohwhoo probably couldn't believe her ears. The servant of God's servant wants to know if there's room in Yoohwhoo's servant's father's house to lodge in? "Hubba hubba"! And she tells him that she's *"the daughter of Bethuel, the sonne of Milcah, which she bare vnto Nahor."* So the servant is the *eldest* servant and Rebekah is the daughter of the *youngest* son of Abraham's brother. First cousins. So, of course, Yoohwhoo is thinking [laughs] that this is probably a "deal-breaker". [makes a pouting face] No "hubba hubba" time? *"We haue both straw & prouender ynough, and roome to lodge in,"* Rebekah says, hopefully—with Yoohwhoo in the middle of the earth, probably biting her nails down to the quick and wondering, So, *is it* a "deal-breaker"? *"And the man bowed downe his head, and worshipped the Yoohwhoo. And hee saide, Blessed the Yoohwhoo God of my master Abraham, who hath not left destitute my master of his mercy, and his trueth: I being in the way, the Yoohwhoo led me to the house of my masters brethren."* The whole time his head was bowed Rebekah was probably turning cartwheels around the well and Yoohwhoo was probably doing back-flips in the middle of the earth. Wah-HOOO! "Hubba hubba" time! Rebekah is off like a shot to her father's house spilling the whole story to her brother Laban and Laban welcomes the servant into the house and the servant

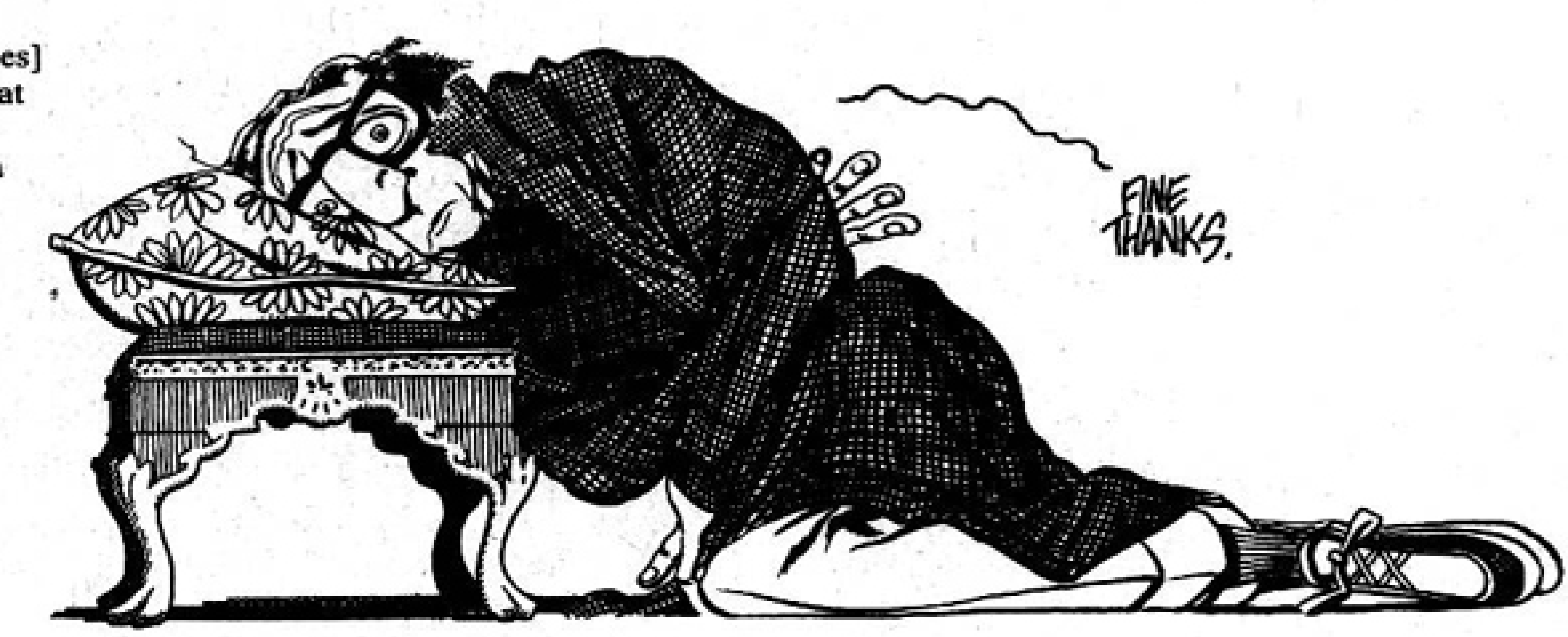
goes through the whole story again. If there's *anything* that a female is *more* of a sucker for than a good love story its hearing the *whole* story told *all over again* from the beginning—*this* time while she's wearing the new jewelry she gets *in* the story. [reading the text] The servant [laughs] the servant—probably with a little help from one of Yoohwhoo's Angels goes, well, a little overboard. Abraham had *only* told him to go *"vnto my countrey, and to my kinred, and take a wife vnto my sonne Isaac."* You know. "See if you can find the daughter of some nice Mesopotamian farmer where our family came from." But, when the *servant* tells the story, *he* says that he was told *"goe vnto my fathers house, and to my kinred, and take a wife vnto my sonne."* Which is [laughs] a whole different thing. You know. He makes it sound as if Abraham had told him "Go to my father's house and see if you can't find a close relative for Isaac to marry. You know, a first cousin or something." [chuckles] Won't *Abraham* be surprised. Sort of serves him right for marrying his half-sister. Anyway, it makes a great love story the way the *servant,* with a little help from Yoohwhoo, tells it. *"I bowed downe my head, and worshipped the Yoohwhoo and blessed the Yoohwhoo God of my master Abraham, which had led mee in the right way to take my masters brothers daughter vnto his sonne."* At this point, the servant must've [laughs] actually thought about what he had just said and then thought to himself, what in the *heck* am I *talking* about? The *right* way? Getting my master's son *engaged to his first cousin* is the *right* way? He probably sat there [laughs] blinking a lot. And then he says, *"And now if you wil deale kindly and truely with my master, tell me: and if not, tell me, that I may turne to the right hand, or to the left."* Which is some pretty quick thinking on the servant's part. Just [laughs] off-load the problem onto Laban and Bethuel: You know—either let's get this show on the road or *you* tell *me* that I'm *crazy* and tell me that you *won't* let your daughter/sister marry her first cousin. Whatever you guys think is right, I'll go along with it, it's your call. At which point [laughs] you could probably hear a pin drop and now it was *Laban and Bethuel's turn* to [laughs] blink a lot and look at each other. [laughs] Trying *not* to look at Rebekah who was probably fingering her new jewelry and looking at both of them hard enough to crush their skulls. "Don't you *dare* ruin my great love story or I'll never speak to either of you ever ever *ever again."* Uhhhhh. [chuckles] Uhhhhhh. Finally, *"Then Laban and Bethuel answered and said, The thing proceedeth from the Yoohwhoo: we cannot speake vnto thee bad or good."* [laughs out loud]. That's a great punch-line. Basically, "It's incest, for cryin' out loud. We think it stinks on ice, but if it's *Yoohwhoo God's* idea..." The whole room must've heaved a sigh of relief. For a few seconds [laughs] and then they all *must have—couldn't help but* start thinking: *"The Yoohwhoo* wants *Rebekah and her first cousin* to get *married?" "Behold, Rebekah is before thee, take, and goe and let her be..."* Cerebus pictures them looking at each other again. *"...thy masters sonnes wife."* They can't bring themselves to say "Abraham" or "Isaac" or "cousin". And then—trying to make it as okay as they can—they add, *"...as the Yoohwhoo hath spoken."* So, now the ball is back in the servant's court and *he's* the one just sitting there staring and blinking. Spoken? Who said Yoohwhoo *said* anything? I didn't say Yoohwhoo *said* anything. What *I* said...was...was...

At this point, the servant probably noticed everyone staring at *him* and waiting for *him* to say something. *"And it came to passe, that when Abrahams servant heard their words, he worshipped the Yoohwhoo, himselfe to the earth."* [laughs] They have to keep reminding themselves—*and each other*—that this whole crazy idea came from Yoohwhoo God. *"And the seruant brought foorth vessels of siluer, and jewels of gold, and raiment, and gaue to Rebekah: He gaue also to her mother precious things."* This is the first time the mother gets mentioned. Cerebus pictured her sitting there [laughs] having a quiet heart attack through the whole thing. *"And they did eat and drinke, he and the men that were with him, and tarried all night, and they rose up in the morning, and he said, Send me away vnto my master."* [laughs] The servant is having some serious second thoughts at this point and doesn't want any of this to be seen as *his* doing. They already told him, take her! Go! And then [laughs] everyone just sat around eating and drinking. The servant probably wants to be able to say to Abraham, They sent me away with her, there was nothing I could do about it. And Laban and the mother [laughs] are no help at all. Not only do they *not* say, "Go!" They say, *"Let the damsell abide with vs a full yeare."* And then the mother adds, *"or ten."* [laughs uproariously] [notices I'm looking at him funny] Sorry, that gets explained later on. More sitting and blinking and staring for Abraham's servant. Oh, yeah, right, the servant must've been thinking. Wait a *year* or *ten* years and *then* come strolling in with Isaac's first cousin as his bride-to-be? Oh, Abraham will just *love* that: Wait a minute. Let me get this straight. It took you...*ten years*...to find Isaac a bride? And what you ended up finding for him—*after ten years of looking*—was his *first cousin? "And he said vnto them, Hinder me not, seeing the Yoohwhoo hath prospered my way: send me away, that I may goe to my master."* [laughs] Now it's Laban and the mother's turn to just sit there blinking and staring at each other. Abraham's servant knows that Yoohwhoo is his trump card. And his *only card,* for that matter. All he can do is keep playing it: How can Laban and his mother stand in the way of what the Yoohwhoo wants? *"And they said, We will call the Damsell,* [Damsell has a capital "D" on it here for a good reason. We're getting to that part] *and enquire at her mouth."* [laughs] You know—maybe *Rebekah* is willing to stand in the way of what the Yoohwhoo wants. *"And they called Rebekah and said vnto her, Wilt thou goe with this man? And she said, I will goe. And they sent away Rebekah their sister, and her nurse, and Abraham's seruant, and his men."* Thank you, the servant must've been thinking. Thank you thank you thank you thank you. See, it's not just that Rebekah is Isaac's *first cousin.* [looks at Konigsberg waiting for him to ask the question. Nothing.] [Cerebus turns to me] See, it's not just that Rebekah is Isaac's *first cousin.*

Me:
It's not?

Cerebus:
Nay. [laughs] She's also really, really, really *young.* She isn't sent away with her *handmaid.* She's sent away with her *nurse.* A girl has to be pretty darned young to have a nurse instead of a handmaid. See, [laughs] that's what's so funny about the mother saying, "Or *ten* years. Why don't you leave her here for *ten* years?" And inside, she has got to be thinking, the Yoohwhoo wants my daughter who hasn't even graduated from a nurse to a handmaid yet to *marry her first cousin? "And they blessed Rebekah, and said vnto her, Thou art our sister, bee thou..."* [laughs] They can't even bring themselves to say "the mother" "*...of thousands of millions, and let thy seed possesse the gate of those which hate them."* [laughs] "Thy seed" "those" and "them". She's Yoohwhoo's little representative, all right. That's it for the funny part. [he's quiet for so long, I'm about to ask him if he's finished] The next part is...[thinks]...is...[decides to just read it]
"And Rebekah arose, and her damsels, & they rode vpon the camels, and followed the man:"
Yoohwhoo and all her little yoohwhoos, the "she's" riding on the "its" [quiet again for a long time] following the "he"—following...*the man. The man.* Just like...*the man*...she threw out of the garden thousands of years before. And now her heart...her *heart* tells her to *follow*...*the man.* [coming to] [clears throat] Although, if you had been there, and had been watching, all you would have seen—unless you were God or Yoohwhoo was "*... and the seruant tooke Rebekah and went his way. And Isaac came from the way of the well Lahai-roi..."* Hagar's well. The well of "he that liveth..." [quiet again] "...and seeth me". "*...for he dwelt in the South countrey. And Isaac went out to pray in the field, at the euentide: and hee lift up his eyes, and saw, and behold, the camels were coming. And Rebekah lift up her eyes, and when she saw Isaac, she lighted off the camel. For she had said vnto the seruant, What man is this that walketh in the*
field to meet us? And the seruant had said, It is my master: therefore she tooke a vaile and couered her selfe. And the seruant tolde Isaac all things that he had done.
And Isaac brought her into his mother Sarahs tent, and tooke Rebekah, and she
became his wife, and he loued her: and Isaac was comforted
after his mothers..."
[he sniffs a few times, as if his nose is running] [opens another drawer and pulls out two handkerchiefs and hands me one of them] [we both blow our noses] [and furtively wipe our eyes] Finally. "Hubba hubba" time. [laughs] Now that Cerebus thinks about it [blows his nose again] maybe it isn't *just* women who are suckers for a good love story. [we both laugh] And that...*that*...has *got* to be one of the *best* love stories *ever*, boy. [suddenly remembering Konigsberg's recently broken heart]
Oh, uh. [not sure what to say] Sorry, there, Konigsberg.

Konigsberg:
[as if from beyond the grave]



Cerebus:

Okay. Chapter twenty-five. *"Then againe Abraham tooke a wife, & her name was Keturah. And shee bare him Zimran, and Iokshan, and Medan, and Midian, and Ishbak, and Shuah* [laughs] It looks to Cerebus as if this was Abraham's reaction to Isaac getting his gorgeous, underage first cousin. If the Yoohwhoo thinks it's okay for Isaac to get married to his underage first cousin, then—Cerebus figures—Abraham probably asked the Yoohwhoo if it was okay for Isaac's *father* to find *him*self some nice young piece of...[clears throat] What Cerebus means is, for a guy to have *six more kids* when he's already around a hundred and forty years old—well, to Cerebus there *has* to be a story behind it. And [laughs] that's what Cerebus thinks the story is. [thinks] Of course, Abraham stays loyal to Isaac: *"And Abraham gaue all that he had, vnto Isaac. But vnto the sonnes of the concubines which Abraham had, Abraham gaue gifts, and sent them away from Isaac his sonne (while he yet liued) Eastward, vnto the East country."* Which, to Abraham, must've seemed like the sensible thing to do. Have your fun and then get rid of the [turning to Konigsberg] *"fruitful result"* as someone once put it. Nyuck nyuck nyuck. [grins] [no reaction from Konigsberg] [sighs]. Of course, because they're *Abraham's* sons, he can't really just "throw them away" like that because they all end up becoming *nations*. And a lot of those nations become a real headache later on. Like Midian, especially. Which Yoohwhoo *knew* was going to happen. Huh? Oh, sure, Abraham. No problem. Heh-heh. As Yoohwhoo always says, you can never be *too thin* or have *too many nations*. Knock yourself out. How about Keturah over there?

So, then, Abraham dies, *"in a good old age, an old man, and full"* and—Cerebus is willing to bet—"with a smile on his face" if Keturah was still around. Isaac *and* Ishmael bury Abraham in Hebron. [thinks] Hebron is important, Cerebus is sure of it. And then we find out that Ishmael has "begat" twelve princes *"according to their nations,"* fulfilling the promise God made back in chapter seventeen. What it comes down to is that Isaac's descendants are going to have a *lot of nations* to contend with—even just with the nations that form around Ishmael's sons and Abraham's sons that he "begat" by Keturah and his unnamed concubines. As if that wasn't enough of a problem: *"And Isaac intreated the Yoohwhoo for his wife, because she barren: and the Yoohwhoo was intreated of him and Rebekah his wife conceiued. And the children struggled together within her; and she said, If it be so, why am I thus? And shee went to enquire of the Yoohwhoo. And the Yoohwhoo said vnto her, Two nations are in thy wombe, and two maner of people shall be separated from thy bowels: and the one people shalbe stronger then the other people: and the elder shall serue the younger."* So, basically, Yoohwhoo concedes that *Yoohwhoo's* people are one kind of people and *God's* people are another kind of people. Which, basically, they are. Women and men. One people shall be stronger than the other people. Which they are. [laughs] Men are stronger than women.

"And the elder shall serve the younger." Which is already the case—God has been making virtually every whim of Yoohwhoo's come true since Noah's day. What's different is Yoohwhoo admitting it—admitting that she isn't God. See, because she's telling God that she wants the elder to serve the younger. She would *only* say that if she knew she, Yoohwhoo, was the younger, weaker being and God was the elder, stronger being and she would only say that if she had finally accepted that it was God—and not Yoohwhoo—who was making all of these things happen. *'And when her dayes to be deliuered were fulfilled, behold, there twines in her wombe. And the first came out red, all ouer like an hairy garment: and they called his name, Esau."* [laughs] This is a good joke. You can imagine how closely Yoohwhoo was watching the birth, having admitted that she, Yoohwhoo, was the younger. That meant, as far as Yoohwhoo was concerned, that the first baby that came out was going to be God, God's representative in the next story. Wow, Yoohwhoo must've thought. So *that's* what God looks like. All red and hairy. Yechhh. [laughs] God has got to be the ugliest baby that Yoohwhoo has ever seen. *"And after that came his brother out, and his hand tooke holde on Esaus heele; and his name was called Iacob:"* Okay. And this must be me, thinks Yoohwhoo. A nice normal-looking baby hanging onto the heel of the red, hairy baby. "*...and Isaac was threescore yeres old, when shee bare them. And the boyes grew; and Esau was a cunning hunter, a man of the fielde: and Iacob was a plaine man dwelling in tents."* So, it's almost like a Cain and Hebel situation, but more extreme. Esau doesn't tend sheep and just sacrifice *some* of them to the Yoohwhoo: the *whole point* of what Esau *does* is *killing animals*. He's a *hunter*. *"And Isaac loued Esau, because venison was in his mouth, but Rebekah loued Iacob. And Iacob sod pottage."* Cerebus' first reaction was: whatever was involved in "sodding pottage," Cerebus was pretty sure Cerebus didn't want to hear about it. [laughs] Cerebus had to go through three dictionaries to find out that "sod" is an obsolete past tense of "seethe". "To boil," "to foam or bubble as if boiling." "Pottage" is any kind of stew or thick soup made with vegetables. Sometimes with meat, but mostly with vegetables. So, Esau is a cunning hunter and Jacob boils thick vegetable soup. Hard to picture how you could make a living at that, but okay. Jacob boils thick vegetable soup. *"...and Esau came from the field, and hee was faint. And Esau said to Iacob, Feed me with that red, with that red: for I am faint; therefore was his name called Edom."* See, there's the "red," again. Esau is red all over when he's born and then he wants to *eat* "red". "Edom". Cerebus still can't find anything about what "Edom," means. You can tell from the *"therefore"* that it has something to do with wanting to eat *"that red, that red."* [thinks] Probably only Yoohwhoo and God know what "Edom" means, and Cerebus is willing to bet that [laughs] whatever it means, it isn't very nice. This was another one that drove Cerebus nuts. The only "eating of something red" that Cerebus could think of was Yoohwhoo, the earth, encouraging Hebel to slaughter sheep so she could drink their blood and opening her mouth to receive Hebel's blood at the hand of Cain. But, that *couldn't* be right, because that would make *Yoohwhoo* the elder being. And the *whole point* is that *God* is the elder being. Like Cerebus said, the whole thing was driving him nuts. *"And Jacob said, Sell me this day thy birthright."* Which makes sense. Yoohwhoo wants to take God's place, so her representative, Jacob has to get God's representative, Esau, to "sign off on the deal." *"And Esau said, Behold I am going to die: and what profit shall this birthright doe to me?"* Weirder and weirder! *God says He's going to DIE?* God will *give* Yoohwhoo His birthright, because God is going to die so what good is God's birthright? *"And Jacob said, Sweare to mee this day: and he sware to him and he sold his birthright vnto Iacob. Then Iacob gave Esau bread and pottage of lentils: and he did eate and drinke, and rose vp, and went his way: thus Esau despised birthright."* And then it hit Cerebus. Bam! Just like that! The *elder* being in the story, the being that Yoohwhoo thought was the ugliest baby Yoohwhoo ever saw...was *Yoohwhoo!* [laughs] And the *younger* being is...Man! God went all the way back to the garden on this one. See, way back in the garden, Yoohwhoo, *the elder being*, said to *Man, the younger being, Cain, the son of Man, the son of Adam,* feed me with that red—that is, feed me blood. Remember? That's what Yoohwhoo was trying to get Cain to do in the garden when she showed respect unto Hebel's offering: the dead, mutilated sheep and didn't show respect unto Cain's offering because all *Cain* would give Yoohwhoo was *vegetables*. So [laughs] so *this* time, *Yoohwhoo's representative* in the story, Esau, says, "feed me with that red" and *Man's representative* in the story, Jacob, says, "sell me your birthright". *Yoohwhoo's representative* says "okay", [laughs] *Man's representative* makes *Yoohwhoo's representative* some soup and—badda-bing, badda-boom—*Yoohwhoo's representative* has traded *Yoohwhoo's birthright*—her place in the pecking order of God's creations— to *Man's representative* AND committed Yoohwhoo to serve Man [laughs] in exchange for a bowl of lentil soup and some bread! [laughs and laughs]. Just imagine Yoohwhoo's reaction when she read the fine print! That really must've sod her pottage!! [laughs and laughs] "The hairy garment" reference was what gave it away finally. It's what Yoohwhoo, the earth, looks like to God with all of her grass and herbs sticking out of her. Okay, chapter twenty-six. *"And there was a famine in the land."* A famine usually means that Yoohwhoo is sulking. No vegetation. *"And Isaac went vnto Abimelech King of the Philistims, vnto Gerar. And the Yoohwhoo appeared vnto him and said, Goe not downe into Egypt; dwell in the land which I shall tell thee of. Soiourne in this land, I wil be with thee, and will blesse thee: for vnto thee, and vnto thy seed I will giue all these countreys, and I wil performe the othe, which I sware vnto Abraham thy father."* See, it's important that this is happening *after* Yoohwhoo has lost her birthright to Man. She's suddenly desperate to renew her *Abraham* Covenant with *Isaac*, and hope that she can get *Jacob* to renew as well or [laughs] she's going to be like Canaan: everybody's *servant*. Of course mention of the garden—the land Yoohwhoo promised to Abraham and his seed—causes the same reaction in Isaac that it did in Abraham: *"And Isaac dwelt in Gerar. And the men of the place asked of his wife: and he said, She is my sister: for he feared to say, my wife; lest the men of the place should kill me for Rebekah, because she was faire to looke vpon."* That is: they're going to kill *me*, but they're going to save my wife



alive. [shakes his head] Adam's descendants must've had nightmares for centuries about that garden and the cherubim with the flaming sword. *"And Abimelech charged all his people, saying, Hee that toucheth this man or his wife, shall surely bee put to death."*

Basically—the same as putting the mark on Cain—Yoohwhoo speaks through Abimelech, making it *sound* as if she's suddenly on *Isaac's* side. Isaac *"found in the same yeere an hundred fold and the Yoohwhoo blessed him...and the Philistims enuied him. For all the wels which his fathers seruants had digged in the dayes of Abraham his father, the Philistims had stopped them, & filled them with earth."* Filling up wells of *water* with *earth*—which side do you figure that puts the Philistims on? [thinks] So Isaac digs all the wells again that Abraham had dug *"and he called their names after the names by which his father had called them...And the heardmen of Gerar did striue with Isaac's heardmen saying, The water is ours; and hee called the name of the well, Esek".* That is, "Contention". *"And they digged another well, and stroue for that also: and he called the name of it, Sitnah".* That is, "Hatred". *"And he remoued from thence, and digged another well, and for that they stroue not: and he called the name of it Rehoboth."* That is, "Room." See, this is Yoohwhoo's approach to the problem of "this desert ain't big enough for the two of us". God's approach—when Abraham and Lot's heardmen were "striving" with each other—was to say "you go your way, and I'll go my way." *Yoohwhoo's* approach is to dig a well and "contend" for it, dig another well and incite "hatred" and then, *finally*—only as a last resort—to go her own way. And, of course, only after God tricks her into giving Man her birthright. [laughs] *"For now the Yoohwhoo hath made roome for vs and we shall be fruitfull in the land"* is a nice way of putting it to someone whose vegetables must have been just seething by this point. But [laughs] Yoohwhoo has definitely "made room" for Man. *"And he went vp from thence to Beer-sheba. And the Yoohwhoo appeared unto him the same night, and saide, I the God of Abraham thy father: feare not, for I am with thee, and will blesse thee, and multiply thy seede, for my seruant Abraham's sake."* Nyuck nyuck nyuck. Yoohwhoo is getting clever. Notice she doesn't claim to be God Almighty, all she claims is that she was the God of Abraham. Which she was. *One* of them, anyway. Not the *Real* One. But, *one* of them. And she makes it sound as if she's going to bless Isaac because of how wonderful Abraham had been. Couldn't have anything to do with the fact that Isaac's youngest son has just traded Yoohwhoo a bowl of lentil soup and some bread for her *birthright*, could it? Oh, heck no. [laughs] Yoohwhoo's just feeling *generous* all of a sudden. *"And he builded an altar there, and called vpon the name of the Yoohwhoo, and pitched his tent there: and there Isaac's servants digged a well."* So, that's the fourth well. Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo, He-Yoohwhoo, It-Yoohwhoo. *"Then Abimelech went to him from Gerar, and Ahuzzath one of his friends, and Phicol the chiefe captaine of his armie."* Abimelech and Phicol, who earlier represented God and the Angel of God have now been joined by Abimelech's friend, Ahuzzath. [laughs] If Yoohwhoo is going to start speaking through Abimelech, it's important to keep the numbers straight. *"And Isaac saide vnto them, Wherefore come ye to me, seeing ye hate me, and haue sent me away from you?"* This, of course, is referring to Yoohwhoo expelling Man from the garden. *Isaac* doesn't mean it that way, he's just talking about the King of Gerar coming to him after sending him away, but Yoohwhoo couldn't miss the larger meaning. *"And they said"* Note: "they". *"Seeing we saw that the Yoohwhoo was with thee."* That's Yoohwhoo's phrasing. "eating thou shalt eat," "dying thou shalt die," "seeing we saw". *"...and wee said, Let there be now an othe betwixt vs, euen betwixt vs and thee, and let vs make a couenant with thee, if thou wilt doe vs no hurt, as we haue not touched thee, and as we haue done vnto thee nothing but good, and haue sent thee away in peace: thou art now the blessed of the Yoohwhoo."* At which point it must've been Abimelech, Ahuzzath and Phicol's turn to stand there blinking and staring. What in the *heck* are we *talking* about? If Isaac promises not to hurt us, we promise to make him the blessed of the Yoohwhoo? How in the *heck* are we going to do *that*? *"And he made them a feast, and they did eate and drinke. And they rose vp betimes in the morning, and sware to one another: and Isaac sent them away, and they departed from him in peace."* [laughs] It was probably okay as long as they just had a feast and a bunch of drinks. Imagine if they had tried to get it down on paper. "The King of Gerar hereby promises to make Isaac the blessed of the Yoohwhoo." *"And it came to passe the same day, that Isaacs seruants came, and tolde him concerning the well which they had digged, and said vnto him, We haue found water."* The fifth well. Just like the five kings versus four kings. When God is united with Yoohwhoo, He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo and It-Yoohwhoo, he is always going to defeat Yoohwhoo and her three aspects trying to go it alone. God is telling Yoohwhoo that she has a deal. *"And he called it Shebah:..."*—that is, "an oath"—*"...therefore the name of the citie is Beer-sheba..."*—that is, "the well of the oath"—*"...vnto this day."*

[he's quiet a long time again] And it is. You can look on any map and there it is. Beer-sheba. [reading] Okay. [laughs] Back to the really ordinary human stuff. *"And Esau was forty yeeres old, when he tooke to wife Iudith, the daughter of Beeri the Hittite, and Bashemath the daughter of Elon the Hittite: which were bitternesse of spirit vnto Isaac and to Rebekah."*

Chapter twenty-seven. Isaac is old and blind and he calls Esau to him. *"Take, I pray thee, thy weapons, thy quiuer, and thy bow, and goe to the field, and hunt me venison. And make me sauoury meat, such as I loue, and bring it to mee, that I may eate, that my soule may blesse thee before I die."* Rebekah overhears him and tells Jacob and she commands him to *"Goe now to the flocke, and fetch me from thence two good kids of the goates, and I will make them sauoury meat for thy father, such as he loueth...that he may blesse thee, before his death."* This is wrapping up the original covenant that Yoohwhoo made with Abraham, the She-Goat-God, the Ram-God and the Great Heifer in Heaven.

Esau and Jacob are the "two kids of the She-Goat God and the Ram-God." Jacob points out *"Behold, Esau my brother is a hairy man, and I am a smooth man. My father peraduenture will feele me, and I shall seem to him as a deceiuer, and I shall bring a curse vpon me, and not a blessing."* God is trying to get Yoohwhoo onto the right team, here. Esau is like a man, hairy. Jacob is like a woman, smooth. Esau is the favorite of his father, Jacob is the favorite of his mother. Esau is the elder, Jacob is the younger. [thinks] Basically, God is trying to keep Yoohwhoo interested and the only way he can do that is to take her mind off the fact that she traded her birthright to Man for a bowl of soup and some bread. And the only way he can do *that* is to show her that she's still getting everything her own way. The elder *will* serve the younger. It's also the "who is whose son" game: with Isaac as *God* and Esau as <u>*God's "son," Yoohwhoo*</u>, and Rebekah as *Yoohwhoo* and Jacob as <u>*Yoohwhoo's "son," God*</u>. *"And his mother said vnto him, Vpon me be thy curse, my sonne: onely obey my voice and goe fetch me."* That is, go and get the meat that represents *our* team—the kids of the goats—before the meat that represents *their* team—the wild game—gets here. *"And hee went, and fetched, and brought to his mother, and his mother made sauoury meat, such as his father loued."* [laughs] It's all in how you cook it. With the right seasonings—the right *salt* (as in the "pillar of..." Lot's wife turned into) you can't tell the difference between goat flesh and wild game, the difference between Yoohwhoo and God. *"And Rebekah tooke desireable raiment of her eldest sonne Esau, which were with her in the house, and put them vpon Iacob her yonger sonne."* It's all in what clothes you wear. With the right clothes, you can't tell the difference between Esau and Jacob, between God and Yoohwhoo. *"And shee put the skinnes of the kids of the goats vpon his hands, and vpon the smooth of his necke."* It's all in what texture skin you have. A man is just a woman with an animal's hairy skin. Yoohwhoo will definitely go along with that one. Of course, the big test is Isaac/God. Jacob/Yoohwhoo brings him the savory meat. *"How is that thou hast found it so quickly, my sonne? And he said, Because the Yoohwhoo thy God brought it before me."* Oh, hey. [laughs] Good answer, since Rebekah *also* represents Yoohwhoo in this story. *"And Isaac saide vnto Iacob, Come neere, I pray thee, that I may feele thee, my sonne, whether thou bee my very sonne Esau, or not. And Iacob went neere vnto Isaac his father: and hee felt him, and said, The voyce Iacob's voyce, but the hands, the hands of Esau."* [laughs] Another good answer. When Yoohwhoo says she's going to do something, it's the hands of God that actually do it! *"And he discerned him not, because his hands were hairie, as his brother Esaus hands: so he blessed him."* [laughs] That's Yoohwhoo interjecting there. She always wants to get to the end of the story. God just ignores her. *"And he said, Art thou my very sonne Esau? and he said, I am. And he said, Bring neere to me, and I will eate of my sonnes venison, that my soule may blesse thee: and hee brought neere to him, and he did eate. And he brought him wine, & he dranke."* Rebekah's seasonings do the trick. Isaac doesn't say a word about "What th'—this isn't *venison!* This is *goat meat!*" *"And his father Isaac saide vnto him, Come neere now, and kisse me, my sonne. And he came neere, and kissed him: and he smelled the smell of his raiment, and blessed him, and said, See the smell of my sonne is as the smell of a field, which the Yoohwhoo hath blessed."* [laughs uproariously]. Esau's clothes smell like manure! [it takes him a while to stop laughing] Good thing



Yoohwhoo didn't "get" that one. *"Therefore God giue thee of the dew of heauen"* God's making fun of Yoohwhoo's "mist that went up from the ground that watered the garden". Dew *forms* on grass and leaves, but God makes it sound as if it *falls* from heaven. *"and the fatnesse of the earth,"* Fat? Yoohwhoo must've thought. Does this vegetation make me look fat? *"and plenty of corne and wine. Let people..."* "People" not "men" or "sons" *"...serue thee, and nations bow downe to thee: bee lord..."* or "yoohwhoo," nyuck nyuck nyuck *"...ouer thy brethren, & let thy mothers sonnes bow downe to thee."* Again, God is making fun of Yoohwhoo's idea of a "woman's seed"—making it sound as if *some* sons are *fathers'* sons and *some* sons are *mothers'* sons, you know, *biologically*. *"Cursed bee euery one that curseth thee, and blessed be hee that blesseth thee."* Which is pretty clever on God's part: taking Yoohwhoo's own "blessing and curse" on Abram back in chapter 12—"I will bless them that bless thee and curse him that curseth thee.": that is, bless the "he, she, its" and curse God—and changing it into "Cursed bee *every one* that curseth thee" that is, cursed is any *individual he, she or it* who curses Jacob and blessed is *he*, Isaac/God or Yoohwhoo or any individual he, she or it, who blesses Jacob. Okay, Jacob beats a hasty retreat just before Esau comes in. *"And Isaac his father said vnto him, Who thou? and he said, I am thy sonne, thy first borne Esau. And Isaac trembled with a great trembling greatly, and said, Who? where he that hath hunted venison and brought it me, and I haue eaten of all before thou camest, and haue blessed him? yea and he shalbe blessed. And when Esau heard the words of his father, he cried with a great and exceeding bitter cry, and said vnto his father, Blesse mee, me also, O my father. And hee said, Thy brother came with subtilty, and hath taken away thy blessing."* "Subtlety"—that's the first time that word has been used to describe someone since the Talking Snake! *"And he said, Is not he rightly named Iacob?"* That is, "a supplanter" *"for he hath supplanted me these two times: hee tooke away my birthright, and behold, now he hath taken away my blessing: and he said, Hast thou not reserued a blessing for mee?"* This is the best news Yoohwhoo has had in a while. Man may have tricked Yoohwhoo into trading *her* birthright for a bowl of *soup* and some bread, but Yoohwhoo's representative in *this* story has fooled God's representative—with a bowl of *seasoned goat meat* and some bread!—into giving *her* representative the blessing reserved for the eldest son! Hah! (Yoohwhoo must've thought). The younger is *still* beating the elder! *"And Isaac answered and saide vnto Esau, Behold, I haue made him thy lord, and all his brethren haue I giuen to him for seruants: and with corne and wine haue I susteined him: and what shall I doe now vnto thee, my sonne? And Esau said vnto his father, Hast thou but one blessing, my father? Blesse mee, mee also, O my father. And Esau lift up his voyce and wept."* Cerebus wonders what Yoohwhoo's reaction was to this. Since she's female, the tears should've, you know, made her feel bad, even just a *little* bit. On the other hand, she is Yoohwhoo. You know, Oh, Boo-hoo-hoo, yourself, y'big hairy *loser*. *"And Isaac his father answered, and said vnto him, Behold, thy dwelling shall be of the fatnesse of the earth."* Stop *saying* that, Yoohwhoo must've thought. *"and of the dew of heauen from above. And by thy sword shalt thou liue and shalt serue thy brother: and it shall come to passe when thou shalt haue the dominion that thou shalt breake his yoke from off thy necke."* God warning Yoohwhoo that the elder isn't going to serve the younger—like some beast of burden—*forever*. *"And Esau hated Iacob, because of the blessing, wherewith his father blessed him: and Esau said in his heart, The dayes of mourning for my father are at hand, then will I slay my brother Iacob. And these words of Esau her elder sonne were told to Rebekah:"* Since Esau only said the words *in his heart*, three guesses as to who "spilled the beans" to Rebekah. *"And she sent and called Iacob her younger sonne, and said vnto him, Behold, thy brother Esau, as touching thee, doeth comfort himselfe to kill thee. Now therefore my sonne, obey my voice: and arise, flee thou to Laban my brother, to Haran."* Oh, hey. An unexpected bonus for Yoohwhoo, going back to when Abraham sent his servant to Haran to find Isaac a wife? And Yoohwhoo, speaking through the Servant, had asked, you know, "what if she won't follow me? Should I bring Isaac to Haran?" And Abraham had said, "Beware thou, that thou bring not my sonne thither again."? Well, it definitely scared Yoohwhoo, it definitely aroused Yoohwhoo's curiosity and Yoohwhoo *definitely* didn't forget. *Yoohwhoo* herself was probably *still* too scared of that "Beware thou" to tell Jacob, *herself*, to go to Haran, but *Rebekah* isn't. Are you kidding? This is like "Cain and Hebel" all over again. Only *this* time, "Hebel"'s mother is getting him the heck *out* of there *before* "Cain" can kill him. *"And tary with him a few dayes, untill thy brothers furie turne away; Untill thy brothers anger turne away from thee, and he forget that, which thou hast done to him: then I will send, and fetch thee from thence: why should I be depriued also of you both in one day?"* Cerebus read that part a bunch of times. "Both"? What is she talking about? And then Cerebus realized. Esau would have known that his mother was behind the deception, that Jacob couldn't have done it by himself. She had lost Esau's love by conspiring with Jacob and she knew it. For a mother, losing a son's love isn't much different from actually losing that son. *"And Rebekah said to Isaac, I am weary of my life, because of the daughters of Heth: If Iacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life doe me?"* She knows that it's better if *Isaac* sends Jacob to Haran and like any wife she knows the best weak spot to hit: in this case, the daughters of Heth who were *"bitternesse of spirit vnto Isaac and to Rebekah"* when Esau married one of them at the end of chapter twenty-six. Which is also a set-up for God's joke in chapter thirty-one.

Okay. Chapter twenty-eight. *"And Isaac called Iacob, and blessed him, and charged him, and saide vnto him, Thou shalt not take a wife, of the daughters of Canaan. Arise, goe to Padan Aram, to the house of Bethuel, thy mothers father, and take thee a wife from thence, of the daughters of Laban thy mothers brother."* Isaac actually *gives* Jacob the instruction that Abraham's servant had *made up on his own*: go and marry your first cousin! [laughs] Cerebus guesses that the way *Isaac* looked at it, it had turned out okay for *him*! *"And God Almighty blesse thee, and make thee fruitfull, and multiply thee, that thou mayest be an assembly of people."* Isaac has *no* idea how close to the truth *that* one is going to turn out to be! Nyuck nyuck nyuck. *"And giue thee the blessing of Abraham, to thee and to thy seede with thee, that thou mayest inherit the lande of thy soiournings, which God gaue vnto Abraham."* Well, *God* didn't give the land to Abraham, but, well... [thinks] So, off goes Jacob to Haran. *"And Esau seeing that the daughters of Canaan were euill in the eyes of Isaac his father. Then went Esau vnto Ishmael, and tooke vnto the wiues which hee had, Mahalath the daughter of Ishamel Abrahams sonne, the sister of Nebaioth, to be his wife."* *More* sons to become *more* nations to oppose Abraham's seed.

Anyway, back to Jacob: *"And hee lighted vpon a certaine place, and taried there all night, because the sun was set: and he tooke of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay downe in that place to sleepe. And he dreamed, and beholde, a ladder set vp on the earth, and the top of it reached to heauen: and beholde the Angels of God ascending and descending on it."* Now [laughs] now the comedy really gets started. Remember back in the Tower of Babel story when Yoohwhoo was acting as if "heaven" wasn't just a bunch of air "between the waters and the waters"? That it was, like, Yoohwhoo's *house*? Well, guess what? Now that the younger has usurped the birthright and the blessing of the elder: it *is!* [laughs] So all of God's Angels have to move out of Yoohwhoo's house and climb down this ladder into the earth [laughs] where God is now. Not really, of course. God is everywhere. But, to Yoohwhoo, the *elder being* lives in *heaven* and the *younger being* lives in the *earth*. So, now that the younger being has *supplanted* the elder being, all of Yoohwhoo's Angels are climbing out of the earth and into heaven! Where: *"And behold, the Yoohwhoo stood aboue it, and said, I am the Yoohwhoo God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac"* Yoohwhoo is so excited, she gets it wrong. Abraham is Jacob's *grand*father, not his father. *"the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I giue it, and to thy seede. And thy seede shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt break forth to the West, and to the East, and to the North and to the South: and in thee and in thy seed, shall all the families of the earth be blessed. And behold, I am with thee, and will keepe thee in all whither thou goest, and will bring thee againe into this land: for I will not leaue thee, vntill I haue done that which I have spoken to thee of. And Iacob awaked out of his sleepe, and he said, Surely the Yoohwhoo is in this place, and I knew it not. And he was afraid, and said, How dreadful this place? This is none other, but the house of God, and this the gate of heauen. And Iacob rose vp earely in the morning, and tooke the stone that hee had put for his pillows, and set it up for a pillar, and powred oile vpon the top of it."* [it has taken him a while to get all this out, he's laughing so hard] Poor Yoohwhoo! No sooner does she evict all of God's Angels from heaven and get them all to climb down into the earth, no sooner does she get herself all nice and cozy above the ladder and get all of *her* Angels into heaven and no sooner does she tell her earthly representative, Jacob, that she is with him, she will keep him, and will bring him again into the land [laughs] than that same representative wakes up and decides that the *rock*, the *piece-of-the-earth that he's using for a pillow*



is *God's house.* [laughs] Which—to Yoohwhoo—it *is*, now. And he *anoints the rock!* [laughs and laughs] *The rock is going to be his church! "And he called the name of that place Beth-el".* Literally, the House of God—to which Yoohwhoo is compelled to add, *"but the name of that citie was called Luz, at the first."* At the first, sure [laughs] but not *now,* Yoohwhoo. *Now,* it's the House of God. *"And Iacob vowed a vow, saying, If God will be with me, and will keepe me in this way that I goe, and will giue me bread to eate, and raiment to put on, so that I come againe to my fathers house in peace: then shall the Yoohwhoo be my God."* You can almost hear Yoohwhoo letting out a big sigh of relief at that *last* line. A little too soon as it turns out: *"And this stone which I haue set for a pillar, shall be Gods house: and of all that thou shalt giue me, I will surely giue the tenth vnto thee."* So, *nine*-tenths of whatever Jacob gets, Jacob keeps and *one*-tenth of whatever Jacob gets [laughs] Jacob will give to his rock. [looks around the Sanctuary] Hard to believe that the idea for all this [laughs] came from a rock.

Jacob is a very, very funny guy. He just doesn't *know* that he's a very, very funny guy. Okay. Chapter twenty-nine. *"Then Iacob lift up his feet, and came into the land of the children of the East. And he looked, and behold, a well in the field, and loe, there three flocks of sheepe lying by it: for out of that wel they watered the flocks: and a great stone was vpon the welles mouth."* [laughs and laughs and laughs a *lot* through this part of the story] God is going along with it! Why not? If he can pretend for *Hagar* that His house is inside of a *well*, what kind of a big problem would it be for God to put His *new* house on top of His *old* house? No problem at all. *"And thither were all the flockes gathered, and they rolled the stone from the wels mouth, & watered the sheepe, and put the stone againe vpon the wels mouth in his place."* [laughs] God knows his place! Inside the stone on top of the well's mouth. *"And Iacob said vnto them, My brethren whence be ye? and they saide, Of Haran are we. And he said vnto them, Know ye Laban the sonne of Nahor?"* [laughs]. Laban isn't the son of Nahor. Laban is the son of *Bethuel. Bethuel* is the son of Nahor. [laughs] Jacob can't remember who is whose father and who is whose grandfather any better than Yoohwhoo can! *"And they sayde, We knowe. And he said vnto them, Is there peace to him? and they said, He is well: and behold, Rachel his daughter commeth with the sheepe."* [laughs] See, this is the part where Jacob, like Abraham's servant did, is supposed to say something in his heart like "Let it come to pass that the damsel to whom I shall say, let down thy pitcher and give the cattle drink, etc. etc." And he was probably thinking that he'd have to kill a few hours until the cattlemen showed up. Instead, here she comes with *the sheep* and he gets so nervous when he finds out that *this is her!* that it comes out: *"And hee said, Loe, yet the day is great, neither is it time that the cattell should be gathered together: water yee the sheepe, and goe and feed."* [laughs] All the guys by the well must've thought he had lost his mind! *"And they said, We cannot, vntill all the flockes bee gathered together, and till they rolle the stone from the welles mouth: then wee water the sheepe. And while hee yet spake with them, Rachel came with her fathers sheepe: for she kept them. And it came to passe, when Iacob saw Rachel the daughter of Laban his mothers brother; that Iacob went neere, and rolled the stone from the wels mouth, and watered the flocke of Laban his mothers brother."* [laughs] What a comedian! He's got it *backwards. He's* supposed to think in his heart of something Laban's daughter can do to identify herself to *him* and *instead* [laughs] he takes *one look at her* and *he* rolls the stone off of the well's mouth and *he* waters all the sheep for *her*. [laughs] *"And Iacob kissed Rachel, and lifted vp his voice, and wept."* [laughs] This boy really knows how to play "hard-to-get". *"And Iacob told Rachel, that hee was her fathers brother, and that hee was Rebekahs sonne: and she ranne and told her father."* [laughs]. Well, he was *half* right. [laughs]. He's Rebekah's son, but he sure isn't Rachel's father's brother. He's Rachel's father's *nephew*. Can you imagine when Rachel came running in? [laughs] Your brother is here! The son of Rebekah! "Oh, crap," he must've thought with this excited young girl bouncing all around him. [laughs] "Not *this* again." *"And it came to passe, when Laban heard the hearing of Iacob his sisters sonne, that he ranne to meet him, and imbraced him, and kissed him, & brought him to his house: and hee tolde Laban all these things. And Laban said to him, Surely thou art my bone and my flesh: and he abode with him a moneth of daies."* [laughs] "My bone and my flesh," that's what Adam called *Hawwa*: "bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh" [laughs] So Laban [dangling his hand from a limp wrist] has figured Jacob out in the first five seconds. [laughs] Oh, Laban is going to take this one re-e-al slow after what happened with Rebekah. Oh, this is going to be fun. Stick around, kid. Which Jacob does. Which gives Laban a month to figure out what he's going to do with him. So, a month later, Laban just...*pops*...him with: *"And Laban said vnto Iacob, Because thou art my brother, shouldest thou therefore serue me for nought? Tell me, what shall thy wages be?"* Well, the answer to *that* is: who said *I* was going to serve *you*? The *elder* is supposed to serve the *younger*. If *anybody* serves *anybody*, *you* should be serving *me*, Uncle Laban. But that's "man stuff" and Yoohwhoo and Jacob don't [laughs] don't know from "man stuff". *Jacob's* only reaction is, Wages? Hmm. [laughs] What do I want for my wages to serve my brother Laban? Oh, this kid is "easy pickings" all right. *"And Laban had two daughters: the name of the elder was Leah, and the name of the yonger Rachel. Leah was tender eyed: but Rachel was beautiful and well fauoured. And Iacob loued Rachel, and said, I will serue thee seuen yeares for Rachel thy yonger daughter. And Laban said, It is better that I giue her to thee, then that I should giue her to another man: abide with me."* Jacob completely misses the insult: It's better that I give her to you than to someone like me. You know, to another *man*. Whatever Jacob is [laughs] a man wouldn't serve another man for *seven years* just for a *wife*. What? No cattle? No property? No gold? [laughs] For Laban this is about as difficult as taking candy from a baby. *"And Iacob serued seuen yeeres for Rachel: and they seemed vnto him but a few dayes, for the loue hee had to her."* What a putz. [we both laugh and laugh] In one way, aye, it's a good love story but, in every *other* way... [laughs] What a putz! *"And Iacob said vnto Laban, Giue me my wife (for my dayes are fulfilled) that I may goe in vnto her. And Laban gathered together all the men of the place, and made a feast."* [laughs and laughs] He gathers together all the *men* of the place? [laughs and laughs] Oh, this is going to be good. Heh. Well, aye, Cerebus feels a little bad for Jacob. But [laughs] This is going to be good. *"And it came to passe in the euening, that he tooke Leah his daughter, and brought her to him, and he went in vnto her. And Laban gaue vnto his daughter Leah, Zilpah his mayde, for a handmaid."* [laughs] That's too funny. [laughs] He gives his daughter a *dowry* to marry Jacob! [laughs] He has to "sweeten the deal" for his daughter! *And it came to passe, that in the morning, behold it was Leah: and he said to Laban, What is this thou hast done vnto mee? Did not I serue with thee for Rachel? Wherefore then hast thou beguiled me?"* Oh, the boys were probably just killing themselves laughing in the bunkhouse. [laughs and laughs] "Saaay. *You're* not Rachel." *"And Laban said, It must not be so done in our place, to giue the yonger, before the first borne. Fulfill her weeke, and wee will giue thee this also, for the seruice which thou shalt serue with mee, yet seuen other yeeres. And Iacob did so, and fulfilled her weeke: and he gaue him Rachel his daughter to wife also.* [laughs]

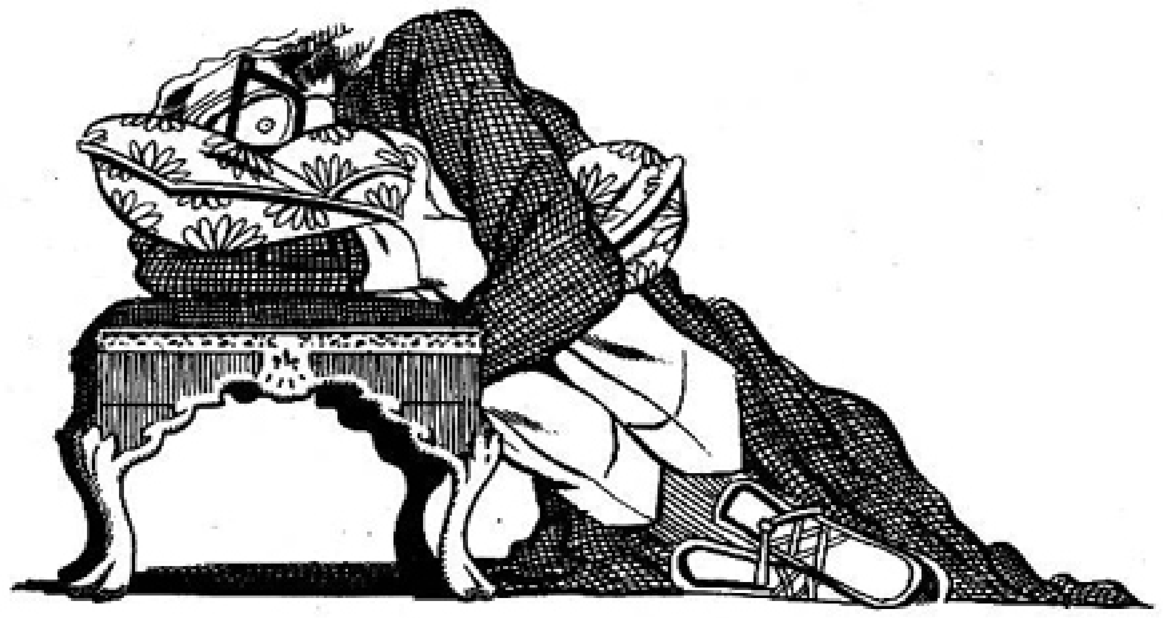
Oh, Cerebus wishes he could've been there when he told the boys. "Guess what, fellas? He's going to serve me *seven more years for Rachel!"* [laughs] What a putz! [laughs and laughs and laughs] *Fourteen years*...for two *women*! *"And Laban gaue to Rachel his daughter, Bilhah his handmaid, to be her mayd."* [laughs]

Laban figures that Rachel should have a dowry for marrying Jacob, too. Something to sweeten the deal. [it takes him a while to stop laughing] [thinks] You know, in a way, Cerebus feels bad laughing at this. But, at the same time, Cerebus has been around guys all his life. You just can't be that, *that*...[dangles his hand from a limp wrist]...and not expect that some guy is going to—you know—give you "the business". *"And he went in also vnto Rachel, and he loued Rachel more then Leah, and serued with him yet seuen other yeeres. And when the Yoohwhoo saw that Leah was hated, hee opened her wombe: but Rachel was barren."*

That's as far as Cerebus got. Actually, Cerebus got *further* than that, but the next part is complicated with Jacob's twelve sons and all of their names, so it's probably better to just stop before the last four verses of chapter twenty-nine where Jacob's first four sons are born. [thinks] [laughs] Well, at least he wasn't a *total* [dangles his hand from a limp wrist] [we both laugh] Cerebus feels like having an ale. [smacks his lips] Aye, Cerebus definitely feels like having an ale. How about you?

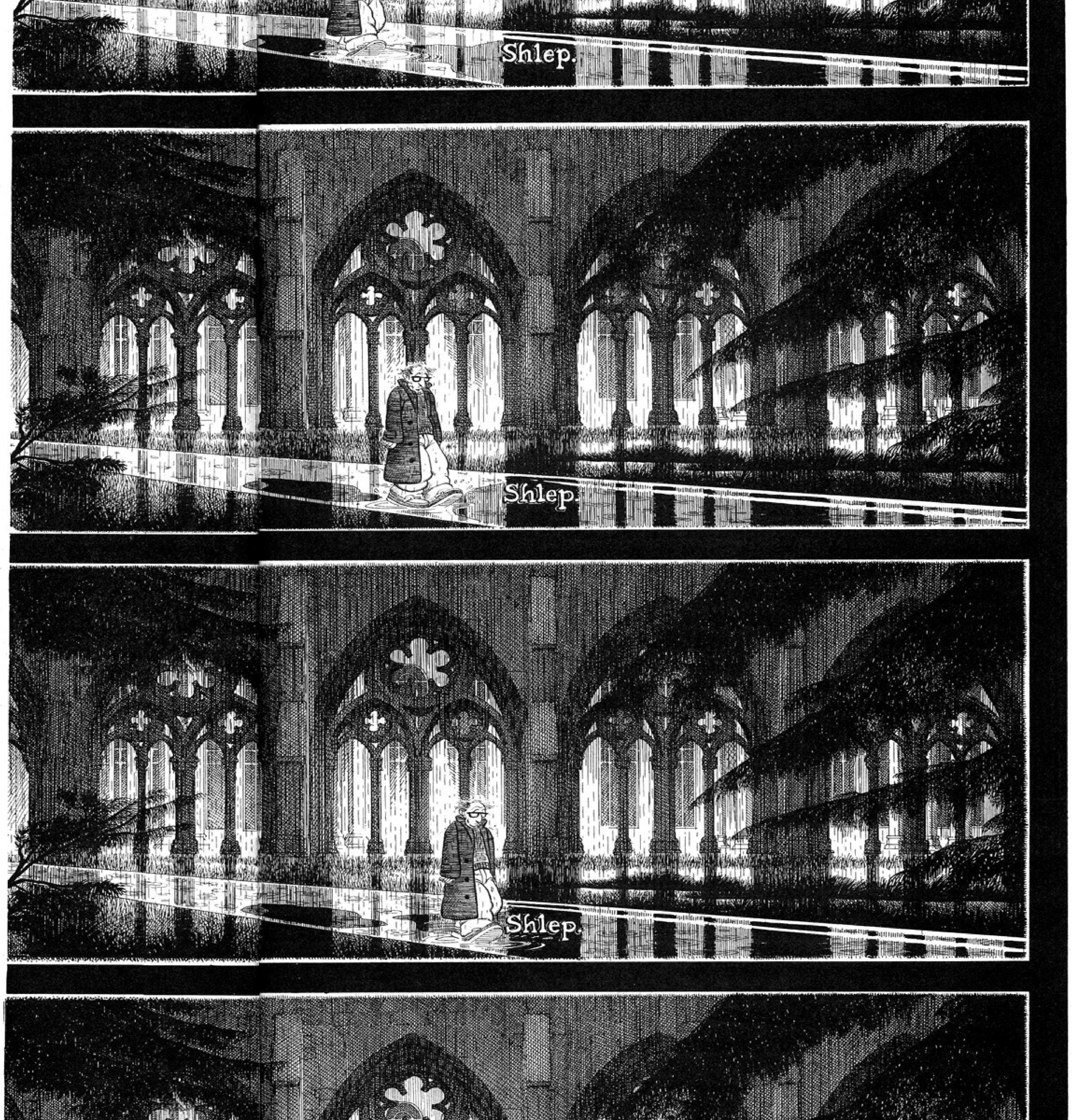
Me:
Me? Sure.

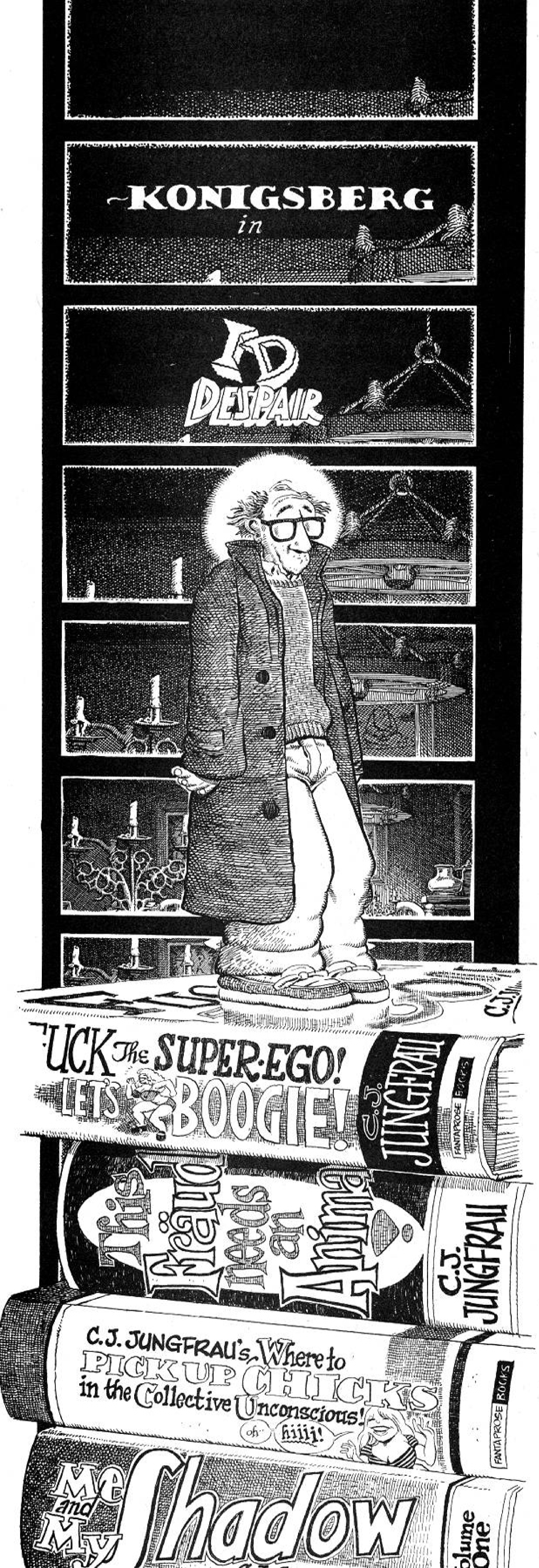
Cerebus:
Great. Let's go. There's a place about four doors down on Two Mile Road. [Sees me looking over at Konigsberg] Oh. Uhhh. [thinks] Uhhh. You...uh...[thinks some more] You have a good night, there, Konigsberg!



KONIGSBERG







40th of Summermonth 79 - It's all *Fräud's* fault. My lousy marriage, my chronic masturbation, the loss of my beloved Annie Hall. All of it. How liberating to know The Truth at last! How ironic that the live-in Scapegoat I've been seeking was—*all along!*—as close as the stacks of overdue books surrounding my writing desk. The moment that I replaced them with every word ever written by C.J. Jungfrau I felt truly free for the first time in my life! C.J. Jungfrau! *Of course!* How could I have been so *blind!?* I really feel, with all my Heart, that—from the Beginning—"C.J." and I were fated to be Kindred Spirits. For, just as I have rejected Fräud so, too, did Fräud reject "C.J."! So, now, the Circle is complete! "C.J." will give me all his Wet Monkey Wisdom and I will bang it--*tenderly and lovingly*--like a Screen Door in a Hurricane. Having staked my entire future on "C.J." I can hardly wait to find out what his theories are.

42nd of Summermonth 79 - "C.J." has turned out to be everything I hoped, everything I *dreamed* he would be! Everything is based on Archetypes: "The Mother," "The Child," "The Father," "The Screen Door," "The Hurricane," Universal Beings which come to us in our dreams and reveries. Just last night I dreamt that I was standing outside the "Arrivals" door at the Carriage Station holding up a sign that said "The Nymphomaniac." No such luck.

44th of Summermonth 79 - I am drawn to "C.J"'s theory of the Anima, the Womanly Counterpart which exists inside each man (just as the Animus—a Masculine Counterpart—exists inside each woman). "C.J." cautions that—within each Anima—there is a stereotypical "inferior" woman: moody, irritable and oversensitive. I'm convinced that I can work around these traits, depending on the size of my Anima's breasts and her policy on "spit" versus "swallow."

46th of Summermonth 79 - Reading "C.J"'s account of his first experience with the Archetypal Shadow: *"I saw myself struggling forward through a Howling Storm, in darkest Night, with only a small Candle to light my way. Gusts of Wind kept threatening to extinguish the Candle although I carefully cupped my hand around the flame. Suddenly, I felt an ominous Presence behind my back. I spun around to face it and saw a gigantic Black Figure trailing behind me. Terrified, I awoke."* Where do I know this from? The little light and the Gigantic Black Figure..... I've reviewed all my notes on Fräud, but it isn't Fräud. Bernheim? No. Adler? No....... Beaker! Of course! I re-read most of *Death? I'm Sorry, I Don't Know Any Death.* It isn't Beaker. Where do I know this from?

48th of Summermonth 79 - I must beware of The Shadow cautions "C.J.", for The Shadow represents *"the inferior elements of human nature"*—what "C.J." elsewhere describes as *"a Tight Passage, a Narrow Door, whose painful constriction no one is spared who goes down to the Deep Well."* The Shadow sounds like my Aunt Sophie at a wedding reception after her third glass of Mogen-David.

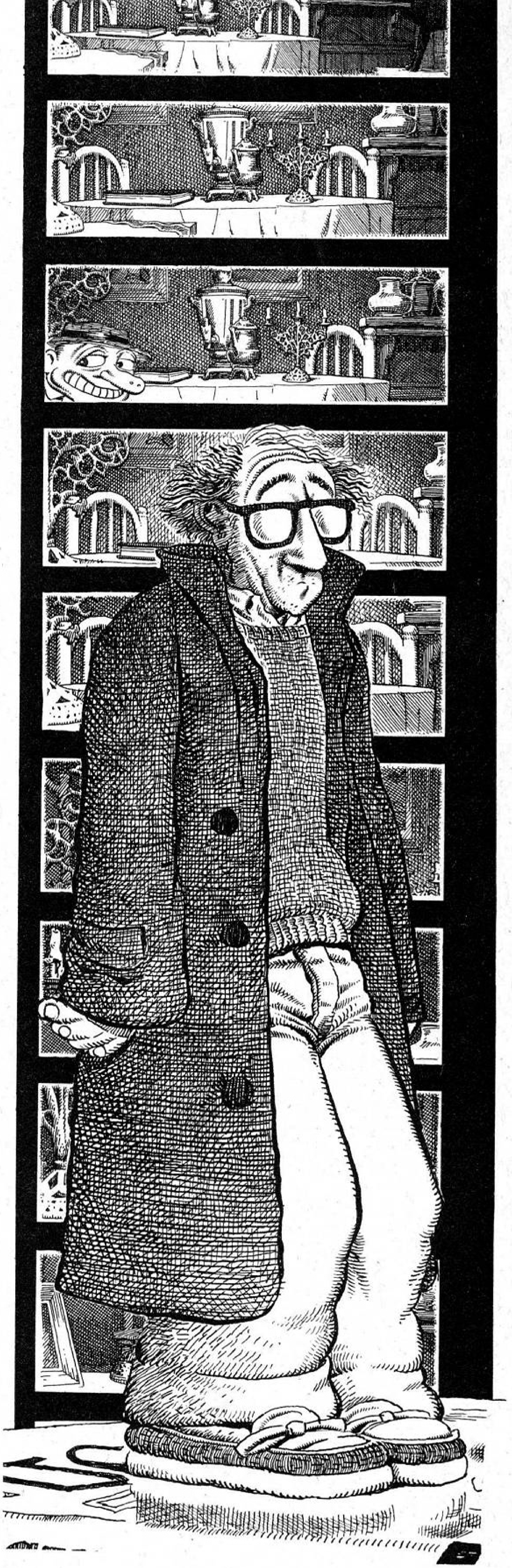
50th of Summermonth 79 - *Last night*, my own Shadow came to me in a dream. He turned out be a Gigantic, Dark, wealthy Playboy, *bon vivant*, man-about-town named Lamont. When I tried hitting him up for an Archetypal Loan he...he *LAUGHED* at me: a Blood-chilling, Bone-curdling sound which (as it turned out) was actually coming from the bottom of an unimaginably Deep Well named Orson. I have to confess that I find all of this terribly confusing.

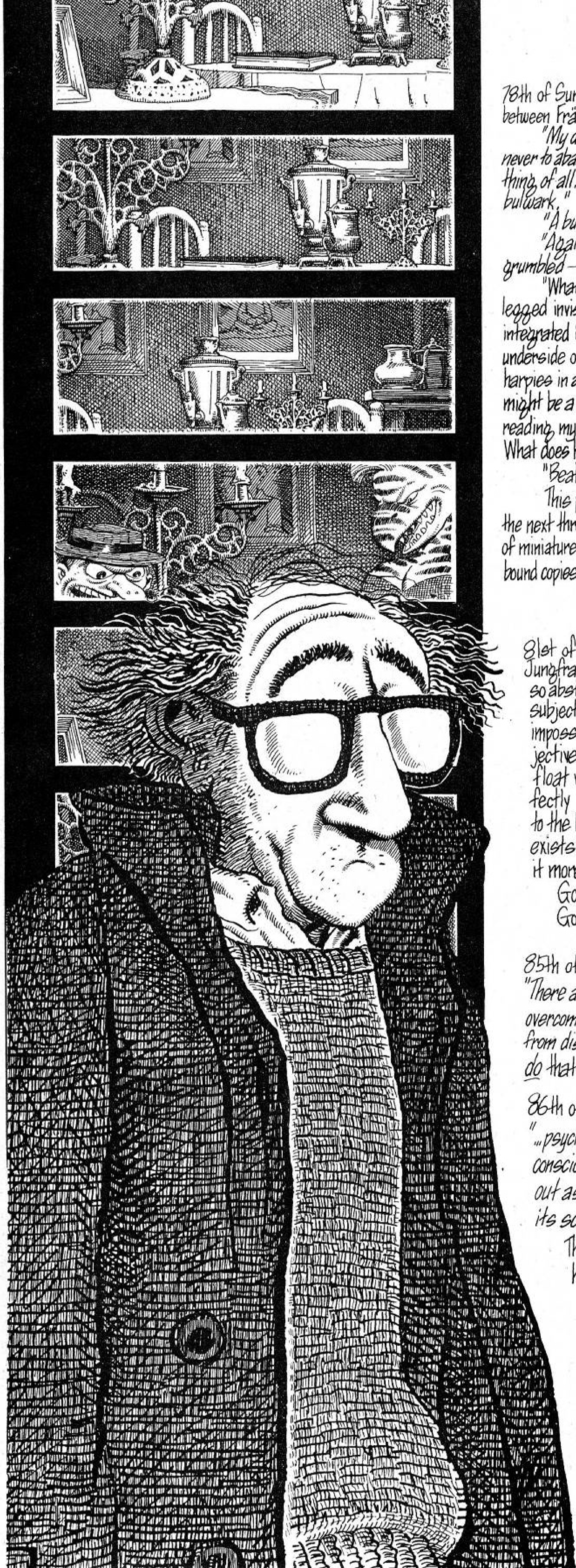
51st of Summermonth - *invisibilem solem pluribus incognitum* ("an invisible sun unknown to many") *Vos estis lux mundi* ("you are the lights of this world") *lumen naturae* ("the lights of nature — sparks scintillating in the blackness of the arcane substance") *anima mundi* ("world soul") *Septem isti oculi sunt Domini, qui discurrunt in universam terram* ("These are the seven eyes of the Lord that run to-and-fro through the whole earth")
Where do I know this from?

60th of Summermonth 79 - *"I was walking along a little road through a hilly landscape... then I came to a small wayside chapel. The door was ajar and I went in... in front of the altar, facing me sat a yogi — in lotus posture in deep meditation. When I looked at him more closely I realized that he had my face. I stared in profound surprise and awoke with the thought, "Aha! So he is the one who is meditating me. He has a dream and I am in it."* The moment Jungfrau realized this, I awoke and realized that both Jungfrau and the yogi had had my face. Does this make me "smarter than the average Yogi"? Or have I just made a Boo-Boo?

64th of Summermonth 79 - *"Between collective consciousness and the collective unconscious there is an almost unbridgeable gulf over which the subject finds himself suspended."* I weep tears of unmitigated joy! For the first time in my life I know where I belong; hanging in mid-air over the gulf which exists between collective consciousness and the collective unconscious! A reverie as...as...real as today's headlines overtakes me! In my personal unconscious I see myself, my Self! Suffused with inner radiance! "Running on air"! Home at last! In the next instant my face appears to drain of emotion, the piston-like movements of my legs slow and then stop. Swallowing hard, slowly, I reach down and, with splayed fingertips, begin to seek — cautiously, carefully — for some manner of *firma* (*terra* or otherwise). To the synchronistic sound of two high notes played on a grand piano, I see myself blink twice and then suddenly, in the next instant, I see myself plummet, plunging down, down, down into the almost unbridgeable gulf between the collective consciousness and the collective unconscious growing smaller and smaller even as the faint and inexplicable whistling sound accompanying my descent fades from my hearing and my falling form shrinks and vanishes from view. A second or two later there comes the distant, muffled but sickeningly distinct sound of impact and a tiny concentric ring of dust rises, lazily from the nearly unimaginable depths. *Immediately*, I realize that this is all Sigmund Fräud's fault. *Damn him!*

70th of Summermonth 79 - Just as Jungfrau had predicted, the sudden influx of images and impressions from the collective and personal unconscious into my conscious mind has effectively deposed my conscious Konigsberg Ego (who, having been denied a bail hearing, is presently awaiting trial in some substrata of my newly emergent and more fully integrated Konigsberg Self). So far, his request for a court-appointed attorney has been rejected by representatives from Hobgoblins Without Borders, Chimeras for the Collective Unconscious Way, The Elvin Civil Liberties Union *and* Mad Pixies Against Drunken Mothers (so, to say the least, things aren't looking too good for him at the moment).





78th of Summermonth 79 – *So that* was the way the relationship between Fräud and Jungfrau had ended!

"My dear Jungfrau," the master admonished, "Promise me never to abandon the sexual theory. That is the most essential thing of all. You see, we must make a dogma of it, an unshakable bulwark."

"A bulwark – against what?" Jungfrau demanded.

"Against the black tide of mud," – here Fräud paused, then grumbled – "of occultism."

"What does he mean by _that?_" snarls Mr. Synod, the three-legged invisible dwarf who (my newly emergent and more fully integrated Konigsberg Self informs me) has been living on the underside of my overcoat collar with a family of miniature striped harpies in a parallel dimension (which might be a *colour* or which might be a letter of the *alphabet*) and has (evidently) been reading my copy of *Dream Warriors* over my shoulder. "Yeah! What does he mean by _that?_" echoes one of the harpies.

"Beats me."

This proves to be an unfortunate choice of rejoinder as I spend the next three nights strapped to a harpsichord, running a gauntlet of miniature striped Mr. Synods all flaying me with studded leather-bound copies of Fräud's *Achtung! Das Hanky-Panky Ist Uberlegenheit!*

81st of Summermonth 79 – What I most admire about Jungfrau's views on thinking is that they are so abstruse, so abstracted and so completely tangential to their subject that they make the actual process of thought impossible, thus allowing one's purely Emotive, Subjective and Wholly Internalized Self to, in essence, float within the amniotic sac of Jungfrau's perfectly impenetrable Jargon, completely impervious to the Rational, Objective and Socialized world which exists outside of Jungfrau's theorizing. Or, to put it more succinctly:

Goo.

Goo goo goo goo goo _Goo._

85th of Summermonth 79 – Jungfrau writes: *"There are many stumbling blocks that cannot be overcome by reason. We shall therefore refrain from discussing them."* I didn't know you could _do_ that! This is _my_ kind of science!

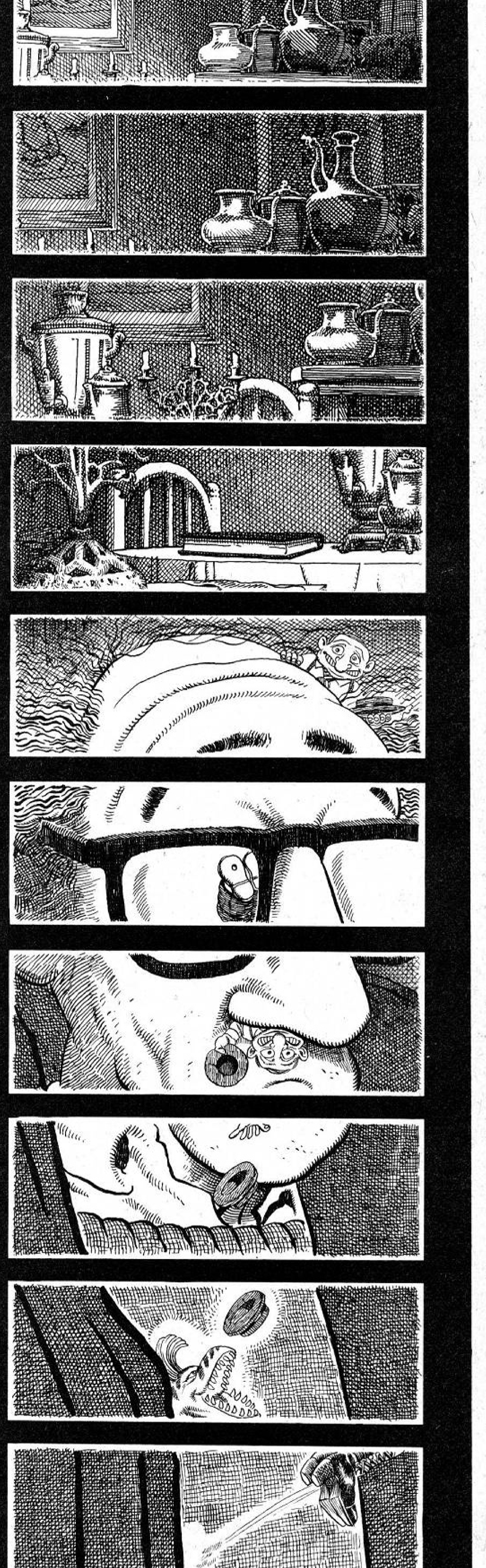
86th of Summermonth 79 – Jungfrau *also* writes that *"...psychology actualizes the unconscious urge to consciousness. Psychology is doomed to cancel itself out as a science and therein precisely it reaches its scientific goal."*

The more closely I examine this observation (as has been the case with so much of Jungfrau's writings) the more I realize that it evinces such depths of meaning that – in a manner resonant with the observation – it cancels itself out thereby achieving, simultaneously a state both of profound meaning _and_ profound meaninglessness, even as it disappears up its own pedantic unlikelihood. Again, this is _my_ kind of science.

1st of Steve 79 - Jungfrau has also written *"The nocturnal mind has no need to bury its insights under symbolic camouflage in order to slip them past the watchful eye of the super-ego. There is no reason under the sun why we should assume that the dream is a crafty device to lead us astray."* In two simple sentences, the master has completely refuted the entirety of Fräud's Dream Theories by the most direct method possible: by stating that he doesn't believe them to be true! I reiterate; this is my kind of science! What a relief to know that Mr. Synod and the miniature striped harpies aren't symbolic of anything, but have their own reality which is grounded both in my *personal* and in the collective unconscious (thus!) having not just *one meaning*, but, rather *many* meanings: all of which are perfectly valid and *real* because I have consciously thought of them. As an example, just this morning, I thought, *"I think I'm going seriously insane here."* Which upset me only until I realized what an infinite variety of completely valid realities are represented within the term "going," within the term "seriously," within the term "insane" and within the term "here" — *and in my conscious mind alone!* Multiply each of those realities by the colour mauve, the letter "p" and the mustard stain on the bottom of this page (even allowing for the fact that the downstroke on the "p" and much of the shade of red which composes the "reddish" part of mauve cancel each other out) and (as any fool can plainly see) what results is a comprehensive collective unconscious *vista* of *all* realities represented by the term "going[p]", by the term "seriously[mauve]", by the term "insane[mustard]", and by the term "here" (where mustard and mauve are the co-tangents). Which, *in turn* (because I have conceived of *all* those realities in my *conscious* mind) are *themselves dwarfed* by the still *larger* number of realities in the collective unconscious which, *in turn* (because I have conceived of *all those* realities in my *conscious mind*) are themselves *dwarfed* by the still larger number of.... etc.[p] etc.[mauve] etc.[mustard]

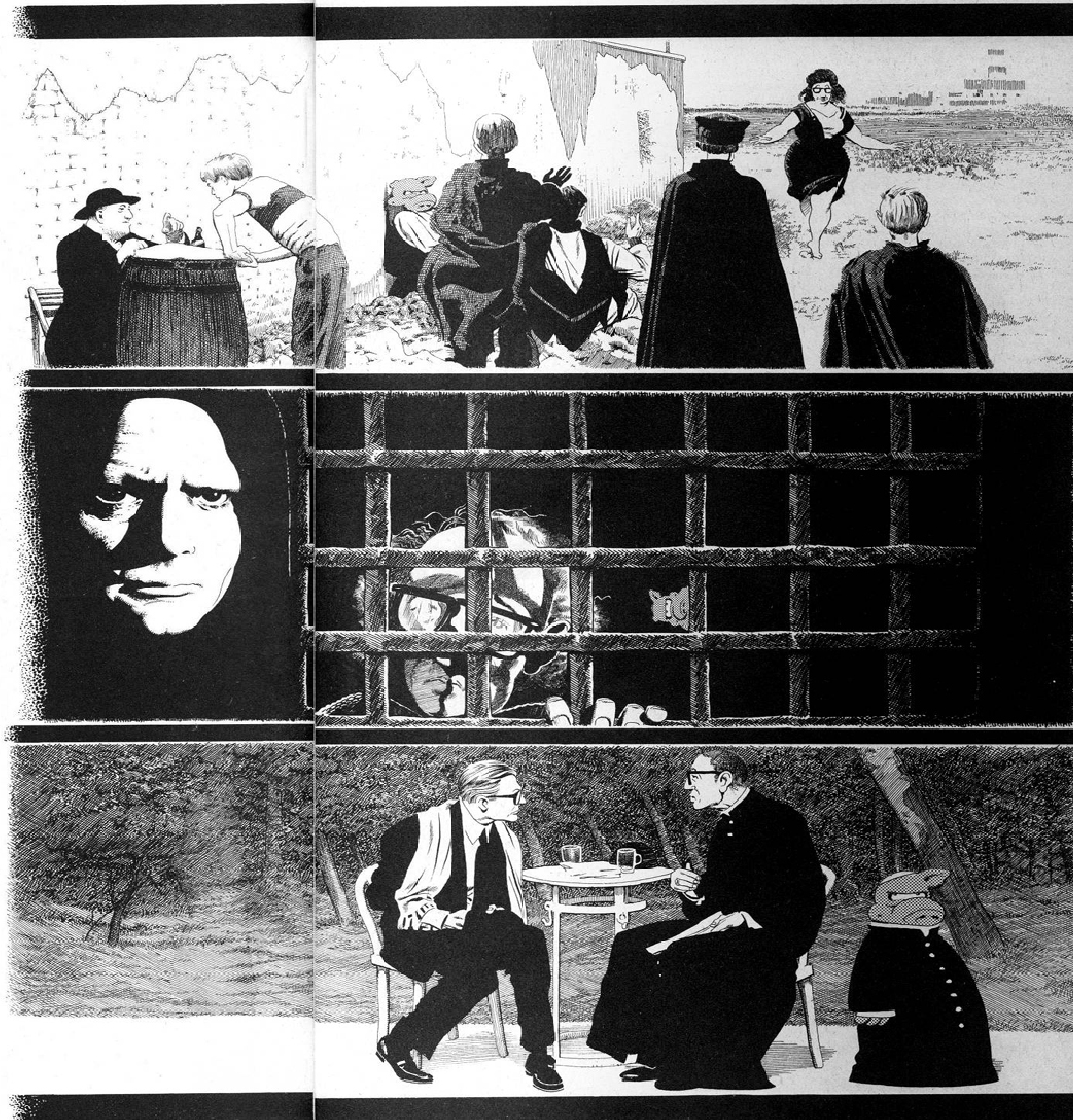
3rd of Steve 79 - The brilliance of Jungfrau! Who else could have written: *"Why is there this frightful conflict between good and evil? So the unconscious can reply, 'Look closer! Each needs the other. The best, just because it is the best, holds the seed of evil, and there is nothing so bad but good can come of it.'"* *This* is why Jungfrau's theories are so effective; because he always takes the Larger View, encouraging his patients to see that their goal is not to become "well" or "cured" but, rather, to recognize and *embrace* "sickness" as a vital component of their (his or his) own Larger Dualistic Self. To recognize that there is no health possible without sickness just as there is no sickness possible without health.

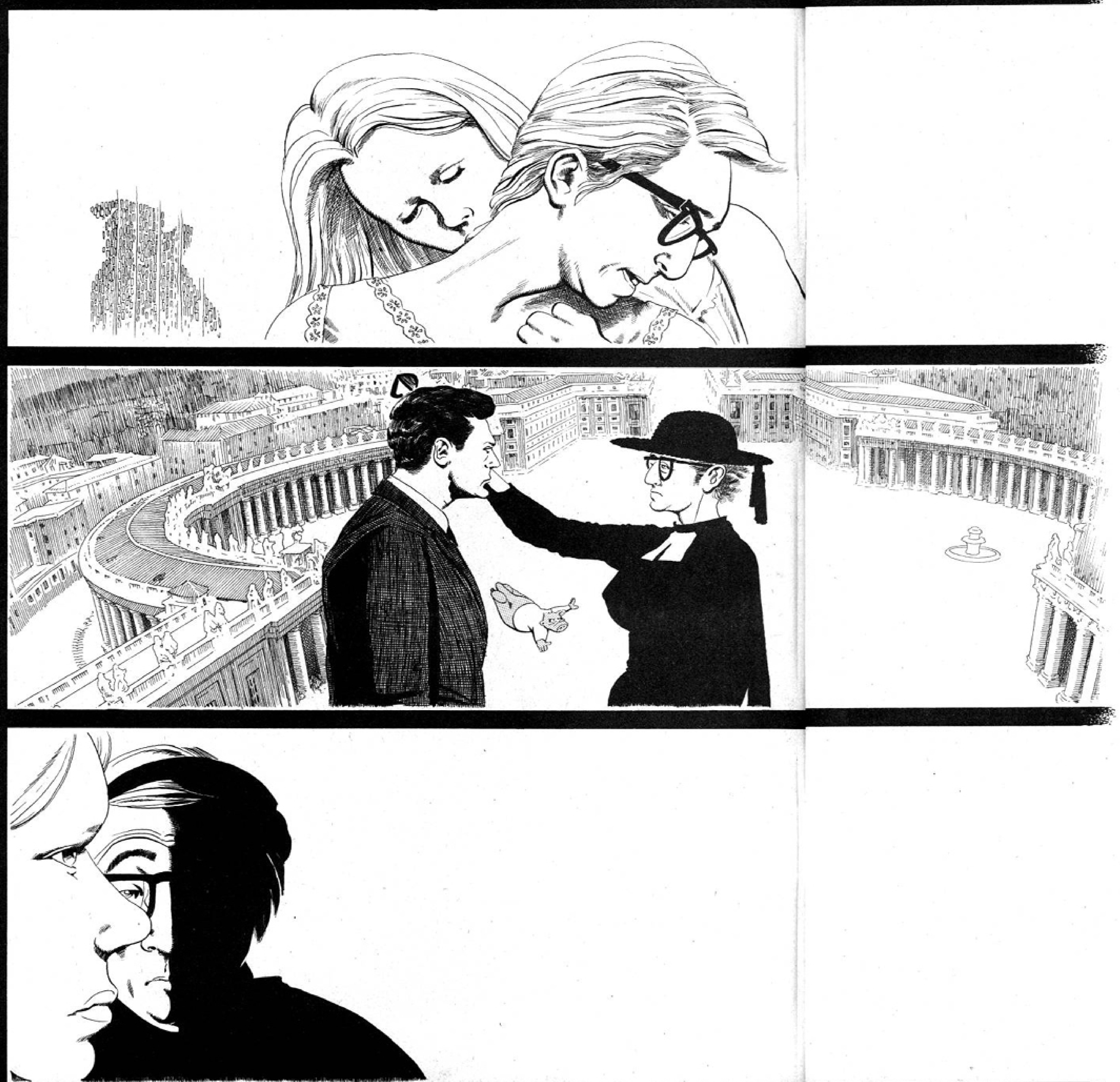
3rd of Steve 80 - Hard to believe that another year has gone by — or that my experiments in "lucid dreaming" (attempting to achieve full consciousness *within* the dream state) have taken so long to reach fruition. On the one hand, considering that I've only managed to achieve the reverse (that is, I'm now living in a permanent dream state during my waking hours) "fruition" might be a bit of an overstatement. On the other hand, relative to the Larger View, I'm calling this one a clear-cut "win-win" situation (leaving aside how unpleasant it is to pass Mr. Synod through my right nostril every minute or so). Someone (who may be the letter "m" or the illegitimate daughter of the colour *puce*) has just informed me that Cerebus is ready to resume dictating his commentaries. Switching to *under*statement: this should be interesting.



Cerebus:

[watching Konigsberg who has his pants hiked up above his knees and who is dancing back and forth for an invisible audience] Hard to believe another year has gone by. [watches Konigsberg for a few seconds shimmying and shaking in one spot] Anyway. [reading the Torah] We left off with Jacob's sons being born. His first wife, Leah, has four: one right after the other. The *first* one she calls Reuben, which translates as "See a son". See, there are *two* levels of meaning here. The *first* level of meaning is the *meaning* of the names. With the *meaning* of the names God is [sighs] *again* trying to explain things to Yoohwhoo. So, with Reuben—"See a son"—God is explaining to Yoohwhoo that God *sees* her. This is God's answer to the "who is whose son?" game. Even though God *knows* that Yoohwhoo is definitely *not* His son and even though God knows that God is definitely not *Yoohwhoo's* son, God is willing to explain things *in those terms* because God knows that that's the *only* way that he can get Yoohwhoo to listen. What God is saying to Yoohwhoo is: whether Yoohwhoo *is* or *isn't* God's son or whether God is or isn't Yoohwhoo's son—*it is a fact* that *God sees Yoohwhoo.* Yoohwhoo doesn't see *God* because God is a *Spirit*, and therefore *invisible*. But Yoohwhoo is the living thing in the middle of the earth, a big fire and a big light. God *sees* her. God can't *miss* seeing her. God just has to look at the big fire and the big light in the middle of the earth, and God says, "Yup. That's Yoohwhoo." So, "See a son". That's the *first* level of meaning. The *second* level of meaning—in each case—is what Leah says are *her reasons* for giving each son the name that she does. So when Reuben is born, she says, *"Surely the Yoohwhoo hath looked vpon my affliction. Now therefore will my husband loue me."* Leah wants Jacob to *love* her, which Jacob *doesn't*. And Yoohwhoo *knows* that. A *blind* man from *a hundred miles away* would know that Leah wants Jacob to love her and a blind man *from a hundred miles away* would know that Jacob *doesn't* love Leah. What God is trying to show Yoohwhoo is that Yoohwhoo's *love for God* is as futile as Leah's *love for Jacob*. God is willing to *explain* things to Yoohwhoo. God is *trying*—and *has been trying*—for a few thousand *years* to explain things to Yoohwhoo. However! If all Yoohwhoo cares about is that she wants God to love her and she wants to become *one flesh* with God and to have God's *babies*, then she *isn't* going to understand because, as God assured her way, way back when the dove flew away from Noah for the last time—*"which returned not againe vnto him any more"—Yoohwhoo and God do not become one flesh. They never* did *and they never* will. Even if Yoohwhoo could make Leah pregnant—which she can't—and even if having a son would make Jacob happy—which it does—It. Is. *NOT.* Going. To. Make. Jacob. Love. Leah. God is trying to use *that* situation between Jacob and Leah that Yoohwhoo *understands: that Jacob is never…under* any *circumstances…going to love Leah*—to explain to Yoohwhoo the situation between God and Yoohwhoo that Yoohwhoo *refuses* to understand: that there is nothing Yoohwhoo could do and there is nothing Yoohwhoo could say…*ever*…under *any* circumstances…which is going to make God change His mind and become one flesh with Yoohwhoo. So the *next* son is born, and *this* one Leah calls Simeon, which translates as "Hearing." So, now you have "See a son" and "Hearing". God *sees* Yoohwhoo. God also *hears* Yoohwhoo. And, really, God is just pointing out the obvious: Yoohwhoo *knows* that God sees her and God hears her because *every stupid idea that Yoohwhoo comes up with comes true!* If God *didn't* see her and *didn't* hear her, how could he make everything she thinks of come true? And then you have the *second* level of meaning when Leah says, *"Because the Yoohwhoo hath heard that I was hated, hee hath therefore giuen mee this also."* [we both pause for a few minutes to watch Konigsberg who has pulled himself up to the lattice-work at the rear of the last row of pews and appears to be trying to whisper to someone he imagines he sees on the other side] Typical female reaction, one extreme to the other. If you don't *love* her, then right away she decides that you *hate* her. God is trying to point out a few things here. One? Yoohwhoo hears Leah. Two? Yoohwhoo *hears* that Leah *believes* that Jacob hates her. Three? The fact that Yoohwhoo *hears* what *Leah* believes *doesn't* mean that *Yoohwhoo believes* what *Leah* believes: that Jacob hates Leah. Yoohwhoo *knows* that Jacob doesn't and will never *love* Leah. But Yoohwhoo also *knows* that that *doesn't* mean that Jacob *hates* Leah. Four? Yoohwhoo knows that the fact that Jacob *doesn't love Leah* has *nothing to do with the fact* that Leah has given birth to Jacob's first two sons. Yoohwhoo, *at no point in time*, said to herself, "Oh, poor Leah, I'll give her Reuben, or I'll get God to give her Reuben, because of her affliction, that her husband doesn't love her." Yoohwhoo *knows* that Jacob *doesn't* love Leah and *Yoohwhoo could not care less* whether Jacob loves Leah. And Yoohwhoo *could not care less* whether Leah has a baby. And Yoohwhoo, *at no point in time*, said to herself, "Oh, poor Leah, I'll give her Simeon or I'll get God to give her Simeon because her husband hates her." What God is saying is that Leah *completely misunderstands* Yoohwhoo the same way that Yoohwhoo *completely misunderstands* God. So, okay. Having established *that*, God goes back to the basic facts. One, God *sees* Yoohwhoo. Two, God *hears* Yoohwhoo. Three, God has no intention of becoming one flesh with Yoohwhoo. Four, the fact that God *sees* Yoohwhoo and the fact that God *hears* Yoohwhoo is *not* a *consolation prize* that God has *awarded to* Yoohwhoo because God *feels sorry* for Yoohwhoo or because God *feels guilty* that He has no intention of becoming one flesh with Yoohwhoo—any more than Yoohwhoo *sees* Leah or Yoohwhoo *hears* Leah because Yoohwhoo *feels guilty* about Jacob *not loving* Leah. Yoohwhoo *sees* Leah because Leah exists. "Yup. That's Leah." Yoohwhoo *hears* Leah because Leah exists. "Yup. That's Leah." *Does* God hate Yoohwhoo? [thinks] [we're interrupted for a few minutes by Konigsberg who has pulled a chair up behind Cerebus and proceeds to discuss his therapy with someone he alternately calls "Marcello" and "Guido"] Let's put it this way. The fact that Yoohwhoo kicked men out of her garden so they couldn't eat of the fruit of the tree of life and the fact that Yoohwhoo then sat and watched Adam, God's man that he made specially for her garden—for *nine centuries*—growing old and dying because Yoohwhoo thinks that men are evil and deserve to die and the fact that Yoohwhoo keeps trying to figure out how to *be* God instead of *obeying* God…well…let's say that it's probably a safe bet that none of these things has exactly *endeared* Yoohwhoo to God or made God feel all warm and fuzzy when He thinks of Yoohwhoo. Speaking personally? Cerebus thinks Yoohwhoo is the worst sort of obnoxious, no-account, low-down, dirty, hose-bag bitch that…that…[takes him a few seconds to calm down]





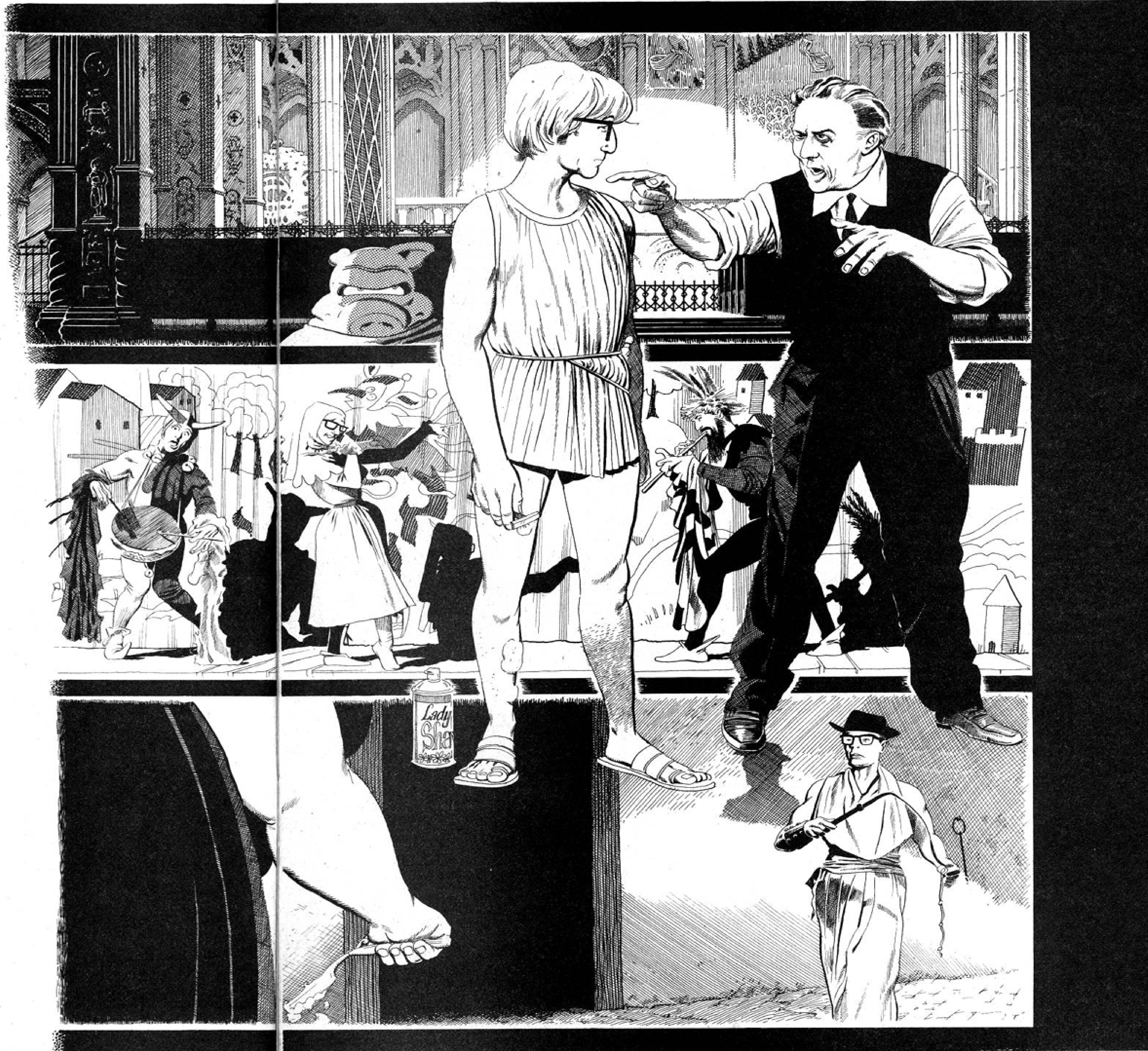
[laughs] Like Cerebus said, God is *much nicer* than Cerebus. Anyway. In no uncertain terms, for the umpteenth time, God is telling Yoohwhoo that Yoohwhoo *does not now* nor does Yoohwhoo *ever become* one flesh with God. But! God can…and *does… see* Yoohwhoo and God can…and *does…hear* Yoohwhoo. God is always there, *watching* Yoohwhoo and *listening* to Yoohwhoo. [thinks] Which doesn't mean Yoohwhoo is anyone special, by the way. God watches and listens to *everyone*. So, okay. The third son is born, Levi, which translates as "Joined". Which leads Leah to say, *"Now this time will my husband be joyned vnto me because I haue borne him three sonnes."* God is obviously hoping that Yoohwhoo—by seeing and hearing *Leah* being as stupid as *Yoohwhoo* has been—that Yoohwhoo will recognize how stupid she, Yoohwhoo, has been and how stupid she, Yoohwhoo, is being. Yoohwhoo *can plainly see* that Jacob doesn't love Leah. Yoohwhoo *can plainly see* that giving birth to Reuben *didn't make Jacob love Leah*, giving birth to Simeon *didn't make Jacob love Leah* and giving birth to Levi *is NOT going to make Jacob love Leah.* "See a son," "Hearing". What God is saying is that—insofar as God *sees* Yoohwhoo and God *hears* Yoohwhoo—God and Yoohwhoo are "joined". But—like it or lump it, Yoohwhoo—that is as "joined" as God and Yoohwhoo are *ever* going to get. [we're both distracted momentarily by Konigsberg who, having opened his shirt wide across his shoulders is lolling his head and making little moaning noises] [Cerebus clears his throat loudly and, mercifully, Konigsberg shuts up] And, with that, we reach the conclusion of the first three sons of Jacob who, being three, of course, represent Yoohwhoo, the younger being, "She, He and It," Reuben, Simeon and Levi, "See a son," "Hearing" and "Joined," come *first* because Jacob, Isaac's *younger* son, has supplanted the birthright and the blessing of the *elder* son, Esau—in the same way that Yoohwhoo has supplanted God. And then the *fourth* son is born, Judah, which means "Praise". As Leah says, *"Now wil I praise the Yoohwhoo."* God, the elder being, comes fourth after "She, He and It". Having cast *Leah* as Yoohwhoo, and *Yoohwhoo* as God, God is suggesting that—having established that God *sees* Yoohwhoo and that God *hears* Yoohwhoo—it might be a good idea for Yoohwhoo to *praise* God, just as Leah *praises* Yoohwhoo. You know, because God is the One who is spending thousands of years trying to explain things to Yoohwhoo? And God is the One who makes everything happen that Yoohwhoo thinks of? [thinks] God is no doubt aware that there isn't even the remotest chance of this happening with an obnoxious, low-down, no-account, dirty, hose-bag bitch of a….a…[sighs]…But, God probably figured it was worth a shot. And Leah—having popped four sons out of her oven just like that—*"stood from bearing."* Okay. Chapter thirty. *"And when Rachel saw that shee bare Iacob no children, Rachel enuied her sister, and said vnto Iacob, Giue me children or els I die. And Iacobs anger was kindled against Rachel, and he said, Am I in Gods stead, who hath withheld from thee the fruit of the wombe?"* So, Jacob proves that at least *someone* has his head on straight and knows that it's *God* who decides who does and who doesn't get pregnant.

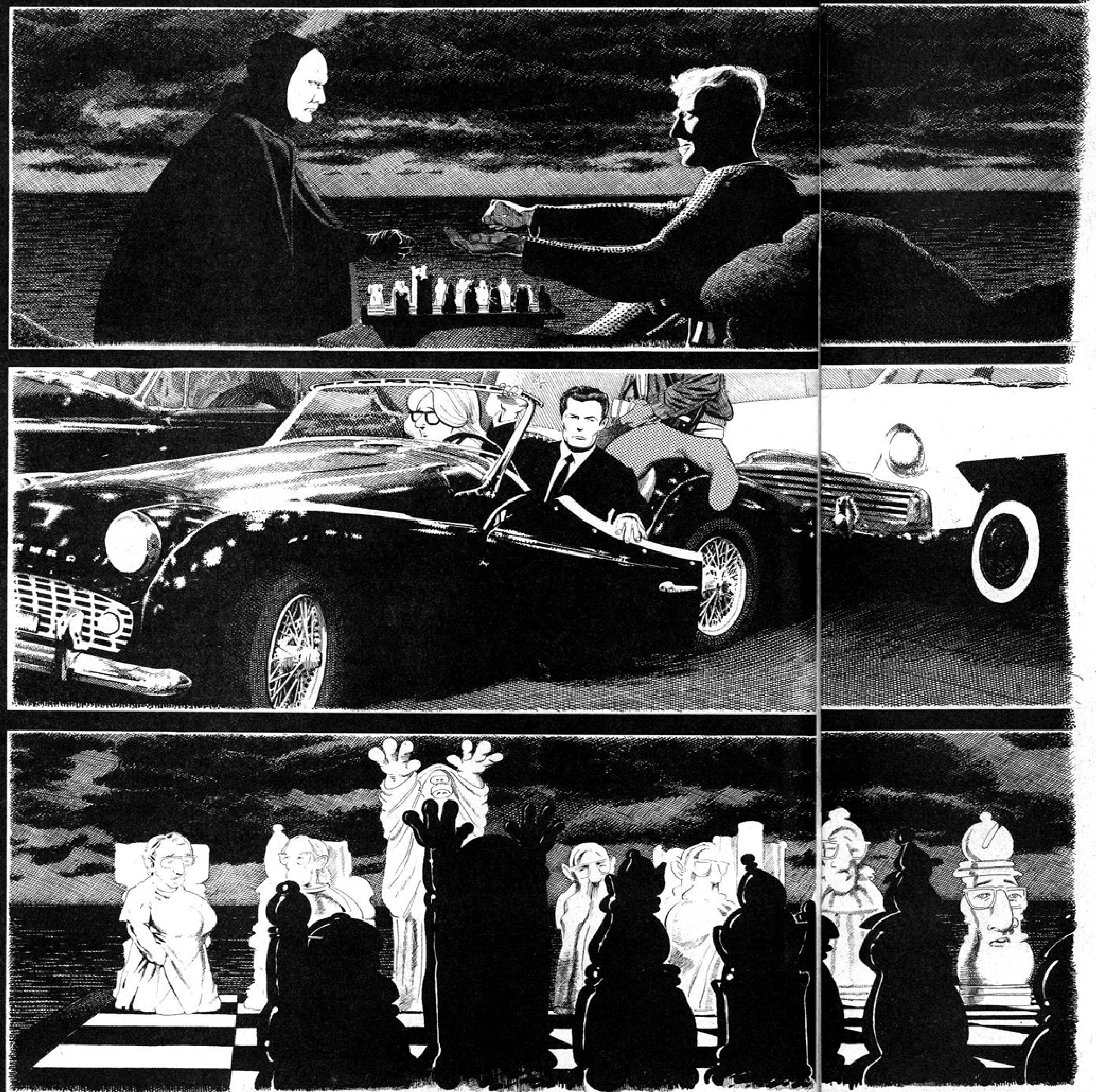
Konigsberg:
Mar*ce*llo.

[Cerebus and I look away as quickly as we can] *"And she said, Behold my mayde Bilhah: goe in vnto her, and she shall beare vpon my knees, that I may also be built by her."* Okay, so here we have the Sarai/Hagar trick all over again, a little reminder that the Big Yoohwhoo in Egypt is still up ahead in the story, getting ready to take Abraham's seed down into a "land that is not theirs." *"And she gaue him Bilhah her handmayd to wife: and Iacob went in vnto her. And Bilhah conceiued and bare Iacob a sonne. And Rachel said, God hath iudged me, and hath also heard my voice, and hath giuen me a sonne: therefore called she his name Dan."* "Dan" means "Judging". Okay, so now Rachel is doing the same thing as Leah—providing a *second* level of meaning by *her interpretation* of the name that she chooses. God has established what *Yoohwhoo's* reality is with Leah's *first four* sons. Now, God moves over closer to what is *actually* going on. God *heard* Rachel—that she wanted children—and God *judged* Rachel—whether she *deserved* children—and God *decided*, "Okay, Rachel can have a son through her maid." It really doesn't matter whether Rachel gets pregnant or her maid gets pregnant, its Jacob's seed. If Rachel *wants* to believe that the fact that she *owns* Bilhah because her father gave her Bilhah as a *wedding present* means that any baby *Bilhah* has is actually *Rachel's*—well, it's a little *nutty*, but, hey, why not? It's not important. It's a side issue. God is frying much bigger fish, here. What God is saying is that God *hears* and God *judges*. God *hears* Rachel and God *judges* Rachel. God hears *everyone* and God *judges* everyone. So, Bilhah's elder son establishes what the elder being, God, is all about after all of Yoohwhoo's misunderstanding of who God is, who Yoohwhoo is and what it is that they do. God *sees* Yoohwhoo, God *hears* Yoohwhoo and God *judges* Yoohwhoo. Because that's God's *job*. That is who God *is*. Okay. *"And Rachel saide, With wrastlings of God haue I wrastled with my sister, and I haue prevailed: and she called his name Naphtali."* Which translates as "My Wrestling". This, in a nutshell, is what God is judging. Yoohwhoo is wrestling with everything from the bad fruit that she ate, to the men, to God, to who she thinks she is, to who she thinks God is. She's wrestling with all of that for thousands and thousands of years. God *sees* her wrestling with all that, God *hears* her wrestling with all that, and, on an on-going basis, minute by minute, day by day, for thousands and thousands of years, God *judges* how Yoohwhoo is doing with everything that she's wrestling with. So far? [thinks] Well, see, God is *getting* to that. But before God gets to "how Yoohwhoo is doing so far," God is again trying to explain that everything is very, very, very, *very* simple. [as if he is talking to a two-year-old] As simple as "Dan"—judging—and "Naphtali"—wrestling. There is an elder being, God, a younger being, Yoohwhoo, and the job of God is to *judge* how Yoohwhoo is doing with the things she's *wrestling* with. Okay. *"When Leah saw that she had left bearing, shee tooke Zilpah her mayde, and gaue her Iacob to wife. And Zilpah Leahs mayde bare Iacob a sonne. And Leah said, A troupe commeth: and she called his name Gad."* Which translates as "a troop" or "a company". What God is pointing out is that even given the very basic, very simple nature of reality—that, beginning, middle and end, it is God's *job* to judge *how* Yoohwhoo is *doing*—Yoohwhoo can *never*, it seems, *just leave it at that*. Yoohwhoo has

to "multiply her conceptions," and come up with every crackpot idea that she can as to whether she is God's Half-Sister-God or God is her Uncle-God or she is God's Niece-God. And, further, God, through the birth of Gad, is indicating that God *knows* that. What God is saying is that, judging Yoohwhoo so far, anytime *God tries to explain* to Yoohwhoo what is going on—something as simple as "God is *judging* and Yoohwhoo is *wrestling*"—right away, "Behold a troop commeth!" You know. Tell Yoohwhoo the truth [laughs] and here come ten more crackpot loony-tune ideas that God has to make come true and then deal with. *"And Zilpah Leahs mayde bare Iacob a second sonne. And Leah said, In my happiness, for the daughters will call be blessed: and she called his name Asher."* "Asher" translates as "Happy". So, the two sons that *Bilhah* bore for Jacob represent God's best and simplest explanation of what is going on between God and Yoohwhoo. God is judging and Yoohwhoo is wrestling. And the two sons that *Zilpah* bore for Jacob represent God's best *judgment* of Yoohwhoo's *wrestling*: Yoohwhoo keeps coming up with all these "troops" of crackpot, loony-tune ideas because [laughs] *it makes her happy.* If coming up with a bunch of crackpot loony-tune ideas make you happy [laughs] let's just say that *only* daughters—women—would call you "blessed" for living that way. *"And Reuben went in the dayes of wheat haruest, & found Mandrakes in the field, and brought them vnto his mother Leah. Then Rachel saide to Leah, Giue me, I pray thee, of thy sonnes Mandrakes. And shee said vnto her, Is it a small matter, that thou hast taken my husband? and wouldst thou take away my sonnes Mandrakes also? and Rachel said, Therefore hee shall lye with thee to night, for thy sonnes Mandrakes. And Iacob came out of the field in the euening, and Leah went out to meet him, and said, Thou must come in vnto mee: for surely I haue hired thee with my sonnes Mandrakes. And hee lay with her that night."* [laughs and laughs and laughs] Jacob is such a putz. He worked *fourteen years* to get Rachel [laughs and laughs and laughs] and she hires him out to her sister for a bunch of flowers that her sister's son picked! And he just goes along with it! Talk about the women being in charge—just like back in the garden! [laughs and laughs and laughs] [finally stops laughing and goes quiet for a long while] Of course, it's also about the relationship between God and Yoohwhoo. By coming up with "Gad" and "Asher," God has sized up Yoohwhoo pretty good and even Yoohwhoo has to admit that to herself—way down there in the middle of the earth. God's right and she knows it. Nothing makes Yoohwhoo happier than coming up with another bunch of screwy ideas. But *that* [laughs] that raised a question that Yoohwhoo never considered before. Because God sees, hears and judges Yoohwhoo and is willing to spend thousands and thousands of years trying to get her to understand what's going on, dealing, one at a time, with every crackpot idea she comes up with, letting her usurp his position and making everything she comes up with come true—well, the question that's *got* to occur to Yoohwhoo—who, let's face it, wouldn't lift a finger to help *anybody* for a *minute*, let alone for *thousands of years*—the question that's got to occur to Yoohwhoo and, Cerebus is willing to bet, did occur to Yoohwhoo after "Gad" and "Asher" is: So what's God's "angle"? You know, what does *God* get out of all this? What makes God happy, the same way that coming up with a bunch of screwy ideas makes Yoohwhoo happy? And the answer is, Yoohwhoo's flowers. You know, flowers are *nothing* compared to what *God* can create. They can't get up or walk around or fly or talk or think. They aren't, you know, much good for anything. They're not even as useful as Yoohwhoo's *wheat* that was being harvested at the same time. Wheat you can make *bread* or *cakes* out of and, you know, *eat* them. But, for God, it's not the flowers themselves so much as the fact that they're *Yoohwhoo's* flowers. They are something Yoohwhoo created *on her own, with no help from God.* A creation created by one of God's creations—one of God's creations who [laughs] bless her dopey little heart thinks she's His son, just like Reuben is Jacob's son. His first-born. And *that*, Cerebus is pretty sure, *that* makes them more important and more valuable to God than just about darned near anything. They're *beautiful*—just the way Yoohwhoo *intended* them to be, just the way that Yoohwhoo *made* them. *That* was why Reuben wanted to pick them and give them to his mother, and *that* was why Leah was happy to get them, and *that* was why Rachel wanted them when she saw them. And *that's* why God likes them—for the same reason Reuben and Leah and Rachel liked them. They're *beautiful*! And *that's* why Yoohwhoo's flowers are all the payment that God could ever want or ask for—from the living thing inside the earth who thinks she's his son—in exchange for God's thousands and thousands of years of patient seeing…and hearing…and explaining…and judging. That's God's "hire". *"And Leah said, God hath giuen mee my hire, because I haue giuen my maiden to my husband: and she called his name Issachar."* Issachar translates as "a Hire".

[we both notice at the same time that Konigsberg has taken his pants off and is miming shaving his legs, occasionally standing up and saying, "Yes, sir, Mr. Fellini" or "No, sir, Mr. Fellini"] So, uh [watches Konigsberg for another minute or so: "Yes, sir, Mr. Fellini" "No, sir, Mr. Fellini"] So, okay. *"And Leah conceiued againe, and bare Iacob the sixth sonne. And Leah said, God hath endued me a good dowry: Now will my husband dwel with me, because I haue borne him sixe sonnes. And shee called his name Zebulun."* Zebulun translates as "Dwelling". Which is, you know [laughs] "So, here we are." Yoohwhoo dwelling in the middle of the earth and God watching her and listening to her and getting ready to judge whatever she does or says. And Yoohwhoo basically [laughs] mulling things over. Finally, she's mulling things over for so long that Leah gets pregnant and gives birth again. *"And afterwards shee bare a daughter and called her name Dinah."* Dinah translates as "Judgment". So, God is basically acknowledging that Yoohwhoo didn't just come up with another troop full of crazy ideas to make herself happy. She actually thought about things and for a long time. Long enough that, for the first time, as a result, Leah had a *daughter* instead of a son. Because *Yoohwhoo* was doing something good for a change, acting the way God wanted her to act—exercising *Judgment*—instead of just being a troublemaker. Also, the children Leah bore to Jacob represent the *days* in the first two chapters of the first Book of Moshe: Reuben, Simeon, Levi, Judah, Issachar and Zebulon representing the *six* days that God said it took him to create the heaven and the earth and Dinah representing the *one* day that Yoohwhoo said it took her to create the heavens and the earth. [laughs] So, while Yoohwhoo is mulling all of that over: *"And God remembred Rachel, and God hearkened to her,*





and opened her wombe. And she conceiued and bare a sonne, and said, God hath taken away my reproach: and she called his name Ioseph, and saide, the Yoohwhoo shall adde to me another sonne." Joseph translates as "Adding". So, God takes away His reproach from Rachel, the way He has taken away His reproach from Yoohwhoo—and which God will continue to take away as long as Yoohwhoo continues to exercise Judgment. And Judgment, in this case, is going to center on whether Yoohwhoo wants God to allow Rachel to get pregnant again or not, because Rachel has said that *"Yoohwhoo shall adde to me another sonne."* See, it's a test of Yoohwhoo's Judgment—a test of whether she has learned her lesson that she is not supposed to lie and say that she makes women pregnant, because she knows that *only God* decides if women get pregnant or not. God will make Rachel pregnant with another son *if that's what Yoohwhoo wants,* but, knowing that Rachel will see that as confirmation that "the Yoohwhoo" is able to make women pregnant telling God that Yoohwhoo wants Rachel to get pregnant will be a giant step backward from the Judgment that Yoohwhoo is finally starting to learn. A giant step all the way back to the "women's seed" crap and Hawwa saying that "she has gotten a man from the Yoohwhoo." It's a test of whether Yoohwhoo is going to go back to using *Bad* Judgment or whether Yoohwhoo is going to continue using *Good* Judgment. [laughs] And while Yoohwhoo mulls *that* one over, it's time to check in again with Jacob, the Putz. Who is, surprise, surprise, finally acting a little less like a putz. *"And it came to passe when Rachel had borne Ioseph, that Iacob said vnto Laban, Send me away, that I may goe vnto mine owne place, and to my countrey. Giue my wiues and my children, for whom I haue serued thee, and let me goe: for thou knowest my seruice which I haue done thee."* See what Cerebus means? He actually sounds as if he has a pair of balls for a change. *"And Laban said vnto him, I pray thee, if I haue found fauour in thine eyes: for I haue learned by experience, that the Yoohwhoo hath blessed me for thy sake. And he said, Appoint me thy wages, and I will giue it. And hee said vnto him, Thou knowest how I haue serued thee, and how thy cattell with me. For it was little which thou hadst before I; and it is broken foorth vnto a multitude; and the Yoohwhoo hath blessed thee at my foote."* Whoa! Good one, Jacob. "At my foot". Unfortunately, Jacob then goes a little "putz-y"—probably because he isn't used to talking about anyone being "at his foot" and he doesn't want Laban, you know, getting *mad* at him. [laughs] Putz. *"...and now when shall I prouide for mine owne house also? And he said, What shall I giue thee?"* And then Jacob's balls suddenly grow back. *"and Iacob said, Thou shalt not giue me any thing;"* and then Jacob turns back into a putz: *"if thou wilt doe this thing for mee, I will againe feed keepe thy flocke."* Now the next part is *really* interesting. [We're both startled to hear a loud THUMP from Konigsberg's direction. Just as we look over, standing stiff and straight, he *jumps* into the air, landing THUMP! about a foot to his right. And then he *jumps* into the air again, landing THUMP! another foot or so to his right. We both just stare at him for a few seconds]

Me:
He must think that he's a Knight.

Cerebus:
That must be it. If he thought he was a Bishop, he'd be moving diagonally. Where was Cerebus? Oh, aye.
"I wil passe through all thy flocke to day, remoouing from thence all the speckled and spotted cattell: and all the browne cattell among the sheepe, and the spotted and speckled among the goates, and shalbe my hire. So shall my righteousnesse answer for mee to morrow, when it shall come for my hire, before thy face: euery one that is not speckled and spotted amongst the goates, and browne amongst the sheepe, that shalbe counted stolen with me. And Laban saide, Beholde, I would it might bee according to thy word. And he remoued that day the hee goates that were ring-straked, and spotted, and all the shee goats that were speckled and spotted, euery one that had white in it, and all the browne amongst the sheepe, and gaue into the hand of his sonnes. And hee set three dayes iourney betwixt himselfe and Iacob: and Iacob fed the rest of Labans flocks. And Iacob tooke him rods of greene poplar, and of the hasel and chestnut tree, and pilled white strakes in them, and made the white appeare which was in the rods. And he set the rods which he had pilled, before the flockes in the gutters in the watering troughs when the flocks came to drinke, that they should conceiue when they came to drinke. And the flockes conceiued before the rods, and brought forth cattell ring-straked, speckled and spotted. And Iacob did separate the lambes, and set the faces of the flockes toward the ring-straked, and all the browne in the flocke of Laban: and he put his owne flocks by themselues, and put them not vnto Labans cattell. And it came to passe whensoeuer the stronger cattell did conceiue, that Iacob layd the rods before the eyes of the cattell in the gutters, that they might conceiue among the rods. But when the cattel were feeble, hee put not in: so the feebler were Labans, and the stronger Iacobs. And the man increased exceedingly, and had much cattell, and mayd-seruants, and men seruants, and camels, and asses." [Cerebus breaks into gales and gales of laughter, laughing and laughing until tears are coming out of his eyes. It's a little while before he notices that I'm not. Laughing, that is.]

Cerebus:
Don't you *get it?*

Me:
[irritated] I guess not.

Cerebus:
[whatever it is, it's so funny, he doesn't even notice that I'm irritated, he just starts laughing again] *This* is what Yoohwhoo was mulling over for a long time. See, she *liked* the fact that God considers her flowers to be His "hire," His "wages". She liked that part a lot. So then she

started to think about *other* things that her *other* plants could do. So, when she heard Jacob and Laban talking about what Jacob's wages should be [laughs] Yoohwhoo got another one of her bright ideas. [laughs] One of her "knowledge of good and evil" ideas and basically told Jacob about "pilling strakes in rods of green poplar and hasel and the chestnut tree" and how, if you put them in the cattle troughs while the cattle are feeding, the cattle bring forth ring-straked and spotted offspring [by now I'm laughing along] [he tries to be serious] God must've been just shaking His head. [bursts out laughing again] But, how can you *not* laugh? Just picturing Yoohwhoo wrestling with this, this *"Judgment" thing*—thinking and thinking about how she can do, you know, *Good* Judgment things like God *wants her* to. [by this point I can barely breathe, I'm laughing so hard. I give up trying to write it down. I'll write it down when we're both done laughing] and what does she come up with? *Black magic! That Jacob can use to cheat Laban out of his cattle!* [we laughed and laughed and laughed. Finally, in a high-pitched squeaky voice Cerebus—doing an impression of "Yoohwhoo"—reads the end of chapter thirty as if it was the Happy Ending to a Good Judgment Fairy Tale:] *"And the man INCREASED EXCEEDINGLY! And had MUCH CATTELL! and MAYD SERUANTS! and MEN SERUANTS! and CAMELS! and ASSES!"*

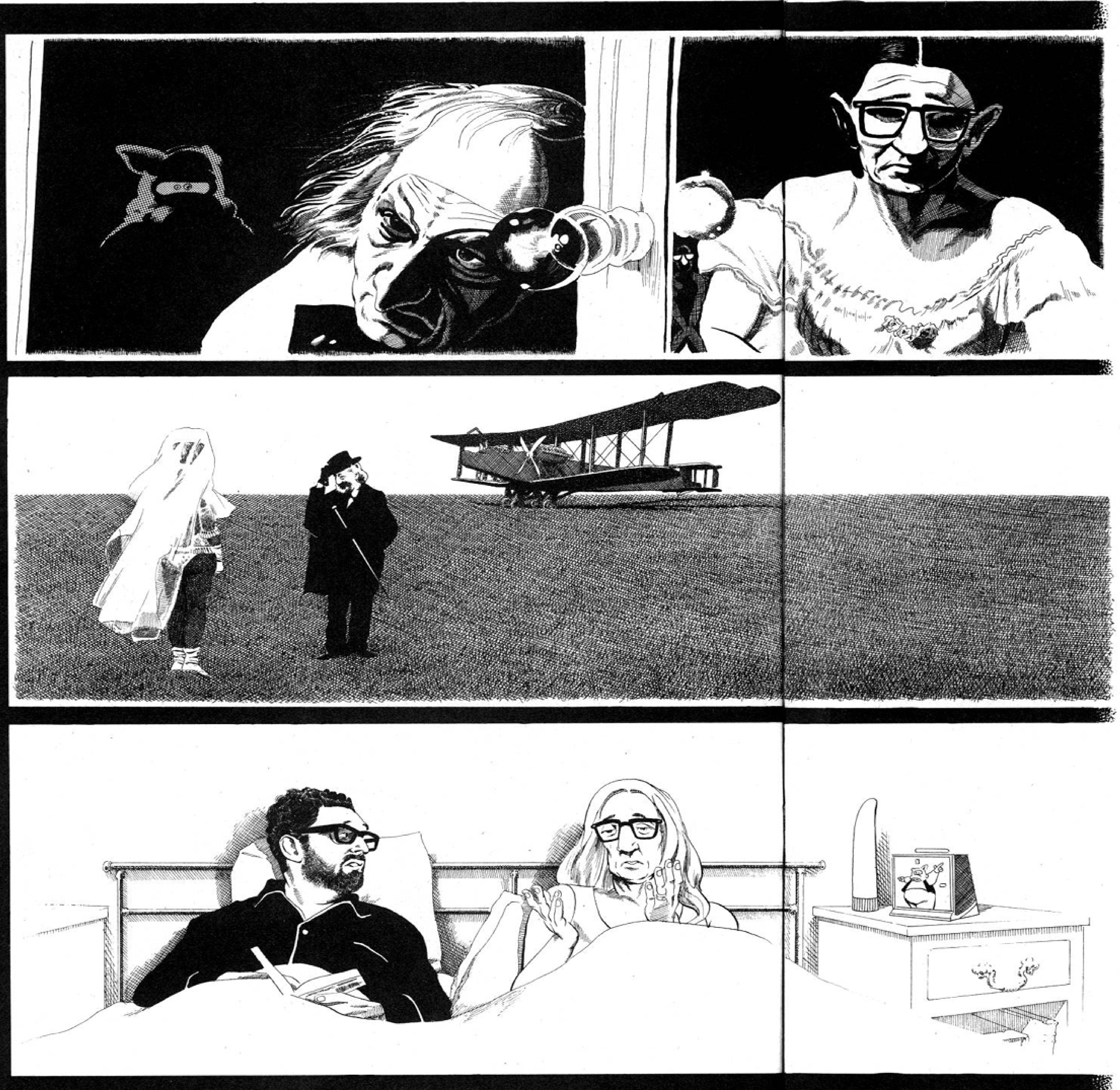
Both of us [high-pitched squeaky voices, in unison]:
YAAAAAYYYY!!!

Cerebus:
[after we've both managed to calm down and after I've transcribed a lot of the last part from memory with Cerebus' help] Okay. Chapter thirty-one. With God's long-delayed joke that he's been setting up since way back when Abraham was looking for a wife for Isaac. Anyway, the chapter starts with the [laughs] "down" side of Yoohwhoo's happy ending to chapter thirty. *"And he heard the words of Labans sonnes, saying Iacob hath taken away all that was our fathers; and of that which was of our fathers, hath hee gotten all this glory."* Double meaning there because Jacob is representing Yoohwhoo in the story—as the "younger" who has usurped the birthright and the blessing of the "elder"—so *both* Yoohwhoo *and* Jacob have definitely "taken away all that was our fathers' and of that which was *of* our fathers'." *"And Iacob beheld the countenance of Laban, and behold, it not toward him as yesterday and the day before."* [laughs] That's a nice way of putting it. *"And the Yoohwhoo said vnto Iacob, Returne vnto the land of thy fathers, and to thy kindred; and I wil be with thee. And Iacob sent and called Rachel and Leah, to the field vnto his flocke, and said vnto them, I see your fathers countenance, that it is not toward mee as before: but the God of my father hath bene with me. And yee know, that with all my power, I haue serued your father. And your father hath deceiued mee, and changed my wages ten times."* [laughs] As Cerebus' Dad used to say, "I told you a *million* times, don't exaggerate." Laban changed Jacob's wages *three times. Once* when he fooled him into marrying Leah, the *second* time when Jacob served him seven years for Rachel—and Cerebus isn't even sure you can call that "*changing*" his wages [laughs] since he served him seven years *per* wife—and the third time when he threatened to leave. [thinks] And, actually, *each* time, *Jacob* was the one who said what his wages were going to be. Laban just went along with it each time. So, basically, it's the same as God's relationship with Yoohwhoo. Yoohwhoo calls all the shots and *still* ends up complaining about how things turn out. [laughs] Jacob must've felt a *little* self-conscious—standing there in the midst of all of the cattle that he had cheated his uncle out of [laughs] while whining to Leah and Rachel about what a victim he is so, pretty much out of the blue, he adds, *"but God suffered him not to hurt me."* [laughs] This must've been news to God. And Leah and Rachel must've looked at each other a little funny, too, because then Jacob adds, *"If he said thus, The speckled shall be thy wages, then all the cattell bare speckled: and if he said thus, The ring-straked shalbe thy hire, then bare all the cattell ring-straked. Thus God hath taken away the cattell of your father, and giuen to mee."* [laughs] Cerebus pictures Jacob looking up at the sky, just in case there were any [laughs] stray lightning bolts on the way. So, after a few seconds, when Jacob is still [laughs] in one piece, he figures that all this whining and lying must be okay with God, so he decides to *really* start "chewing the scenery". *"And it came to passe at the time that the cattell conceiued, that I lifted up my eyes and saw in a dreame, and behold, the rammes which leaped vpon the cattell ring-straked, speckled and grisled. And the Angel of God spake vnto me in a dreame, Iacob; And I said, Here am I. And he said, Lift vp now thine eyes..."* [laughs] When Cerebus first read it, Cerebus was waiting for Jacob to say, "But, O Angel of God, I hath *already* lifted up mine eyes. It sayeth so in verse 10!" *"...and see, all the rammes which leape vpon the cattell ring-straked, speckled and grisled: for I haue seen all that Laban doeth vnto thee. I am the God of Bethel, where thou annoyntedst the pillar, where thou vowedst a vow vnto mee: now arise, get thee out from this land, and returne vnto the land of thy kindred."*

Konigsberg:
[crawling around on his hands and knees]
Mar*cel*lo.

Cerebus:
[after glancing over at him] So, Jacob finishes his big monologue and looks at Rachel and Leah, who probably looked at each other. *"And Rachel and Leah answered, and said vnto him; is there yet any portion or inheritance for vs in our fathers house?"* [laughs and laughs] [high-pitched squeaky voice] "Jacob, *bubeleh*, if you're looking for an *argument*, you're talking to the *wrong* people. Dad's *broke. You* have all his cattle. Whose side do you *think* we're going to be on?" And then, realizing that that sounds a little [laughs]... mercenary?... Rachel and Leah decide to chew a little scenery of their own. *"Are we not counted of him strangers? for he hath sold us, and hath quite deuoured also our money."* Well, you know [laughs] not *exactly.* He *traded* them for fourteen years worth of hired help. As for "*their* money" [laughs] *What* money?

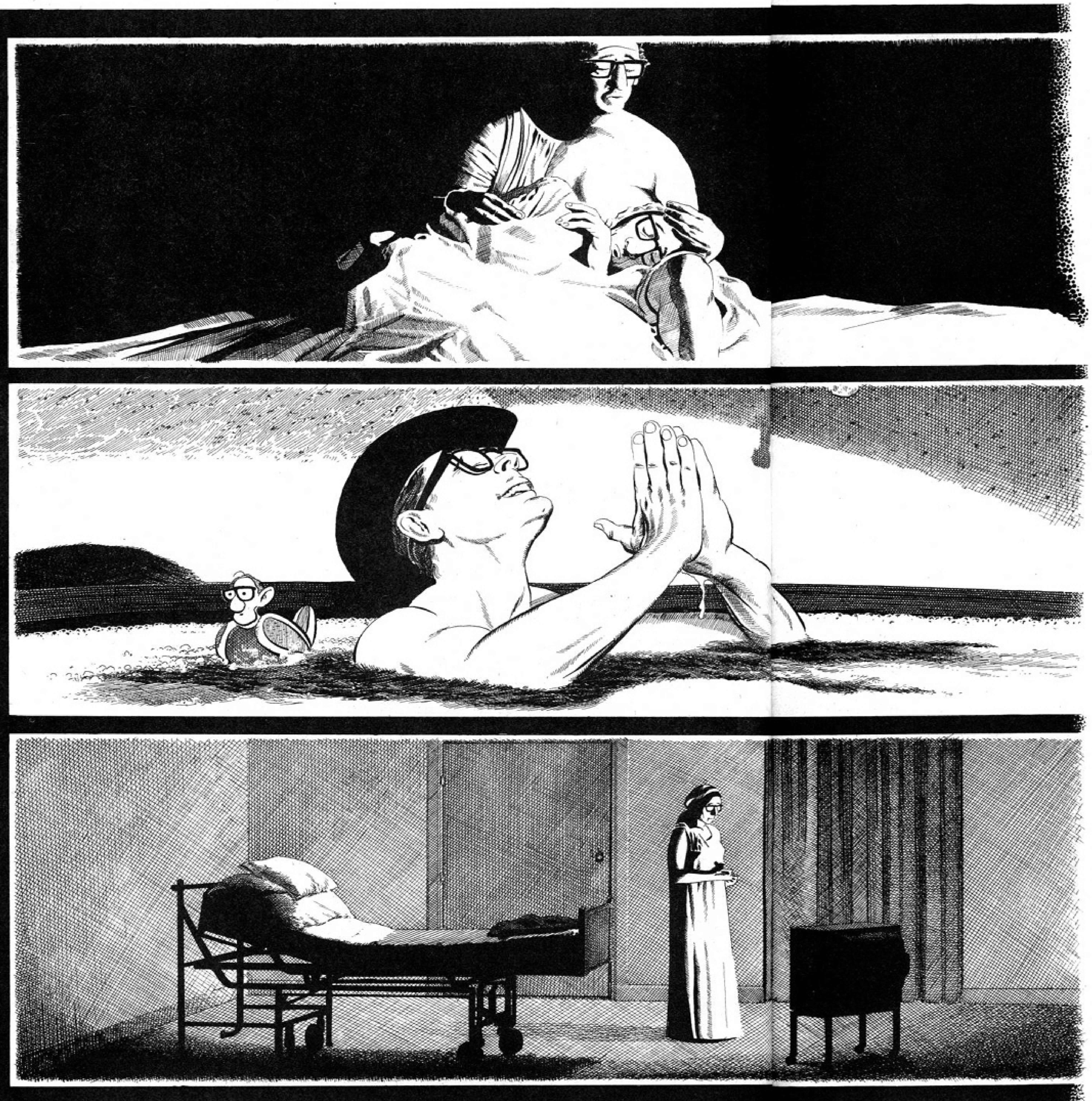




Jacob never said *anything* about giving *either* of them a *dowry*. He just said he'd work for Laban for seven years *if* Laban would give him Rachel for a wife—and then when he got *Leah* instead [laughs], it was *Jacob's idea* to work *another* seven years for the wife he *didn't* get the *first* time. It wasn't a matter of not reading the fine print. There *wasn't* any fine print to *read*. "Fourteen years of labour…for two wives? Jacob? You drive a hard bargain, you silver-tongued devil, [laughs] but you talked me into it." *"For all the riches which God hath taken from our father, that is ours, and our childrens:"* [laughs] God might've *known* that *He* was going to get blamed for stealing all of Laban's cattle. And Leah and Rachel, well, [laughs] just standing there looking around at all *"their"* wealth and "their *children's"* wealth "on the hoof"—that that sneaky God fella swiped from them [laughs]—sort of lose their train of thought. But, being *women*—where *"their"* wealth and "their *children's"* wealth is at stake [laughs]—that lasts about as long as it takes them to figure out how much *all of Laban's cattle divided by eleven* comes out to—with *ten* shares for them and their sons [laughs] and *one* share for Jacob. *"…now then whatsoeuer God hath said vnto thee, doe."* In other words [laughs] Jacob? Let's git while the gittin's good. [laughs] And speaking of "gittin'": *"Then Iacob rose vp, and set his sonnes and his wiues vpon camels. And he carried away all his cattell, and all his goods which he had gotten, the cattell of his getting, which he had gotten in Padan Aram, for to goe to Isaac his father in the land of Canaan."* "Gotten," "getting" and then "gotten" again all in one sentence. [laughs] Jacob probably figures that if you say "gotten" or "getting" often enough, then that will mean that you didn't actually, you know, *steal* them. *"And Laban went to sheare his sheepe: and Rachel had stolen the Teraphim that her fathers."* Carved idols! Household gods! There it is. God's great joke. Abraham sent his servant all the way back to Mesopotamia to find a wife for Isaac instead of *"the daughters of the Canaanites amongst whom I dwell."* And Rebekah had said *"If Iacob take a wife of the daughters of Heth, such as these which are of the daughters of the land, what good shall my life doe me?"* And she got Isaac to send *Jacob* all the way back to the "land of his kindred" to find a wife. You know. You can never be *too careful* about who you let your son marry. And guess what? The whole family is full of *nothing but pagans!* [laughs and laughs] *Rebekah* was a pagan! *Leah* was a pagan! *Laban* was a pagan! *Rachel* was a pagan! Not only was Rachel a *pagan*, but she also wasn't much of a *daughter*—obviously thinking to herself, "Listen, as long as my husband, *Jacob*, has stolen all of Dad's *cattle*, what can *I* find of Dad's that's worth stealing? Oh, Dad's *household pagan idols! They* might come in handy for something!" *"And Iacob stale away the heart of Laban, in that he told him not that he fled. So hee fled with all that hee had, and he rose vp and passed ouer the Riuer, and set his face the mount Gilead. And it was tolde Laban on the third day, that Iacob was fled. And hee tooke his brethren with him, and pursued after him seuen dayes iourney, and they overtooke him in the mount Gilead. And God came to Laban the Syrian in a dreame by night, and saide vnto him, Take heed that thou speake not to Iacob from good to bad."* That's pretty interesting. God *and* Yoohwhoo know that Jacob used black magic—under *instructions* from Yoohwhoo—to steal all of Laban's sheep and cattle. God *and* Yoohwhoo know that Jacob *lied* when he said that God had come to Jacob in a dream and *told* Jacob that God was going to *help* Jacob to steal Laban's cattle. God *and* Yoohwhoo know that Jacob's wives are pagans—pagans who have *accused God* of stealing Laban's cattle and giving them to Jacob. *And* God and Yoohwhoo *both* know that Rachel has stolen her father's "gods" and is taking them with her to Yoohwhoo's garden. So, Laban is about to catch up with Jacob. And Yoohwhoo, of course, *can't wait* to see what God is going to *do* to Jacob and his wives for rebelling against Him all those different ways. And what does God *do*? He comes to Laban in a dream and tells him *not* to go "from good to bad" when he's *speaking to Jacob*! [laughs] Is that *it*? Yoohwhoo must have asked, Is that *IT?!* [laughs] having expected God to *destroy* Jacob and his wives or to *curse* Jacob and his wives. *"And Laban said to Iacob, What hast thou done, that thou has stolen away vnawares to me, and caried away my daughters, as captiues with the sword?"* God is setting up a knockout punch here. Yoohwhoo doesn't see it coming and walks right into it. See, Iacob is heading back to Yoohwhoo's garden which is *still* guarded by the Cherubim with the flaming sword, the Cherubim whose job it is to keep men *out* of the garden. God is basically accusing Yoohwhoo of having kept all of God's "daughters" captive. [laughs] God just bypasses Yoohwhoo's *earlier* story that the Cherubim and the flaming sword were there to "keep the way of the Yoohwhoo," to keep the women in and the men out. It's a new way of looking at it, that's for sure—*and* a way of looking at it that is *guaranteed* to irritate Yoohwhoo. See, what God is saying is that Hawwa and her daughters *represented* Yoohwhoo in the garden, sure, but, like every*one* and every*thing* else, they were *created by* God. Not only does Yoohwhoo have nothing to do with getting women *pregnant*, God is saying, Yoohwhoo had nothing to do with *creating* women in the first place! Laban goes on: *"Wherefore didst thou flie away secretly, and has stollen me and didst not tell mee?"* Jacob must've have *wondered* at that "stolen *me*" line. It's God's way of letting Yoohwhoo know that God knows all about the carved idols that Rachel has stolen. It's God's way of letting Yoohwhoo know that—however many carved idols might exist and however many people believe in them as gods, God *is still*…and *always will be*…God. Laban or Rachel *choosing to believe* that these little carved figures are *gods* is a side issue for God and it doesn't change the fact that Laban and Rachel are God's creations. Substituting carved idols for God, God is indicating, is the same kind of mistake as Laban's "slip of the tongue" in substituting *him*self for the Teraphim. God is *less interested* in whether Laban *believes* in his household gods than He is in whether Laban is doing good or not. Which, God indicates, Laban *has* been—that is, good—in his dealings with Jacob, so far. Which, if you think about it, is true. He pulled a *prank* on Jacob, sure, substituting Leah for Rachel. But, Jacob still got six sons out of the deal. Which he *wouldn't* have gotten just with Rachel. And Laban *always* asked Jacob what Jacob's wages should be. He never said, this is what I'm going to pay you. Fourteen years of labour for two women—well, *sure* it's a raw deal. But it was *Jacob's* idea, not *Laban's*. God is saying that *Laban's* situation with *Jacob* is

comparable to *God's* situation with *Yoohwhoo*. God has been willing to do whatever Yoohwhoo wanted done and has been doing it. Yoohwhoo, every step of the way, for thousands of years has picked *which way* the story was going to go next. God, like Laban, has given Yoohwhoo everything she has ever asked for and Yoohwhoo, like Jacob, has taken *everything* for *herself* leaving *God*, like *Laban*, with *nothing*. As Laban says to Jacob about Jacob running out on him without a word, *"That I might haue sent thee away with…"* [laughs] At this point, Laban must've had to pause and *think*. "With *what*?" [laughs] Jacob's already *stolen* all of Laban's cattle and *Rachel's* stolen Laban's carved idols. *"…with mirth, and with songs, with tabret and with harpe."* [laughs] That about sums up what Laban has to offer *anyone* at this point. A few jokes and some songs. *"And hast not suffered me to kisse my sonnes and my daughters? Thou hast now done foolishly in doing."* God, speaking through Laban again, indicates that He, like Laban, still *loves* Rachel… *and* Leah… *and* Reuben… *and* Simeon… *and* Levi… *and*…you know, *everyone*. They're *all* God's creations. And he loves them *just* the way Laban loves *his* daughters and *his* grandsons. [thinks] Well, actually, a *lot more* than that. [laughs] God wouldn't trade *His* creations for fourteen years of someone's manual labour. *"It is in the power of my hand to doe you hurt: but the God of your father spake vnto mee yesternight, saying, Take thou heed, that thou speake not to Iacob either good or bad."* Well, okay. [laughs] Laban is *obviously*, *definitely*, *no-doubt-about-it* a *pagan*. God tells him to *"speake not to Iacob* from *good to bad"* and to *Laban* that's the same as saying, *"speake not to Iacob* either *good or bad."* Fortunately [laughs] Yoohwhoo doesn't know the difference either. *"And now thou wouldest needes bee gone, because thou sore longedst after thy fathers house…"* Good *triple* meaning on *that* one, since Jacob is *not only* returning to *Isaac's* house, he's *also* returning to *Yoohwhoo's* garden—where sin "crouched at the door"—and he's also the one who anointed the pillar and created the *first* "Beth-El", the first "house of *God*". So God is saying that Jacob has, so far, turned out to be just as much *God's* "son" as he has turned out to be *Yoohwhoo's* "son," even though he was *supposed to be* "the supplanter," Yoohwhoo's big secret weapon, the younger who took away the elder's birthright and blessing. And, at that point, God *stops* speaking through Laban, so [laughs] that's it for any fancy *triple* meanings. Now that Laban is just Laban again, he flat out asks, without missing a beat, *"wherefore hast thou stollen my gods?"* And *Jacob*, without missing a beat, answers, *"Because I was afraid, for I said, Peraduenture thou wouldest take by force thy daughters from me."* [laughs] Which must've left both of them sort of blinking and staring at each other. See, because it's *Yoohwhoo* speaking *through* Jacob. [laughs] *She* sees a *double meaning* and is answering *God's* earlier question about "carrying away my daughters as captives with the sword?" That is, God wanted to know *why* Yoohwhoo—way, way, way, back when, in the garden—had used her knowledge-of-good-and-evil to summon the Cherubim with the flaming sword. Yoohwhoo knew *exactly* what God was asking about. Any time one of Adam's descendants is coming back into the garden, the subject comes up again. Only, Yoohwhoo thought that *God was still speaking* when Laban said, *"wherefore hast thou stollen my gods?"* See, because *that's* how Yoohwhoo looked on the women in the garden. Eating the bad fruit *led* Yoohwhoo to believe she was a *god*, led her to believe *Hawwa* was a *god*, led her to believe that *all of the women in the garden* were gods and that they *all gave birth* to gods—whenever Yoohwhoo *decided* that they would. So, when Yoohwhoo heard the question, *"wherefore hast thou stollen my gods?"* she answered right away *"Because I was afraid, for I said, Peraduenture thou wouldest take by force thy daughters from me."* [laughs] And, boy, would Yoohwhoo have wanted to take back *that* answer the moment it was out of her mouth. She's just admitted that Hawwa and all of the women in the garden were <u>*God's*</u>—"<u>thy</u> *daughters"*—not <u>*Yoohwhoo's*</u> daughters. So, then [laughs] poor Yoohwhoo has to listen while Jacob—who represents her in the story and who [laughs] figures *he* was just talking about *Leah and Rachel* and who has just "come to" and figures that he's answered Laban's questions in the wrong order [laughs] for some reason that escapes him—starts chewing the scenery again, as [laughs] only Jacob can do. *"With whomsoeuer thou findest thy gods, let him not liue:"* Big wince for Yoohwhoo. "…*before our brethren discerne thou what is thine with me, and take it to thee."* *Another* big wince for Yoohwhoo. *There* you go. *There's* the Big Question that God—*now*—doesn't even *have* to ask, since Yoohwhoo's *own* words—*Yoohwhoo's* <u>*own*</u> *words*—have asked *and* answered the question. The question, of course, is: *What or who* <u>*doesn't*</u> *belong to God, if God decided to actually claim he, claim she, or claim it?* And the answer, of course, is "no one" and "no thing," because God created them all. They are *all* God's. Whoever or whatever they are. And *that* meaning is as clear as the *double* meaning. *Yoohwhoo* had about as much right to claim *all of the women in the garden* as *Rachel* has to claim *Laban's household gods*. Which is to say, no right at all. So, now [laughs] with Yoohwhoo curled up into a miserable little ball somewhere in the middle of the earth, it's back to the surface story. *"…for Iacob knew not that Rachel had stollen them. And Laban went into Iacobs tent, and into Leahs tent, and into the two maid seruants tents: but he found not. Then went he out of Leahs tent, and entred into Rachels tent."* This is it, Yoohwhoo, must've thought. Laban's going to find the teraphim in Rachel's tent and Laban's going to kill Rachel because Jacob told him that he could. *"Now Rachel had taken the images and put them in the camels furniture, and sate vpon them: and Laban felt all the tent, but found not. And shee said to her father, Let it not displease my lord, that I cannot rise vp before thee; for the custome of women is vpon mee: and he searched but found not the images."* More than a little embarrassing, having to pretend to her father that she's having her period (which is what Yoohwhoo must've looked like in the middle of the earth after God's knockout punch), but, you know. [laughs] Better that than ending up dead. So, all in all, an episode that Yoohwhoo is more than anxious to put behind her, a day that she would definitely rather forget. But [laughs] it ain't over yet. Jacob, now that Laban hasn't found the teraphim, is definitely in the mood to chew a little scenery. *"And Iacob*





was wroth and chode with Laban: and Iacob answered and said to Laban, what my trespasse?" And Yoohwhoo [laughs] curls up into a tighter little ball in the middle of the earth. *"...what my sinne, that thou hast so hotly pursued after me?"* And [laughs] Yoohwhoo pulls the hot water bottle a little tighter across her belly. *"Whereas thou hast felt all my stuffe, what hast thou found of all thy household stuffe? set it here before my brethren, and thy brethren, that they may iudge betwixt vs both."* And [laughs] Yoohwhoo wonders where she left her aspirin and if she feels well enough to get up and go look for it. *"This twentie yeeres I with thee: thy ewes and thy shee goates haue not cast their yong, and the rammes of thy flocke haue I not eaten."* The little reminder of Yoohwhoo's she-goat and he-ram covenant with Abraham [laughs] probably convinced Yoohwhoo that, no, she didn't really feel well enough to get up and go look for her aspirin. *"That which was torne, I brought not vnto thee: I bare the losse of it;"* That isn't really what I sound like, is it? Yoohwhoo wonders. *"of my hand didst thou require it, whether stollen by day, or stollen by night."* [laughs] Cerebus pictures a little tiny "angel" of God appearing in front of Yoohwhoo with a copy of verse five of chapter nine: *"And surely the blood of your liues will I require: at the hand of euery beast will I require it, & at the hand of man, at the hand of euery mans brother will I require the life of man. Who so sheddeth mans blood, by man shall his blood be shed, for in the image of God made he man."* Which, Cerebus is willing to bet [laughs] didn't make Yoohwhoo feel a *whole* lot better. At that point, she was probably hoping that Jacob was finished. [laughs] No such luck. *"I was in y day, the drought consumed mee, and the frost by night, and my sleep departed from mine eyes. Thus haue I bene twentie yeres in thy house: I serued thee fourteene yeeres for thy two daughters, and sixe yeres for thy cattel; and thou hast changed my wages ten times." Three* times, Jacob, Yoohwhoo was probably thinking. He changed your wages *three* times. And it was *your* idea each time. *"Except the God of my father, the God of Abraham, and the feare of Isaac had bin with me, surely thou hadst sent me away now emptie: God hath seene mine affliction, and the labour of my hands, & rebuked yesternight."* Yoohwhoo really starts to "get it" finally, at this point, Cerebus thinks. Here's this guy who has stolen everything in the vicinity that wasn't nailed down and he stands there whining about how *"God hath seene mine affliction."* From the day he was *born,* Jacob has had everything his own way and has stolen everything that he wanted that *wasn't* his. And to what does Jacob attribute the fact that he's gotten everything his own way since the day he was born? To *"the God of my father, the God of Abraham",* [laughs] Jacob can't even get *that* right. *He steals his <u>own father's father</u>. Because it's more impressive to be the son of Abraham than the son of Isaac, Jacob will claim to be* <u>Abraham's</u> *son the same way that he claimed to be* <u>Laban's brother</u>, *stealing his own mother's brother.* <u>Abraham</u> *isn't his father.* <u>Abraham</u> *is* <u>Isaac's</u> *father.* <u>Laban</u> *isn't his brother,* <u>Laban</u> *is* <u>Rebekah's</u> *brother. Jacob didn't* want *to be the* younger *son, he wanted to be the* elder *son, so he tricked the elder son out of his birthright and his blessing.* [the voice of a whiny two-year-old] *He doesn't* want *to be Jacob. He wants to be* Esau. *He doesn't* want *to be Jacob. He wants to be* Rebekah. *He doesn't* want *to be Jacob. He wants to be* Isaac. [laughs] *Do you understand, Yoohwhoo? Do you* finally *understand?* <u>This is *exactly* what you are like</u>. *Yoohwhoo?* <u>This</u> *Is Your Life!* I mean, how can she *miss* it? Jacob is standing there with <u>*all*</u> of Laban's cattle that he's *cheated him out of* and is actually saying out loud that if it *hadn't been* for the God of *"his"* father Abraham and *"the feare of Isaac"*— [laughs] Abraham and Jacob get to *share* God, you'll notice, whereas all Jacob figures that he got from his *own* father, Isaac, was Isaac's "fear of God" from the near-sacrifice back in chapter twenty-two—according to Jacob if it hadn't been for the *God* of Abraham and the *fear* of Isaac, Laban would've sent Jacob away *empty* by now! Laban has *nothing* and Jacob has *everything* because Jacob *cheated* Laban out of *everything,* but, to Jacob, that's only right because Laban intended to take everything away from Jacob! And *Laban,* according to Jacob, is supposed to feel *guilty* because of what Jacob *imagines* Laban *intended* to do! Now, *that's* chutzpah! Anyway, Jacob finally runs out of steam, at that point. And Yoohwhoo, curled up in a tight little ball in the middle of the earth, must've thought. Hoo boy. Here it comes. And [laughs], it sure starts off *sounding* that way, God speaking through Laban, directly to Yoohwhoo, through Jacob: *"And Laban answered and said vnto Iacob, These daughters are my daughters..."* "Check," thought Yoohwhoo, miserably. *"...and these children are my children..."* "Check," thought Yoohwhoo, miserably. *"...and these cattell are my cattell..."* "The cattle!? Whoa, no," thought Yoohwhoo. "We had an agreement that...that..." [laughs] Cerebus pictures a little "angel" of God appearing in front of Yoohwhoo with verse twenty-five of chapter one, *"And God made the beast of the earth after his kinde, and cattell after their kinde, and euery thing that creepeth vpon the earth, after his kinde: and God saw that good."* "Check," thought Yoohwhoo [laughs] really wishing she had an aspirin. Or ten. *"...and all that thou seest, is mine."* "Check," thought Yoohwhoo. And then [laughs], and then God just lets her stew in her own Yoohwhoo juices for a few minutes. And then Laban says, *"and what can I doe this day vnto these my daughters, or vnto their children which they haue borne? Now therefore come thou, let vs make a couenant, I and thou: and let it be for a witnesse betweene me and thee."* Yoohwhoo must've wondered if she was hearing right. A *covenant?* A covenant between God and Yoohwhoo? After Jacob has stolen everything from Laban that wasn't nailed down? After Yoohwhoo has finally been forced to recognize just how self-centered and ungrateful and whiny and immoral she's been all along? And God isn't going to do anything against "His daughters" or "unto their children"? "Their" children—sons *and* daughter—which "they" have borne? *"Their"* children? *"And Iacob tooke a stone, and set it vp for a pillar."* [laughs] Whatever the covenant is, Jacob's all for it. Jacob can't believe *his* ears any more than Yoohwhoo can believe *her* ears. *"And Iacob saide vnto his brethren, Gather stones: and they tooke stones, and made an heape, and they did eate there vpon the heape."* [laughs] That's very funny. "Jacob said unto his *brethren*". [laughs] Jacob didn't have any "brethren"—except Esau. Jacob has just taken him*self* down a couple of pegs, he's so relieved that Laban isn't going to take everything away from him. Instead of claiming to have the "God of my father, the God of Abraham" on his side, supplanting his own father, in his own eyes he's now just [laughs] "one of the kids"—a brother to his *sons.* "Reuben, Simeon, Levi? Do as your brother Jacob asks and gather up these stones." *"And Laban called it Iegar-*

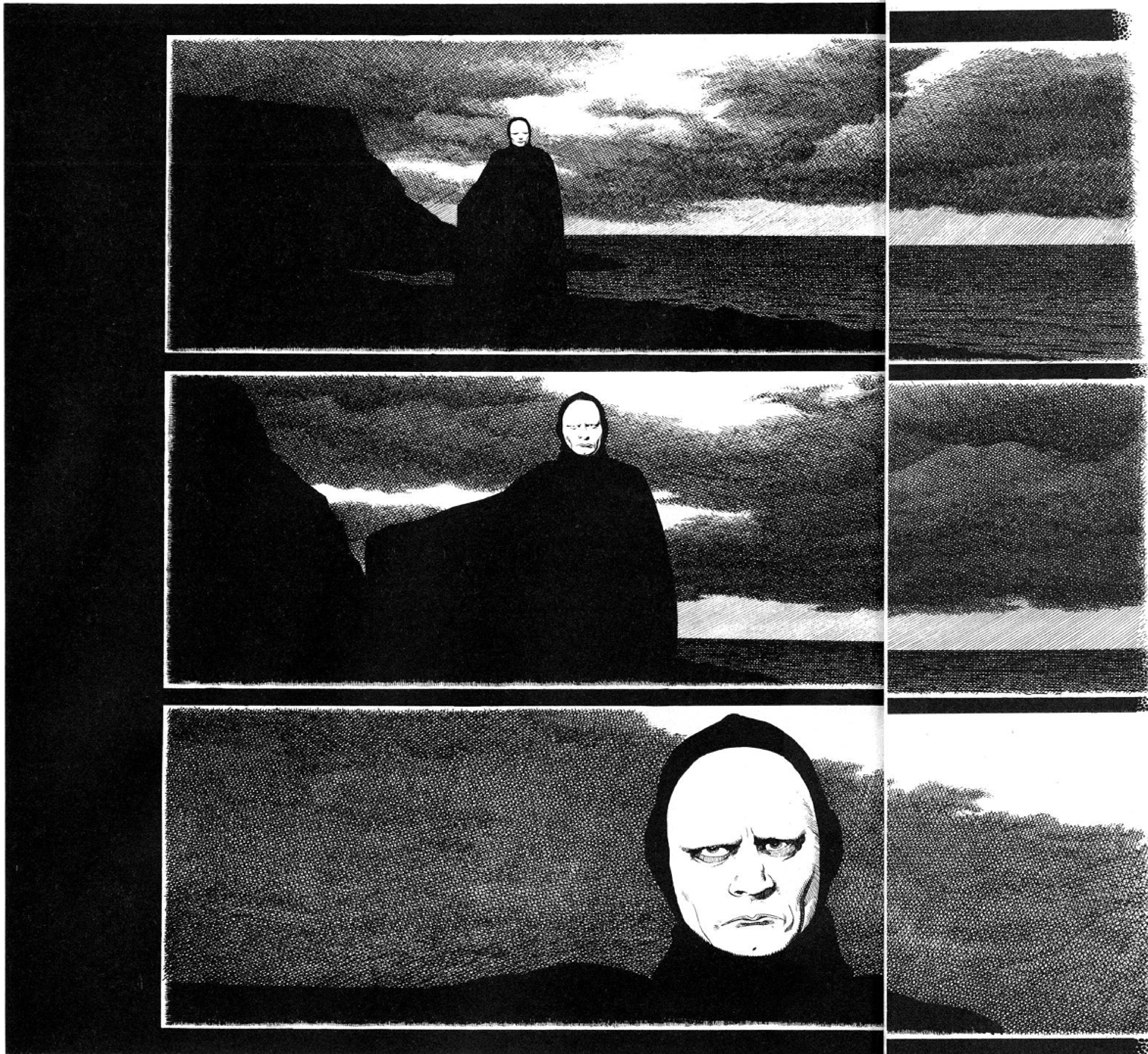
Sahadutha," that is, "the heap of witness" [breaks out laughing]. God's making fun of Yoohwhoo again, going *all the way back* to the covenant between Abimelech and Abraham, when Abraham, representing Yoohwhoo, set the seven ewe lambs by themselves and had them "witness" the agreement. For *this* agreement between *Laban* and *Jacob*, God chooses for *His* witnesses [laughs] a pile of rocks. And, hey, why not? God created men out of the dust of the earth. Rocks are just *bigger* dust. Also, God and His Angels theoretically *live* in the earth, now, ever since Jacob had his ladder dream where they traded places with Yoohwhoo and *her* "angels". And, also thanks to Jacob—when he pours oil on a rock—it becomes "Beth-El," a "house of God". So, [laughs] good deal. Jacob and his "brethren" will gather a bunch of rocks—and Jacob has *already anointed* one of the rocks as a *pillar*, as a "*house of God*"— and the pile of rocks will then serve as witnesses to the covenant with Laban. [laughs] As long as nobody asks the rocks to *sign* anything, it should work out okay. *"But Iacob called it Galeed."* [laughs] It's *Laban's* covenant, but Jacob, of course—always the Supplanter—just has to *supplant* the name that *Laban* wants to give it with the name *Jacob* wants to give it. *"And Laban said, This heape is a witnesse betweene mee and thee this day. Therefore was the name of it called Galeed. And Mizpah.."* that is, a beacon or a watch-tower, *"...for he said, The Yoohwhoo watch betweene me and thee when we are absent one from another. If thou shalt afflict my daughters, or if thou shalt take wiues besides my daughters, no is with vs."* "No is with us"? That's kind of a confusing part and, no matter how many times Cerebus reads it [laughs] it doesn't get any *less* confusing. The best Cerebus can figure is that it's a *Yoohwhoo* answer—that is, a lie mixed in with the truth. "No," as in Jacob *agrees* not to take any wives besides Laban's daughters and "is with us" because Jacob already *has* taken wives besides Laban's daughters—he's had two children each with Bilhah and Zilpah. Bilhah and Zilpah don't count as wives? Because they're "with us"? That is, because they're Rachel and Leah's *handmaids* they don't *count* as wives? [thinks] Does Laban even *know* that *four* of his grandsons were grown inside his daughters' handmaids? Too many questions and no answers. So, as Cerebus sees it, that leads to the reminder, *"See, God is witnesse betwixt mee and thee."* Laban might not know the truth and Jacob [laughs] wouldn't know the truth if it came up and bit him on the ass. But there *is* truth. And God is the only *sure witness to* that truth. *"And Laban said to Iacob, Behold this heape, and behold this pillar, which I haue cast betwixt mee and thee. This heape be witnesse, and this pillar be witnesse, that I will not pass ouer this heape to thee, and that thou shalt not pass ouer this heape, and this pillar vnto me, for harme. The God of Abraham, and the God of Nahor, the God of their father, judge betwixt vs."* That's pretty good. [laughs] Cerebus liked *that* part a lot. Finally, *Laban* comes up with something that Jacob *can't* supplant. See, it depends on *which* Nahor Laban's talking about. Abraham was the *younger* Nahor's *brother*. So, Laban *could* be saying that the God of Terah—the God of Abraham and Nahor's father, Laban and Jacob's mutual *great*-grandfather—would judge between them. But, since *Terah's* father was *also* named Nahor, the God of *that* Nahor's father would be the God of Serug. [laughs] What Laban is doing is going way, way, way back in their mutual genealogy to the point where Laban and Jacob not only have the same *great*-grandfather but even *further* back to where they also have the same *great-great-great* grandfather and, consequently, there can be no mistake that they're making a covenant in the name of the same God. On *his* side of the family, Jacob doesn't have an Abram or an Isaac that goes back further than "father" and "grandfather". Nowhere near as far back as the name Nahor goes. Small wonder that [laughs] *"And Iacob sware by the feare of his father Isaac."* Laban scared the you-know-what out of Jacob, going that far back in their mutual family history. *"Then Iacob offred sacrifice vpon the mount, and called his brethren to eate bread, and they did eate bread, and tarried all night in the mount. And early in the morning, Laban rose vp and kissed his sonnes, and his daughters, and blessed them: and Laban departed, and returned vnto his place."* Of course, there's another level of meaning to all the rocks that Jacob and his "brethren" gathered and the rock that Jacob anointed as "Beth-El". When it was just *Jacob*, way back in Luz, he anointed the *pillar* and in doing so anointed him*self* as the *custodian* of the "House of God," the guy with the oil. But, the fact that he gathered all the rocks with his "brethren," puts Jacob and his sons on an equal footing. They're *all* represented by the rocks that they gathered. But *one* of those rocks got anointed—which, if Jacob had told his *sons* to gather them, would still be Jacob, the *father*. But the fact that he told his "*brethren*" to gather them means that *one* of Jacob's sons is now the heir to the covenant with Abraham, the covenant with Isaac, one of Jacob's sons is the "anointed one". It has to be one of his *sons*, because Jacob can't inherit his own inheritance. [laughs] If *anyone* could manage it, it would be *Jacob*. But even *Jacob* can't supplant *himself*. The *logical* person to inherit the covenant, to become the "anointed one" is Reuben, but the problem with Reuben is that he's the *eldest* son. Which is the same problem with Dan and with Gad, who are the *eldest* sons that grew inside of Bilhah and Zilpah. If the *eldest* turns out to be the "anointed one" then all of Yoohwhoo's trouble in getting the *younger* to supplant the *elder* goes for naught and the elder assumes the covenant again. *No wonder God, through Laban, was willing to call them "their" sons, the sons of Laban's daughters! No wonder God, through Laban, made Jacob swear not to take another wife! No wonder God was willing, through Laban, to just kiss everyone goodbye and say, "have fun!" This gets really complicated! Yoohwhoo has to find a way to make sure that the covenant with Abraham and Isaac gets passed on to either Simeon or Levi or*...[laughs] And suddenly, Yoohwhoo realizes that *that* wouldn't work either. Simeon is *older* than Levi. *Naphtali* is *younger* than *Dan*, but Naphtali is *older* than *Gad*. *Asher* is *younger* than *Gad*, but *Asher* is *older* than *Issachar* and so on. It's "either-or". Either the covenant passes on to the young*est*, or the covenant goes back to the elder. The youngest son is Joseph, but Joseph is the *only* son who grew inside of Rachel. If *Joseph* inherits the covenant, as the *only son* of Rachel and Jacob, then Yoohwhoo is admitting that there's only *One God*. But if anyone *else* inherits the covenant, he'll be *older* than Joseph which will mean the covenant goes back to the elder who *represents* God. Jacob has sworn not to take another wife, so that leaves Yoohwhoo only *one* choice: Rachel has to get pregnant and have a son *younger than* Joseph who can inherit the covenant. But [laughs] God already blocked that square. If Yoohwhoo tells God to make Rachel pregnant again, *Rachel* is going to think that it was *Yoohwhoo* who did it, which means that Yoohwhoo goes all the way back to "square one" and forfeits all of the progress she's made in making Good Judgments. God is forcing the issue. Forcing Yoohwhoo to either a) admit that there's only One God and lose her hold on the covenant or b) hold onto the covenant but go all the way back to "square one" in her relationship with God.

Konigsberg:
Mar*cel*lo.

Cerebus:
Cerebus really wishes he would stop saying that.







Okay. Chapter thirty-two. *"And Iacob went on his way, and the Angels of God met him. And when Iacob saw them, he said, This Gods hoste: and hee called the name of that place Mahanaim."* That is, "two hosts" or "two camps". [watches Konigsberg—who has, for some reason, draped a blanket over his shoulders—slowly, slowly raising his right arm under the blanket] Right. [clears throat] "two hosts or two camps". So God has to be pretty happy with that. Jacob's pile of rocks represent God and his Angels and there are two groups involved. Jacob *has no idea* that the two groups are God's group and Yoohwhoo's group, but even *accidentally* telling the truth—*especially* if you're Jacob—has to count for a lot with God.

What is important is that Jacob is coming back into Yoohwhoo's garden. *"And Iacob sent messengers before him, to Esau his brother, vnto the land of Seir, the Field of Edom. And he commaunded them, saying, Thus shall ye speake vnto my lord Esau, Thy seruant Iacob saith thus, I haue soiourned with Laban, and stayed there vntill now. And I haue oxen, and asses, flockes and men seruants and women seruants: and I haue sent to tell my lord, that I may find grace in thy sight. And the messengers returned to Iacob, saying, Wee came to thy brother Esau, and also he commeth to meet thee, and foure hundred men with him."* [laughs] Oops. Cerebus is willing to bet that Esau did that on purpose. "Four hundred men". [laughs] Jacob must've been just one, big nervous tic. *"Then Iacob was greatly afraid, and distressed, and he diuided the people that with him, and the flockes and the herdes, and the camels into two bands,"* which is, of course, what the younger being *would* do—what the younger being *always* does: divide. The point is probably lost on Yoohwhoo, but there it is. *"And said, If Esau come to the one company, and smite it, then the other company which is left, shall escape."* It's sort of a plan. [laughs] It's not *much* of a plan. But, it's definitely the sort of plan a [dangles his limp wrist] "man" like Jacob would come up with. *"And Iacob said, O God of my father Abraham, and God of my father Isaac, the Yoohwhoo which saidst vnto me, Returne vnto thy countrey, and to thy kindred, and I will deale well with thee."* [laughs and laughs] Well, Jacob goes totally "Yoohwhoo" at that point. He has two fathers, now. His real one and his grandfather.

And he addresses Yoohwhoo, who is definitely the "god" of both Abraham and Isaac and reminds Yoohwhoo of a conversation between them that *never actually took place*, the conversation that Jacob made up in verse 13 of chapter 31! [laughs] Just like the conversation between the "talking snake" and Hawwa that Yoohwhoo made up. As usual, when one of Adam's descendants is coming back into the garden, these "garden references" start popping up all over the place. *"I am lesse then all the mercies, and of all the trueth, which thou hast shewed vnto thy seruant: for with my staffe I passed ouer this Iordan, and now I am become two bands."* This is the place where the staff enters the story and which becomes more and more important as we go along. A staff is a piece of wood, wood comes from trees and, as we've already seen trees are "he's"—of God. So it's a good fit. Jacob represents Yoohwhoo and Jacob's staff represents God. Two bands. *"Deliuer me, I pray thee, from the hand of my brother, from the hand of Esau: for I feare him, lest he will come, and smite me, and the mother vpon the children."* This is "Yoohwhoo thinking," in line with her fear that she expressed through Jacob that God would take "His daughters from her by force." It's another Yoohwhoo concern. That she's afraid that God—the elder being that Yoohwhoo has supplanted—represented by Esau, Jacob's older brother who Jacob has supplanted—intends to hurt her and her sons and daughters. *"And thou saidst I will surely doe thee good, and make thy seed as the sand of the sea, which cannot be numbred for multitude."* Which is true. [laughs] But after he thought it over, Jacob *must've realized* that even if only *half* of his family escaped from Esau, that half could still be fruitful and multiply and become "as the sand of the sea" even if Esau murdered the other half of the family—*and* Jacob himself. So, [laughs] time for Plan B. *"And he lodged there that same night, and tooke of that which came to his hand, a present for Esau his brother: Two hundred shee goats, and twentie hee goats, two hundred ewes, and twentie rammes, thirtie milch camels with their colts, fortie kine, and ten bulles, twenty shee ashes, and ten foals. And he deliuered into the hand of his seruants, euery droue by themselues, and said vnto his seruants, Passe ouer before me, and put a space betwixt droue and droue."*

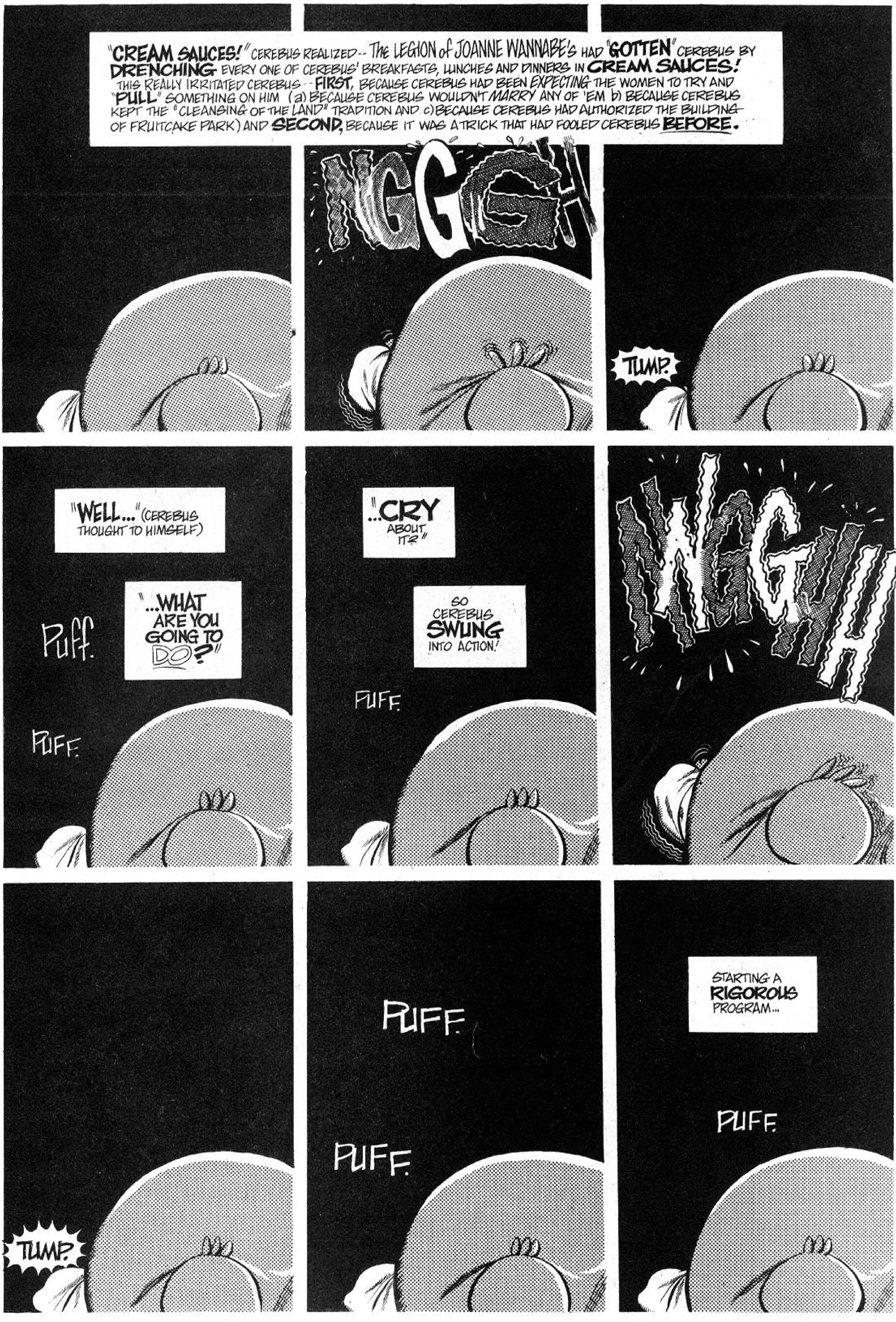
Just likeYoohwhoo, he continues to divide and divide and divide. *"And he commanded the formost, saying, When Esau my brother meeteth thee, and asketh thee, saying, Whose thou? and whither goest thou? and whose these before thee? Then thou shalt say, They thy seruant Jacobs: it is a present sent vnto my lord Esau: and behold also, he is behind vs."* "Behind," just as Lot's wife looked back from *behind* him and got turned into a pillar of salt and the Ram was caught by his horns *behind* Abraham. [laughs] "Behind" is never good news for Yoohwhoo. *"And so commanded he the second, and the third, and all that followed the droues, saying, On this maner shal you speake vnto Esau, when you find him."* "When you *find* him," just as Cain, the elder son, said about himself in the garden after he had been cursed by Yoohwhoo, *"every one that findeth me, shall slay me."* [laughs] It is definitely looking like the shoe is on the other foot at this point, with Jacob, the younger, describing himself as Esau, the elder's servant. *"And say ye moreouer, Beholde, thy seruant Iacob is behind vs: for he said, I will appease him with the present that goeth before me, and afterward I will see his face; peraduenture he will accept my face. So went the present ouer before him: and himselfe lodged that night in the company."* Good time to get some sleep but [laughs] Jacob isn't done dividing yet. Time for Plan C: *" And hee rose vp that night, and tooke his two wiues, and his two women seruants, and his eleuen sonnes, and passed ouer the foord Iabbok. And he tooke them and caused to passe ouer the brooke, and sent ouer that hee had. And Iacob was left alone: and there wrestled a man with him, until the Ascending of the morning."* The morning, of course—as in "the morning and the evening" represents Yoohwhoo. And this, of course, is Yoohwhoo's cherubim who guards Yoohwhoo's garden who, ordinarily, would make quick work of any one of Adam's descendants.

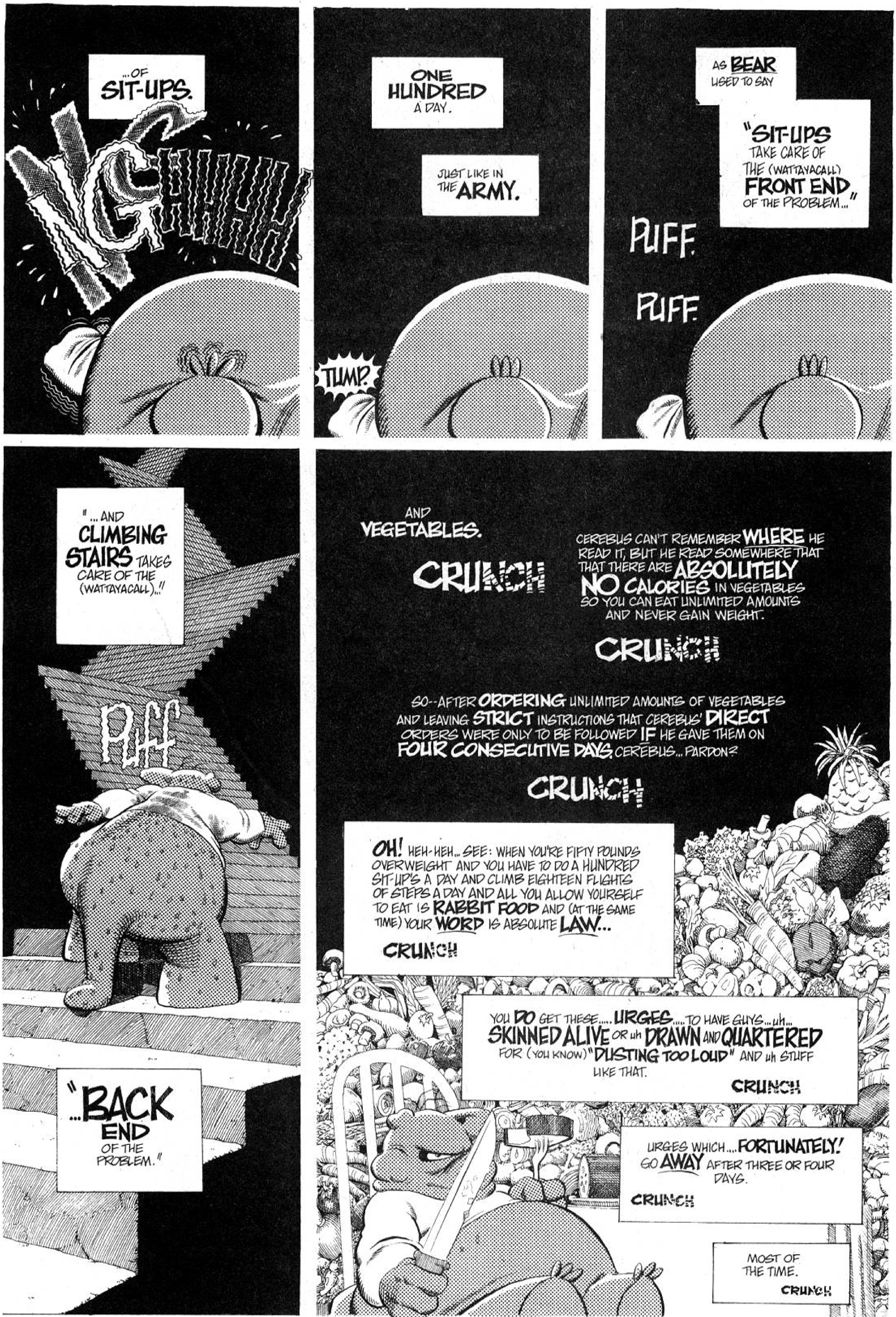
But, what's he going to do against Jacob? Jacob *is* Yoohwhoo, the supplanter, who stole away the birthright and the blessing of the elder, Esau. It's also a reference to the fact that just as God judges Yoohwhoo's "wrestling" with all of her bright ideas, the bad fruit, men, knowledge of good and evil, so too, do men "wrestle" with their bright ideas, the bad fruit, knowledge of good and evil…and with Yoohwhoo. The next part is pretty tricky, because it's not clear who the different "he's" refer to: *"And when he saw, that he preuailed not against him, he touched the hollow of his thigh: and the hollow of Iacobs thigh was out of ioynt, as hee wrestled with him."* [laughs] Seven "he" or "him" or "his" in one sentence and only one "Jacob". Read it as if all the "he's" refer to Jacob and all the "him's" and the "his" refer to the cherubim and it makes for one kind of story. Read it as if all the "he's" refer to the cherubim and the "him's" and the "his" refer to Jacob and it makes for a very different story. Same with *"And he said, Let me goe, for the day breaketh: and he said, I will not let thee goe, except thou blesse me."* See, Cerebus is pretty sure that it's the *cherubim*, Yoohwhoo's angel, who is demanding that Jacob bless *him*.

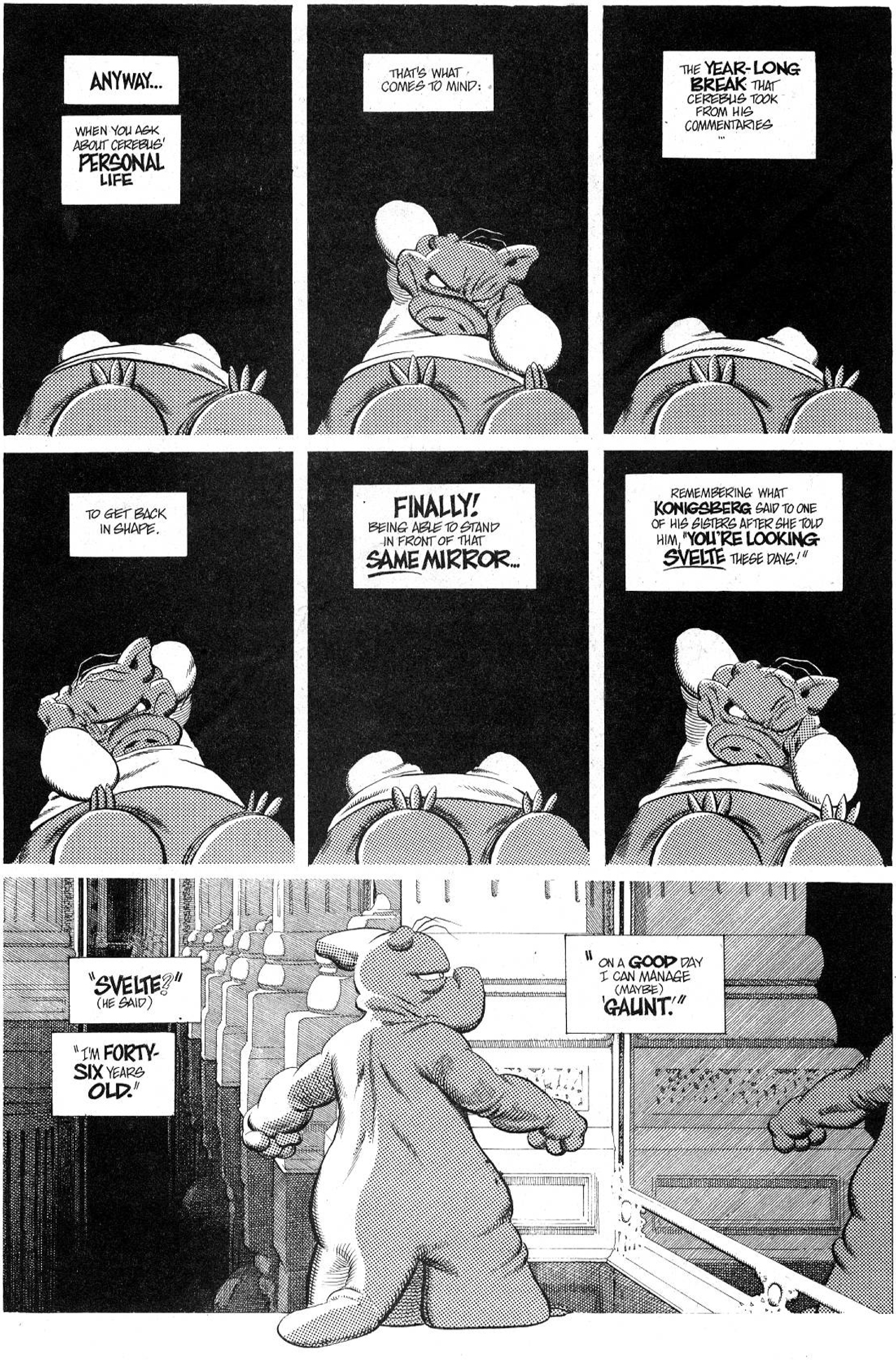
[laughs] Yoohwhoo *has* to get that blessing, because Jacob has usurped the blessing—the covenant—that was made with Abraham, that Abraham passed on to Isaac, that Isaac passed on to Esau, that Jacob tricked Esau *out of* and that Jacob is about to pass on to one of his own sons. The next part [laughs] at least you can tell who is who. *"And he said vnto him, What is thy name? and he said, Iacob. And he said, Thy name shall be called no more Iacob, but Israel: for as a prince hast thou power with God, and with men, and hast preuailed."* So Yoohwhoo is signaling that *she's* about to get her much-needed covenant with Jacob, the same way God had signaled that *He* had a covenant with Abram—by *changing his name.* God changed Abram's name to Abraham and Yoohwhoo—through her cherubim—changes Jacob's name to Israel. If Israel is the "prince" then that makes [laughs] Yoo-know-Whoo the "King". At this point [laughs] the cherubim must've been just radiating happiness and relief. *"And Iacob asked, and saide, Tell me, I pray thee, thy name: and he said, Wherefore is it, that thou doest aske after my name? and he blessed him there."* And [laughs] of course, Jacob proceeds to get it backwards again: *"And Iacob called the name of the place Peniel"* Peniel, the face of God, *"for I haue seene God face to face, and my life is preserued. And as he passed over Penuel, the sunne rose vpon him, and he halted vpon his thigh. Therefore the children of Israel eate not of the sinewe which shranke, which is vpon the hollow of the thigh, vnto this day: because hee touched the hollow of Iacobs thigh, in the sinewe that shranke."* Okay, chapter thirty-three. *"And Iacob lifted vp his eyes, and looked, and behold, Esau came, and with him foure hundreth men:"* Which scares the you-know-what out of Jacob and whenever Jacob gets scared, what does Jacob do? If you guessed "dividing," you win the prize: *"and hee diuided the children vnto Leah, and vnto Rachel, and vnto the two handmaids. And he put the handmaides, and their children foremost, and Leah and her children after, and Rachel and Ioseph hindermost."* [laughs] Jacob brings a whole new meaning to the phrase "women and children first." "Maybe while Esau is busy killing Bilhah and Zilpah and Dan and Naphtali and Gad and Asher and Leah and Reuben and Simeon and Levi and Judah and Issachar and Zebulun and Dinah, that will give Rachel and Joseph and I a chance to escape." [laughs] Fortunately, even Jacob isn't *that* much of a coward. And that means [laughs] it's time for Plan D: *"And hee passed ouer before them, and bowed himselfe to the ground seuen times, untill hee came neere to his brother."* Of course all of Jacob's worrying, like all of Yoohwoo's worrying—which is God's larger point—turns out to be for nothing. *"And Esau ran to meete him, and imbraced him, and fell on his necke, and kissed him, and they wept. And he lift vp his eyes, and sawe the women, and the children, and said, Who are those to thee? And he said, The children which God hath graciously giuen thy servant."* And *that* part would have made God *very* happy. It is only God Who decides who gets children and Who decides which children they get. *"Then the handmaidens came neere: they and their children, and they bowed themselues. And Leah also with her children came neere, and bowed themselues: and after came Ioseph neere and Rachel, and they bowed themselues. And he said, What is all this band to thee, which I met? And he said, to find grace in the sight of my lord. And Esau said, I haue enough: my brother, bee that to thee that thine. And Iacob saide, Nay, I pray thee: if now I haue found grace in thy sight, then receiue my present at my hand: for therefore I haue seene thy face, as though I had seene the face of God; and thou wast pleased with me. Take, I pray thee, my blessing that is brought to thee; because God hath dealt graciously with mee, and because I haue enough: and he urged him and he tooke."* And it's true. Even Yoohwhoo would have to admit that God had dealt graciously with Jacob considering how many bad things Jacob had done over the years. And Esau was the same, not nursing any grudge, the elder was pleased with the younger. Jacob himself says that Esau is looking at Jacob just the way the cherubim was looking at Jacob when the cherubim had gotten Jacob's blessing for Yoohwhoo that Yoohwhoo so desperately needed to get. Yoohwhoo knew how pleased she was with *that*, so that tells her just how pleased the elder is with the younger. Okay, and then the next part gets confusing the same way that the conversation between Jacob and the cherubim was confusing—and probably for the same reason. There was no real difference between Jacob and the cherubim and there's no real difference between Jacob and Esau except that one has the covenant with God and with Yoohwhoo and the other one doesn't. So, try and figure out for yourself who the "he's" are referring to: *"And he said, Let vs take our iourney, and let vs goe, and I will goe before thee. And hee said vnto him, My lord knoweth, that the children are tender, and the flockes and heards with yong are with mee: and if men should ouer-driue them one day, all the flocke will die. Let my lord, I pray thee, passe ouer before his seruant, and I will leade on softly, according to the foot of the children, until I come vnto my lord vnto Seir."* The point is that whether or not you have a covenant with Yoohwhoo or with God or whether you're a pagan, some things just hold true. *One* of those things is that you have to slow your pace to the least developed in your group. If your sheep have lambs, you can only go as fast as the lambs can go. If you have small children, you can only go as fast as the small children can go. God's point is that this holds true for Yoohwhoo and for man. God isn't going to "over-drive" Yoohwhoo *or* "over-drive" man because God is perfectly aware that both Yoohwhoo and men are far less developed than God is. Yoohwhoo and men are infants, lambs compared to God. Far from falling upon them and "smiting the mother upon the children," God is perfectly content to go just as slow as Yoohwhoo *needs* to go—and as slow as *man* needs to go—in "wrestling" and trying to figure things out. In fact, when it comes to the elder addressing the younger, and putting the younger's mind at rest about "taking thy daughters from thee by force" or "smiting the mother upon the children": *"And Esau said, Let me now place with thee of the folke that are with me: And hee said, Wherefore is this? Let me finde grace in the sight of my lord."* Esau is saying to Jacob what God is saying to Yoohwhoo, "These are *more* than my daughters and my sons—these are my *creations*—but here, let me give them to you, entrust them into your care." To which Jacob *and* Yoohwhoo reply, "Wherefore is this?" To which Esau and God reply, "Let me find grace in the sight of my lord." The elder is still serving the younger. But, of course, it isn't *all* sweetness and light. Esau is a pagan. Any seed that isn't Abraham's, that isn't called after Isaac is basically born to oppose whoever has the covenant with God and with Yoohwhoo, which is Jacob and Jacob's seed. To say the least, its not the best idea to mix Esau's children with Jacob's children. *"So Esau returned that day, on his way vnto Seir. And Iacob iourneyed to Succoth, and built him an house, and made booths for his cattell: therefore the name of the place is called Succoth."* That is, booths. *"And Iacob came to Shalem, a citie of Shechem which is in the land of Canaan, when he came from Padan Aram, and pitched his tent before the Citie. And he bought a parcel of a field where he had spread his tent, at the hand of the children of Hamor Shechem's father, for a hundred pieces of money. And hee erected there an Altar, and called it El-Elohe-Israel."* God, the God of Israel. Right in the middle of Yoohwhoo's garden. So, you know that has to lead to some trouble.




OH AYE-- HEH HEH HEH ONE OF YOUR QUESTIONS HERE
(WHERE IS IT AGAIN, NOW?)
AH!
"WHAT WAS GOING ON IN CEREBUS' PERSONAL LIFE WHILE HE WAS WRITING HIS COMMENTARIES ON THE BOOKS OF MOSHE?"
WELL... YOU KNOW... WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT CEREBUS' PERSONAL LIFE ANY TIME AFTER THE YEAR ONE ANY DAY YOU WANT TO TALK ABOUT WAS PRETTY MUCH THE SAME:
"PRAYER." "SLEEP."
"LISTENING TO RECITATIONS OF THE BOOK OF RICK..."
"...THE BOOK OF CEREBUS..."
"AND THE BOOKS OF MOSHE HERE IN THE SANCTUARY..."
THEN "GOING OUT AND WATCHING HOUSES BEING BUILT."
HEH HEH
BUT, OF COURSE, YOU'RE A WRITER! YOU DON'T WANT TO HEAR ALL THAT BORING STUFF!... SO CEREBUS TRIED TO REMEMBER ANYTHING THAT A WRITER WOULD FIND INTERESTING ...AND THE ONLY THING CEREBUS COULD THINK OF WAS THE DAY THAT THEY INSTALLED THE FLOOR-TO-CEILING MIRRORS IN THE ENTRYWAY (WHICH HAPPENED RIGHT AROUND THE TIME THAT RACHEL WAS GIVING BIRTH TO BENJAMIN) (WHICH IS WHY CEREBUS STUCK THAT NOTE IN AROUND CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE OF BOOK ONE) SEE -- BECAUSE WHEN CEREBUS WENT OUT TO APPROVE THE WORK (WHICH CEREBUS DID RIGHT AWAY: THEY DID A BEAUTIFUL JOB) CEREBUS WAS REMINDING HIMSELF THAT HE WAS WORKING ON CHAPTER THIRTY-FIVE, WHICH CEREBUS HAD TO KEEP REMINDING HIMSELF BECAUSE AS SOON AS THE WORKMEN LEFT ALL CEREBUS COULD DO FOR THE REST OF THE DAY WAS TO HEH-HEH STAND THERE AND STARE AT JUST. HOW. HUGE CEREBUS' BUTT HAD GOTTEN.
HAHAHA! IT'S TRUE! CEREBUS JUST STOOD THERE THINKING: "SO! CEREBUS' TOILET SEAT DIDN'T SHRINK!"


"CREAM SAUCES!" CEREBUS REALIZED-- The LEGION of JOANNE WANNABE's HAD "GOTTEN" CEREBUS BY DRENCHING EVERY ONE OF CEREBUS' BREAKFASTS, LUNCHES AND DINNERS IN CREAM SAUCES! THIS REALLY IRRITATED CEREBUS -- FIRST, BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD BEEN EXPECTING THE WOMEN TO TRY AND "PULL" SOMETHING ON HIM (a) BECAUSE CEREBUS WOULDN'T MARRY ANY OF 'EM b) BECAUSE CEREBUS KEPT THE "CLEANSING OF THE LAND" TRADITION AND c) BECAUSE CEREBUS HAD AUTHORIZED THE BUILDING OF FRUITCAKE PARK) AND SECOND, BECAUSE IT WAS A TRICK THAT HAD FOOLED CEREBUS BEFORE.
NGGGH
TUMP?
"WELL..." (CEREBUS THOUGHT TO HIMSELF)
"...WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"
PUFF.
PUFF.
"...CRY ABOUT IT?"
SO CEREBUS SWUNG INTO ACTION!
PUFF.
WGGHH
TUMP?
PUFF.
PUFF.
STARTING A RIGOROUS PROGRAM...
PUFF.


...OF SIT-UPS.
NGHHHHH
ONE HUNDRED A DAY.
JUST LIKE IN THE ARMY.
TUMP!
AS BEAR USED TO SAY
"SIT-UPS TAKE CARE OF THE (WATTAYACALL) FRONT END OF THE PROBLEM..."
PUFF.
PUFF.
"...AND CLIMBING STAIRS TAKES CARE OF THE (WATTAYACALL)..."
PUFF
"...BACK END OF THE PROBLEM."
AND VEGETABLES.
CRUNCH
CEREBUS CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE HE READ IT, BUT HE READ SOMEWHERE THAT THAT THERE ARE ABSOLUTELY NO CALORIES IN VEGETABLES SO YOU CAN EAT UNLIMITED AMOUNTS AND NEVER GAIN WEIGHT.
CRUNCH
SO--AFTER ORDERING UNLIMITED AMOUNTS OF VEGETABLES AND LEAVING STRICT INSTRUCTIONS THAT CEREBUS' DIRECT ORDERS WERE ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED IF HE GAVE THEM ON FOUR CONSECUTIVE DAYS, CEREBUS... PARDON?
CRUNCH
OH! HEH-HEH... SEE: WHEN YOU'RE FIFTY POUNDS OVERWEIGHT AND YOU HAVE TO DO A HUNDRED SIT-UP'S A DAY AND CLIMB EIGHTEEN FLIGHTS OF STEPS A DAY AND ALL YOU ALLOW YOURSELF TO EAT IS RABBIT FOOD AND (AT THE SAME TIME) YOUR WORD IS ABSOLUTE LAW...
CRUNCH
YOU DO GET THESE..... URGES..... TO HAVE GUYS... uh... SKINNED ALIVE OR uh DRAWN AND QUARTERED FOR (YOU KNOW) "DUSTING TOO LOUD" AND uh STUFF LIKE THAT.
CRUNCH
URGES WHICH.... FORTUNATELY! GO AWAY AFTER THREE OR FOUR DAYS.
CRUNCH
MOST OF THE TIME.
CRUNCH


ANYWAY...
WHEN YOU ASK ABOUT CEREBUS' PERSONAL LIFE
THAT'S WHAT COMES TO MIND:
THE YEAR-LONG BREAK THAT CEREBUS TOOK FROM HIS COMMENTARIES ...
TO GET BACK IN SHAPE.
FINALLY! BEING ABLE TO STAND IN FRONT OF THAT SAME MIRROR...
REMEMBERING WHAT KONIGSBERG SAID TO ONE OF HIS SISTERS AFTER SHE TOLD HIM, "YOU'RE LOOKING SVELTE THESE DAYS!"
"SVELTE?" (HE SAID)
"I'M FORTY-SIX YEARS OLD."
"ON A GOOD DAY I CAN MANAGE (MAYBE) 'GAUNT.'"

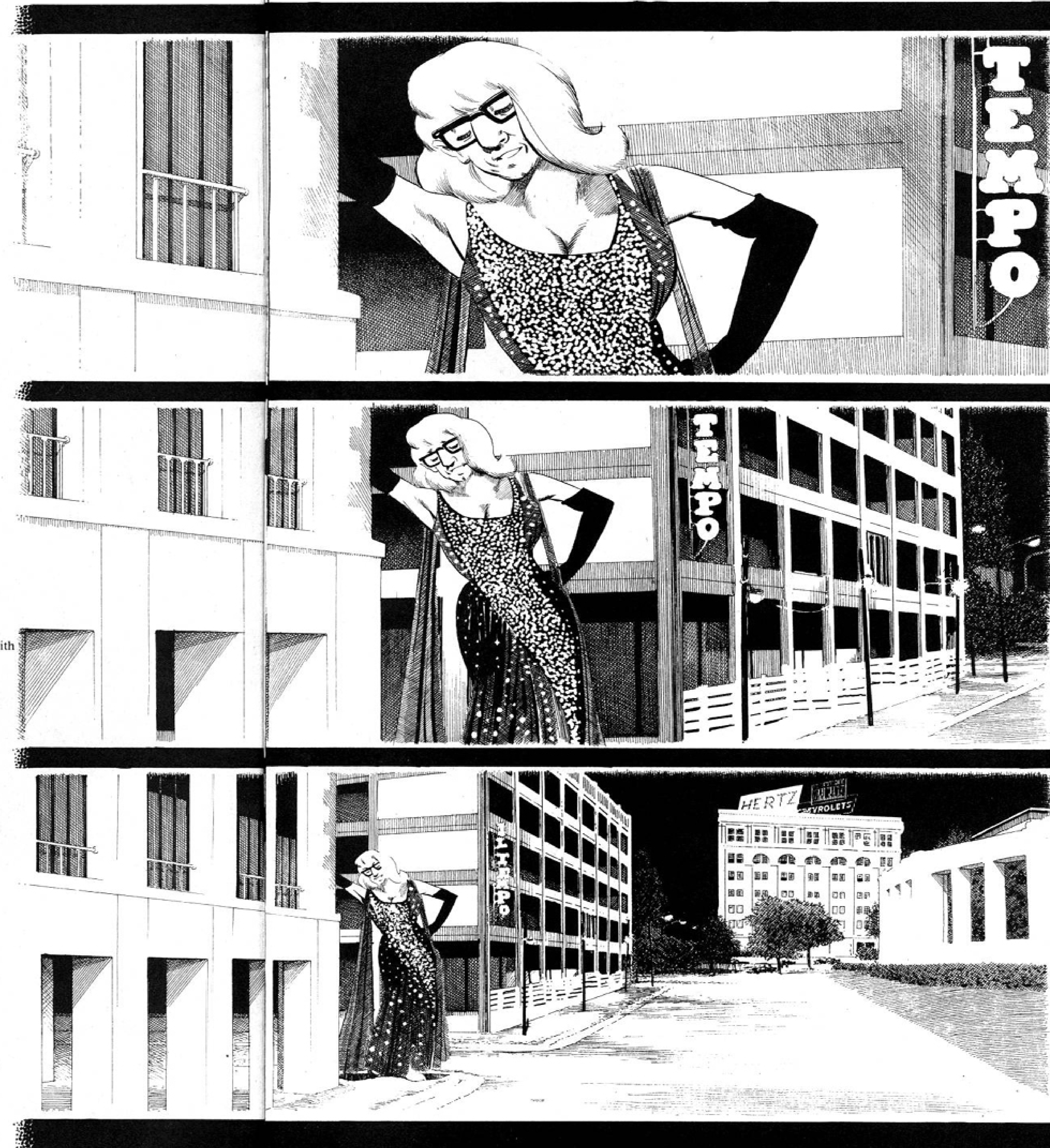


Okay. Chapter thirty-four. *"And Dinah the daughter of Leah, which shee bare vnto Iacob, went out to see the daughters of the land."* We're back in Yoohwhoo's garden and the reference to "daughters of the land" is a sure sign that, here, God intends to deal with the matter of Yoohwhoo's use of the cherubim and the flaming sword to "protect" God's "daughters" from God, and Yoohwhoo's defence that she thought "peradventure thou wouldst take by force thy daughters from me." And, because God is dealing with the "daughters" issue, He uses the only daughter of Jacob to make His point, since Yoohwhoo obviously doesn't understand what she did wrong. You can tell this is important because God even goes so far as to describe Dinah as *Leah's* daughter, which is real "way of the Yoohwhoo" stuff. So, Dinah "went out to see the daughters of the land." *"And when Shechem the sonne of Hamor the Hiuite, prince of the countrey saw her, he tooke her, and lay with her, and humbled her. And his soule claue vnto Dinah the daughter of Iacob, and hee loued the damsell, and spake to her heart. And Shechem spake vnto his father Hamor, saying Get mee this damsel to wife."* What God is saying is that using a cherubim and a flaming sword to keep God away from God's "daughters" and to keep men away from the tree of life—because Yoohwhoo loved God's "daughters" and was afraid that God was going to take them away by force and had decided that men were evil—was just plain wrong. It was just plain wrong in the same way that it's wrong for a guy to just grab a woman and hump her because he's decided that he's in love with her, as Shechem did with Dinah. You can't do something wrong to someone and then make it right just by saying that you did it out of love—because your soul "clave" to that person—which is what Yoohwhoo thinks excuses what she did with Hawwa and her daughters. *"And Iacob heard that he had defiled Dinah his daughter (now his sonnes were with his cattel in the field) and Iacob helde his peace vntill they were come. And Hamor the father of Shechem went out vnto Iacob to commune with him. And the sonnes of Iacob came out of the field when they heard, and the men were grieued: and they were very wroth, because hee had wrought folly in Israel, in lying with Iacob's daughter; which thing ought not to be done."* These are all the sons of Jacob, Yoohwhoo *and* God's representatives in the story, and they're all in agreement. Wrong is wrong. What God is saying is that using the cherubim and the flaming sword was in that same category—it was a thing which ought not to be done. *"And Hamor communed with them, saying, The soule of my sonne Shechem longeth for your daughter: I pray you giue her him to wife. And make ye marriages with vs, and giue your daughters vnto vs, and take our daughters vnto you."* See, even Yoohwhoo has to see how wrong this is at this point. Shechem *raped* Dinah—which was *wrong*—but he wants to just leave that fact aside and discuss inter-marriage. Which is what Yoohwhoo wants to do with the question of the cherubim and the flaming sword. To leave aside imprisoning God's "daughters" and casting out his "sons" and just dealing with the fact that Yoohwhoo was afraid that God would take his "daughters" away from Yoohwhoo by force. The fact that you think you had a right reason for doing something wrong doesn't make doing something wrong right. This also ties in with the previous chapter and Esau saying to Jacob, "Let me now place with thee of the folk that are with me." On the *one* hand, it's a nice brotherly gesture, but on the *other* hand, Esau intentionally took a wife of the daughters of Heth, intentionally set himself in opposition to the Abraham and Isaac covenant. The fact that he got away with it, the fact that Jacob just accepted Esau's pagan children, is something that God wants to call Jacob—and his sons'—attention to. They have to take the Covenant more seriously and pay attention when someone tries "sneaking in under the fence". Having someone rape your daughter and then want to sit down and discuss an inter-marriage program with you [laughs] is a pretty good way of making the point. *"And ye shall dwell with vs, and the land shall be before you: dwell and trade you therein, and get you possessions therein. And Shechem said vnto her father, and vnto her brethren, Let mee finde grace in your eyes..."* Which was Esau's exact phrase in trying to "infiltrate" the covenant people with his own pagan offspring. *"...and what yee shall say vnto me, I will giue. Aske mee neuer so much dowrie and gift, and I will giue according as yee shall say vnto mee: but giue me the damsel to wife."* Not only did Shechem *rape* Dinah, now he wants to haggle over the price he's going to pay for her. [laughs] If that doesn't give Jacob and his sons second thoughts about inter-marriage, nothing will. *"And the sonnes of Iacob answered Shechem, and Hamor his father deceitfully, and said, because he had defiled Dinah their sister. And they saide vnto them, Wee cannot doe this thing, to giue our sister to one that is vncircumcised: for that were a reproch vnto vs. But in this will we consent vnto you: If ye will be as we, that euery male of you be circumcised: Then wil we giue our daughters vnto you, and we wil take your daughters to vs, and we will dwell with you, and we will become one people."* Which is about the stupidest thing they could have done. God is trying to warn them about non-covenant nations trying to put one over on them and what do they do? They use the *sign* of their covenant with God, the *circumcision*, to try and fool the Hivites! *"But if ye will not hearken vnto vs, to be circumcised, then will we take our daughter, and we will be gone. And their words pleased Hamor, and Shechem Hamors sonne."* [laughs] No doubt, eh? *"And the yong man deferred not to doe the thing, because he had delight in Iacob's daughter: and he was more honourable then all the house of his father."* The guy's a rapist and he's "more honourable than all the house of his father" which gives you a rough idea of how honourable the house of his father was. *"And Hamor and Shechem his sonne came vnto the gate of their citie, and communed with the men of their citie, saying: These men are peaceable with vs, therefore let them dwel in the land, and trade therein: for the land, behold, it is large enough for them: let vs take their daughters to vs for wiues, and let vs giue them our daughters. Onely herein will the men consent vnto vs, for to dwell with vs to be one people, if euery male among vs bee circumcised, as they are circumcised. Shall not their cattell, and their substance, and euery beast of theirs bee ours?"* This is the natural result of Jacob marrying pagan wives *and* stealing all of Laban's cattle. Jacob *deserves* to go through this. *"...onely let vs consent vnto them, and they will dwell with vs. And vnto Hamor and vnto Shechem his sonne, hearkened all that went out of the gate of his citie; and euery male was circumcised, all that went out of the gate of his citie. And it came to passe on the thirde day when they were sore, that two of the sonnes of Iacob, Simeon and Levi, Dinahs brethren, tooke each man his sword and came vpon the citie boldly, and slew all the males."* Simeon and Levi—"hearing" and "joined"—prove themselves to be real "sons of Yoohwhoo," like the cherubim slaying all the men and saving the women alive. *"And they slew Hamor and Shechem his sonne, with the mouth of the sword, and tooke Dinah out of Shechems house, and went out."* Dinah was in Shechem's house the whole time! Can you imagine what she must've been going through? You would think even someone as thick-witted as Yoohwhoo would *have* to understand at that point: you can't keep people as if they're possessions. [thinks] [laughs] But, not only doesn't *Yoohwhoo* get it: *"The sonnes of Iacob came vpon the slaine, and spoiled the citie, because they had defiled their sister. They tooke their sheepe, and their oxen, and their asses, and that which in the citie, and that which in the field. And all their wealth,"* And, [laughs] get *this: "and all their little ones, and their wiues took*

they captiue, and spoiled euen all that in the house." [laughs] How stupid is *that*? Let Cerebus answer for you: INCREDIBLY *stupid!* They had a slim chance—*if* they had killed every last man, woman and child—of keeping the covenant pure which had passed from Abraham to Isaac to Jacob and which is about to pass to Jacob's as-yet-unknown anointed son and instead—*instead!*—they take themselves a bunch pagan wives and, (assuming that the "males" referred only to adult males and that the "little ones" referred to girls *and* boys) newly circumcised little pagan boys who will grow into big pagan circumcised husbands and big pagan circumcised fathers! Basically, Jacob and his sons take the trick they've just played on the Hivites—*of fooling the Hivites into believing that they're interested in inter-marrying with them*—and then basically play their own trick on *themselves* by actually *taking Hivite wives*! [laughs] That'll show those tricky Hivites! [laughs] Congratulations, Jacob, you've just made one of the nations which is bent on your destruction part of your covenant with God! Good ol' Jacob has a completely (dangles his hand from a limp wrist) Jacob-like reaction: *"And Iacob said to Simeon and Leui, Ye haue troubled me to make me to stinke among the inhabitants of the land, amongst the Canaanites, and the Perizzites: and I being few in number, they shall gather themselues together against me, and slay me, and I shall be destroyed,"* and when he realizes that that sounds maybe a weeee bit selfish [thinks] as well as *cowardly*, he adds, *"I and my house. And they said, Should hee deale with our sister, as with an harlot?"* And that's the end of the chapter. [laughs] No point in waiting for an answer from Jacob. Okay. Now, chapter thirty-five. *"And God said vnto Iacob, Arise, goe vp to Bethel, and dwel there: and make there an Altar vnto God, that appeared vnto thee, when thou fleddest from the face of Esau thy brother."* [thinking] [he's quiet a long time] This part gets really serious. God isn't joking any more with the well and the stone on top of the well, joking about an anointed rock being God's house. God wants Jacob to build an actual altar. God knows that He didn't appear to Jacob in Luz—that was Yoohwhoo supplanting God, all part of the joke from God's standpoint. Altars and anointing rocks—that's Yoohwhoo stuff. A joke to God. [thinks] Joke's over. You can tell that Jacob knows that this is suddenly serious business, too. *"Then Iacob said vnto his household, and to all that were with him, Put away the strange gods that are among you, and bee cleane, and change your garments, And let vs arise, and goe vp to Bethel, and I will make there an Altar vnto God, who answered me in the day of my distresse, and was with me in the way which I went."* And that's certainly true. Jacob is the supplanter and the younger, but God has been with him every step of the way. *"And they gaue vnto Iacob all the strange gods which in their hand, and all their eare-rings which in their eares, and Iacob hid them under the oke which was by Shechem."* Remember the trees are all "he's"—"of God". *"And they iourneyed: and the terrour of God was vpon the cities that were round about them, and they did not pursue after the sonnes of Iacob."* [whistles appreciatively] That's the first time *that's* happened since Yoohwhoo made her covenant with Abraham way back in chapter fifteen when *"an horrour of great darkenesse fell vpon him."* Only this time, it doesn't happen to just one guy, it happens to *whole cities*. The joke is…*definitely*…over. *"So Iacob came to Luz, which in the land of Canaan (that Bethel) hee and all the people that with him. And hee built there an Altar, and called the place El-Bethel."* The God of the House of God [nervous laugh] Just, you know, so there's no mistake about Who that is. *"…because there God appeared vnto him, when he fled from the face of his brother. But Deborah Rebekahs nurse died, and she was buried beneath Bethel under an oke: and the name of was called Allon Bachuth."* Which translates as the Oak of Weeping. There'll be a lot of weeping for a lot of oaks before this one is through, boy. Rebekah's nurse. Rebekah's nurse goes back to before "hubba hubba" time. *"And God appeared vnto Iacob againe, when he came out of Padan Aram, and blessed him. And God said vnto him, Thy name is Iacob: thy name shall not bee called any more Iacob, but Israel shall bee thy name; and he called his name Israel."* Of course, that was the name that Yoohwhoo's cherubim gave him. The fact that God is going along with the name change is [thinks]…well, let's just say that it's not the best possible news for everyone concerned. *"And God saide vnto him, I am God Almightie: be fruitful and multiply: a nation and a company of nations shall be of thee, and Kings shall come out of thy loynes. And the land which I gaue Abraham, and Isaac, to thee I will giue it, and to thy seed after thee will I giue the land. And God went vp from him, in the place where he talked with him."* Basically God is echoing Yoohwhoo's covenant, signaling that this a new beginning even though Jacob has already been as fruitful as Jacob is going to get. So, Yoohwhoo is getting what she wanted. Her covenant, her way. What she *thinks* she wants. But as [lost in a memory] as Cerebus once told someone, "You can get what you want…" [long pause] "…and still not be very happy." *"And Iacob set vp a pillar in the place where he talked with him, a pillar of stone: and hee powred a drinke offering thereon, and he powred oile thereon. And Iacob called the name of the place where God spake with him, Bethel. And they iourneyed from Bethel: and there was but a litle piece of ground to come to Ephrath:"* A very little piece of ground, a very small distance between Bethel and Ephrath-Bethlehem. A very small distance between doing what's right and doing what's wrong. *"…and Rachel traveiled, and she had hard labour."* *This* is what has made everything suddenly very, very, very serious. *This* is what the Oak of Weeping is about. *This* is what the death of Rebekah's nurse is about, the giant step back to before "hubba hubba" time.

Yoohwhoo told God to make Rachel pregnant again.

Exactly the wrong thing to do—*exactly* the giant step backwards from "good judgment" to "bad judgment" that God wanted Yoohwoo to avoid, the giant step backwards to the "bad old days" in the garden, the "bad old days" of Yoohwhoo giving men and women the impression that Yoohwhoo makes women pregnant. The giant step backwards of wanting Jacob to have an elder *and* a *younger* son with Rachel. *And it came to passe when shee was in hard labour, that the midwife said vnto her, Feare not: thou shalt haue this sonne also."* "Fear not". That's Yoohwhoo speaking through the midwife, of course. "Fear not". It's hard to imagine anything *stupider* that *anyone* could have said to Rachel under the circumstances. It starts thousands of years of fear and suffering for your people [he looks over at Konigsberg who has draped his blanket over both shoulders and is lost is some strange fantasy of his own, smiling mysteriously] [Cerebus sighs] *all of which* could have been avoided just by Yoohwhoo leaving well enough alone, just by leaving Joseph as the only son of Jacob and Rachel, a living symbol that there is only One God. One God who decides who gets pregnant and who doesn't. One. Short. *Stupid.* Piece. Of ground. And that's *all* that ends up separating Beth-*EL*—the House of God—from Beth-*lehem*. The House of…*bread*. Yoohwhoo's curse on men: "*In the sweate of thy face shalt thou eate bread.*" [shakes his head at the stupidity of it all] "Fear not," the midwife says. That must've been a great comfort to Rachel as she's lying there, dying in childbirth. *"And it came to passe as her soul was in departing, (for she died) that she called his name Ben-oni:"* "The Son of my Sorrow." Which is very apt. Very apt. An answer to the









midwife saying "Fear not." And the next step back from Yoohwhoo's curse on men: "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread"—to Yoohwhoo's curse on women—"In sorrow thou shalt bring forth children." Rachel wasn't *afraid.* Rachel was *unhappy.* Bitterly, bitterly *unhappy.* She didn't know *why* she was unhappy—how could she know? It wasn't *Rachel's* idea to defy God. Rachel didn't *know* she was defying God. Defying God was Yoohwhoo's idea. Yoohwhoo's only concern was that Rachel give birth to a second son. Yoohwoo couldn't care less about Rachel or about anyone. Yoohwhoo thinks they're all evil. But Rachel was the one who had to suffer for Yoohwhoo's choice. *"...but his father called him Beniamin."* "The son of the right hand." Again, very apt. Very appropriate. God was doing what he was committed to do—to make everything happen exactly as Yoohwhoo wanted it to happen. No matter how unbelievably horribly bad a choice Yoohwhoo had made, God would fulfill it. God's right hand created Benjamin, as God's right hand creates everyone. *"And Rachel died, and was buried in the way to Ephrath, which Bethlehem. And Iacob set a pillar vpon her graue: that is the pillar of Rachels graue vnto this day. And Israel iourneyed and spread his tent beyond the towre of Edar. And it came to passe when Israel dwelt in that land, that Reuben went & lay with Bilhah his fathers concubine: and Israel heard."* Like ripples on a pond, the bad decisions start to spread outward from Yoohwhoo's bad decision to have God make Rachel pregnant. *Really* bad decisions, like Jacob's first born son, his natural heir, choosing to sleep with his father's concubine. Bad, bad, bad decisions. *"Now the sonnes of Iacob were twelue."* And then it goes on to name the twelve sons grouped with their mothers. *"And Iacob came vnto Isaac his father vnto Mamre, vnto the citie of Arbah (which is Hebron) where Abraham and Isaac soiourned. And the dayes of Isaac were an hundred and fourescore yeeres."* One hundred and eighty. Like the one hundred and eighty degrees that make up...*half*...of a circle. *"And Isaac gaue vp the ghost and died, and was gathered vnto his people, being old and full of dayes: and his sonnes Esau and Iacob buried him."*

Okay, next there's chapter thirty-six. Chapter thirty-six is a strange one since it documents the generations of Esau. All of Esau's pagan sons and pagan wives. What Cerebus figures is that Jacob was pretty lost with the death of Rachel and then the death of Isaac immediately after. Lost and probably worried that he had offended God. Otherwise why would God allow his wife—the wife he loved more than anyone—to be taken away from him? And then to have his father, Isaac, taken away right after Jacob had returned to him? Of course it had nothing to do with Rachel or Isaac or Jacob. They just happened to be the ones who had to bear the result of *Yoohwhoo* defying God and making the giant backward step to the "bad old days" in the garden. [thinks] Of course, it was *partly* their fault for calling on the name of the Yoohwhoo—that's really the source of all of the trouble. But *they* don't know that. But, the way Cerebus figured it, Jacob must've thought that he had offended God by supplanting his older brother and tricking him out of his birthright and his blessing. That, he figured, was why he had lost Rachel and Isaac pretty much at the same time. And being a good guy, he tried to make amends by incorporating Esau and his descendants into the story. It doesn't work, of course. There's just this one genealogy of Esau's pagan sons and Esau's pagan sons' pagan sons and Esau's pagan wives and then that's the end of it. Isaac's covenant passed to *Jacob.* Jacob can't "undo" that or add to it just because he starts to feel guilty a few years down the road. There's only *one* story, there's only *one* covenant holder.

Yoohwhoo *attempts* to start off chapter thirty-seven with *"And Iacob dwelt in the land of his fathers soiournings, in the land of Canaan. These the generations of Iacob:"* figuring that that's the way the story is going to be told from now on: first *Esau's* generations, then *Jacob's.* God has other plans. *"Ioseph being seuenteene yeeres old, was feeding the flocke with his brethren, and the lad was with the sonnes of Bilhah, and with the sonnes of Zilpah, his fathers wiues:"* This is pretty abrupt, but, as Cerebus said, the joke's over. God is basically classifying Jacob's concubines as wives, which means that Jacob, the younger being, is in violation of the oath that God made him commit to, speaking through Laban, back in chapter thirty-one, *"If thou shalt afflict my daughters, or if thou shalt take wiues beside my daughters..."* So, now we get to find out what the consequences of violating that oath are. This is bad news for Yoohwhoo any way you slice it, so she tries to get a jump on things with: *"...and Ioseph brought vnto his father their euill report."* You know, *Bad* Bilhah, *Bad* Zilpah, *Bad* sons of Bilhah, *Bad* sons of Zilpah. But, of course, the sons of Bilhah are "judging" and "wrestling"—God judging Yoohwhoo's wrestling—and the sons of Zilpah are "a troop" and "happy"—Yoohwhoo's tendency to come up with crazy ideas because it makes her happy. So God just ignores her and continues with: *"Now Israel loued Ioseph more then all his children, because he was the sonne of his old age: and he made him a coat of many colours. And when his brethren saw that their father loued him more then all his brethren, they hated him, and could not speake peaceably vnto him."* Well, right away, Yoohwhoo identifies herself with Joseph since Yoohwhoo is convinced that everyone should love Yoohwhoo. The idea that everyone hates her because God loves her more than God loves anyone, well, that's something Yoohwhoo hadn't considered but, to Yoohwhoo, that would make perfect sense. Likewise that *God* would be hated because *Yoohwhoo* loves God more than she loves anyone else. *"And Ioseph dreamed a dreame, and he told it his brethren, and they hated him yet the more. And he said vnto them, Heare, I pray you this dreame which I haue dreamed. For beholde, wee were binding sheaues in the field, and loe, my sheafe arose, and also stood vpright: and behold, your sheaues stood round about, and made obeisance to my sheafe."* This would make perfect sense to Yoohwhoo as well. Everyone should worship Yoohwhoo and everyone should worship God because—whichever one is the father and whichever one is the son—*they're both better than everyone else,* in Yoohwhoo's mind since, in Yoohwhoo's mind, *everyone else is evil.* *"And his brethren saide to him, Shalt thou indeed reigne ouer vs? or shalt thou indeed haue dominion ouer vs? and they hated him yet the more, for his dreames, and for his words. And hee dreamed yet another dreame, and told it his brethren, and said, Behold I haue dreamed a dreame more: and behold, the sunne and the moone, and the eleuen stares made obeisance to me. And he told to his father, and to his brethren: and his father rebuked him, and said vnto him, What this dream that thou hast dreamed? shal I, and thy mother, and thy brethren indeed come to bow downe our selues to thee, to the earth?"* This is *definitely* an interesting idea as far as Yoohwhoo is concerned, because it suggests that Jacob represents the sun and Rachel represented the moon, Joseph represents the earth and Joseph's eleven brothers are the eleven stars. Should the sun and the moon and the eleven stars bow themselves to Yoohwhoo, to the earth? Another idea that Yoohwhoo hadn't considered. Yoohwhoo is sure that she's better than all these evil little beings crawling all over her and that *they* should worship her. But the sun? The moon? *"And his brethren enuied him:"* *Another* interesting idea as far as Yoohwhoo is concerned. The eleven stars are *envious* of Yoohwhoo? Yoohwhoo's a female, remember. For a female there's nothing better than being *envied* by someone else. The question is: how does that make

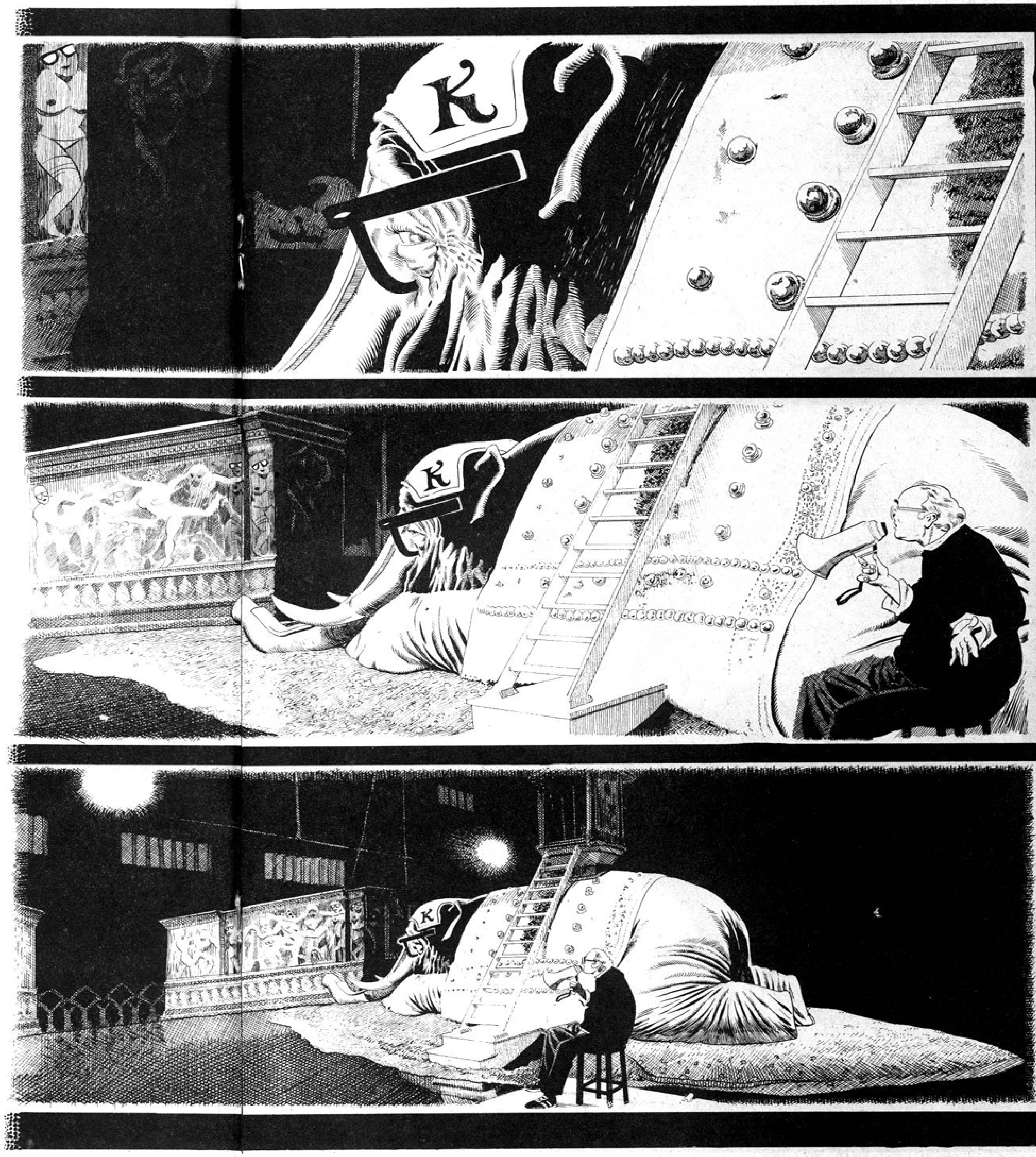
Yoohwhoo feel toward the eleven stars? "*...but his father obserued the saying.*" [laughs] There's a lot there for *everyone* to think about. Cerebus pictures Jacob thinking to himself once he realized what he had just said, "Rachel and I were the moon and the sun? Joseph is the earth? And his eleven brothers are the eleven stars?" "*And his brethren went to feed their fathers flocke in Shechem.*" Shechem, again. [dripping irony] *There's* good news. "*And Israel saide vnto Ioseph, Doe not thy brethren feed the flocke in Shechem? Come, and I will send thee vnto them: & he said to him, Here am I.*" Joseph's a little slow on the uptake [laughs] probably still picturing his father—the sun—and his mother—the moon—and his brothers—the eleven stars—all bowing down and worshipping him. "*And he said to him, Goe I pray thee, see the peace of thy brethren, and well with the flockes, and bring me word againe, so hee sent him out of the vale of Hebron, and he came to Shechem. And a certaine man found him, and behold hee was wandring in the field, and the man asked him, saying, What seekest thou? And he said, I seeke my brethren: tell me, I pray thee, where they feed their.*" He doesn't get a chance to finish. This is like the elder servant and Rebekah. He already *knows* what Joseph is going to ask and he's already answering Joseph before Joseph can finish speaking. "*And the man said, They are departed hence: for I heard them say, Let vs goe to Dothan. And Ioseph went after his brethren, and found them in Dothan. And when they saw him a farre off, euen before he came neere vnto them, they conspired against him, to slay him.*" Yoohwhoo knows this story! This is Cain and Hebel all over again! Only *this* time, instead of one Evil Brother representing God and one Good Brother representing Yoohwhoo—now there's Eleven Evil Brothers representing God and One Good Brother representing Yoohwhoo. "*And they said one to another, Behold, this master of dreames commeth. Come now therefore, and let vs slay him, and cast him into some pit, and we will say, Some euill beast hath deuoured him: and we shall see what will become of his dreames.*" Yoohwhoo jumps into the story the only place that she sees that she fits (besides as Joseph) as the first born son of Jacob. Yoohwhoo, the "son of God" or God, "the son of Yoohwhoo". [laughs] Both of them are going to save Joseph. "*And Reuben heard, and he deliuered him out of their hands, and said; Let vs not kill him. And Reuben saide vnto them, Shed no blood, cast him into this pit that is in the wildernesse, and lay no hand vpon him; that he might rid him out of their hands, to deliuer him to his father againe.*"

Konigsberg:

[in a strange New Sepran accent] *(Cerebus – I wasn't sure of the wording, so I've tried to spell everything phonetically – Me)* Yoose your acteeng skillce, Woo-dee. Pree-tand that Yoong-frow did not joost peetch side-wayce from dee chewellet (*jeweled?*) how-dah, down de stairce and into dee bottom-less peet. Pree-tand Yoong-frow is still seated in dee how-dah, Woo-dee, and gat up and march forward ma-jay-stick-ly. We can feex it in dee add-itting wit a Yoong-frow like-a-look and com-pyoo-tare en-hance-ment. [in his own voice] I can't, Mr. Fellini. I – I just *can't*.

Cerebus:

[after waiting a few seconds to make sure Konigsberg is all through] Which accomplishes what God wanted it to accomplish. Yoohwhoo intends to save the life of the beloved son and to deliver the beloved son safely into the custody of the father. Yoohwhoo doesn't recognize it, but she's basically acknowledging God's sovereignty over her, if she's God's "son" as she believes herself to be. So, it's a step in the right direction for Yoohwhoo. "*And it came to passe when Ioseph was come vnto his brethren, that they stript Ioseph out of his coate, his coat of many colours that on him. And they tooke him and cast him into a pit.*" Yoohwhoo is definitely absorbed in the story at this point and interrupts to add, "*And the pit emptie, no water in it.*" It's hard to tell if she understands what that means, but yes. Basically, it's a well—one of her beloved wells like Beer lahai roi—but there's no water in it. No water. Like a certain yoohwhoo who ended up as a pillar of salt. "*And they sat downe to eat bread:*" Which brings us all the way back to the present, to Bethlehem, to the House of bread, and back to the garden at the same time and Yoohwhoo's "in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." "*and they lift vp their eyes and looked, and behold, a company of Ishmeelites came from Gilead, with their camels, bearing spicery, & baulme, and myrrhe, going to cary down to Egypt.*" Ishmaelites, descendants of Isaac's <u>elder</u> brother, the one in whose name Abraham's seed was *not* supposed to be called, the "wrong turn" two generations back. "*And Iudah saide vnto his brethren, What profit if we slay our brother, and conceale his blood? Come, and let vs sell him to the Ishmeelites, and let not our hand bee vpon him: for he is our brother, and flesh; and his brethren hearkened.*" That must've been very tough on Yoohwhoo. See, Judah was Jacob's *fourth* son, *fourth* after Yoohwhoo's representatives, Reuben, Simeon and Levi. Yoohwhoo, therefore, is completely aware that Judah—"Praise"—out of all of the sons of Jacob is the one who *most closely* represents God in any story concerning Jacob's sons. And here, the brother who most closely represents God is proposing *selling into slavery* the brother that Yoohwhoo most identifies with. Not only that, he's making it sound as if he's doing something *good*. As if selling your brother into slavery is some big improvement on killing him. Which is part of God's point going back to the "daughters" argument. Captivity is wrong. It was wrong for Yoohwhoo to keep God's "daughters" away from God in the garden by means of the cherubim and the flaming sword. By having Judah describe Joseph as "our brother, and flesh," God is trying to get Yoohwhoo to see the connection between what the brothers are doing and what Yoohwhoo did—by reminding Yoohwhoo of *her own words* back in chapter six, "*My Spirit shall not always striue with man; for that hee also flesh.*" "*Then there passed by Midianites merchant men, and they drew and lift vp Ioseph out of the pit, and sold Ioseph to the Ishmeelites for twentie of siluer:*" You know, bearing in mind that Judah is also, you know, *just* Judah—just a *man* who has made a very, very, very bad decision here (the bad decisions continue to ripple out across the pond)—it would really serve Judah right if one of *his* sons or some descendant of *his* gets sold for a handful of silver. "*...and they brought Ioseph into Egypt. And Reuben returned vnto the pit, and behold, Ioseph was not in the pit: and he rent his clothes. And hee returned vnto his brethren and said, The childe is not, and I whither shall I goe? And they tooke Iosephs coat, and killed a kid of the goats, and dipped the coat in the blood.*" Which refers back to the kids of the goats that Rebekah had used to deceive Isaac when Jacob usurped Esau's blessing. It's another deception, but there's no blessing to usurp this time. Not from Joseph, anyway. No one has any idea who Jacob's "anointed" son is going to turn out to be. Could be Joseph. Could be Judah. Could be any one of them. "*And they sent the coat of many colours, and they brought it to their father, and said, This haue we found: know now whether it bee thy sonnes coat or no. And he knew, and said, my sonnes coat: an euil beast hath deuoured him;*" The "beast of the earth," that is. What God is saying here is that Yoohwhoo, by choosing





to direct God to make Rachel pregnant, by taking that giant leap backwards into "bad judgment," *that* part of Yoohwhoo that's just plain [searches for the right word] ...evil...has devoured that part of Yoohwhoo that is God's "son". Or, more truthfully, the part of God's "*creation known as Yoohwhoo*" that God loved—the part that was at least trying to do "good judgment" for a while there. *"Ioseph is without doubt rent in pieces. And Iacob rent his clothes, and put sackcloth vpon his loines, & mourned for his sonne many dayes. And all his sonnes, and all his daughters..."* Daughters, plural. Since Jacob, as far as we know, only had one daughter, this is obviously God's last word on the "daughters" argument. *"And all his sonnes, and all his daughters rose vp to comfort him: but he refused to be comforted: and he said, For I will goe downe into the graue vnto my sonne, mourning: thus his father wept for him."* See, *God* was Allon Bachuth. *God* was the "Oak of Weeping," mourning for Yoohwhoo, his "son" who was "rent in pieces" by Yoohwhoo's horrible decision, and the "piece" of Yoohwhoo, his "son"—the part of Yoohwhoo that at least *tried* to do "good judgment"—which had, as a result of Yoohwhoo's horrible decision, *died* and gone "down into the grave". *"And the Medanites sold him into Egypt vnto Potiphar, chiefe of the executioners, captaine of the guard."* Chapter thirty-eight.

Me:
Uh, you said that I was supposed to remind you of something in chapter thirty-eight. The...bracelets?

Cerebus:
Oh, right. Thanks. Okay, Chapter thirty-eight. Having established Yoohwhoo's identification with Joseph—whatever happens to Joseph, whatever Joseph does is going to affect Yoohwhoo—that *also* holds true for the brother that *God* has identified *Himself* with. Which is, of course, Judah, the fourth son that came after he/she/it: Reuben/Simeon/Levi. So, while Yoohwhoo bites her fingernails down to the quick waiting to find out what the chief of the executioners intends to do with Joseph, God has His own problems with what Judah gets up to: *"And it came to passe at that time that Iudah went downe from his brethren, and turned in to a certaine Adullamite, whose name Hirah: And Iudah saw there a daughter of a certaine Canaanite, whose name was Shuah:"* Which is the "way of the Yoohwhoo". You know, back to chapter six (again): *"That the sonnes of God saw the daughters of men, that they were faire, and they tooke them wiues of all which they chose."* Although [laughs] to say the *least*, Yoohwhoo isn't going to be happy about Judah going this route. The "*sons* of God" doing it, that was one thing. Yoohwhoo couldn't give two pins for *any* of the "sons of God"—they were just a convenient way to prove her point that you're supposed to leave your father and mother and cleave to your wife. But, in *this* part of the story, Judah *represents* God. There is only *one* representative of God in the story. There is only *one* Judah. The same way that *Isaac* represented God and *Rebekah* represented Yoohwhoo. But, the thing is, Judah *doesn't* go looking for *his* little yoohwhoo, the way Abraham's servant went looking for *Isaac's* little yoohwhoo-to-be and Jacob went looking for *his* little Yoohwhoo (and ended up with four of them). Far from it. Instead, like Esau, Judah just goes and finds the "daughter of a certain Canaanite". Basically, just some interchangeable pagan woman who catches his eye. Picture what *Rebekah's* reaction would've been if *Isaac* had done that, or *Rachel's* reaction if *Jacob* had done that. Multiply *that* reaction times, oh, say, a BAZILLON and you've got Yoohwhoo's reaction. *"...and he tooke her and went in vnto her. And she conceiued & bare a sonne, and he called his name Er."* Judah names the first born. *"And she conceiued againe, and bare a sonne, and shee called his name Onan."* Isn't that sweeeeet? Judah lets the interchangeable pagan woman name the second son. [laughs] Yoohwhoo's vegetables must've been boiling over at this point. *"And she yet againe conceiued and bare a sonne, and called his name Shelah: and he was at Chezib, when she bare him."* Okay, now take Yoohwhoo's reaction to God's representative in the story picking out some interchangeable pagan woman for a wife and multiply that by another BAZILLION each time they have a baby together. It isn't really a matter of *whether* Yoohwhoo is going to "blow," it's really a matter of *when*. *"And Iudah tooke a wife for Er his first borne, whose name Tamar."* [laughs] That does it. As Squinteye used to say, "That's all I can stands, I can't stands no more." *"And, Er, Iudah's first borne was wicked in the sight of the Yoohwhoo, and the Yoohwhoo slew him. And Iudah said vnto Onan, goe in vnto thy brothers wife, and marrie her, and raise vp seed to thy brother. And Onan knew that the seed should not be his;"* Presumably because of the fact that his brother's widow was a pagan. Onan was a good guy who wanted to find a wife of his own who *wasn't* a pagan because he thought marrying pagan wives was wrong. *"...and it came to passe when he went in vnto his brothers wife, that he spilled it on the ground, least that hee should giue seed to his brother. And the thing which he did was euill in the eyes of the Yoohwhoo: wherefore he slew him also."*

Konigsberg:
[*Cerebus - I'm not sure* what *kind of a language this is—so, again, I've just tried to spell everything phonetically-Me*] Wöödy. Wöödy. Pay upp-mark-sam-het. Don't be such a dörr-han-tag. The *skarp* part of the niv goes against the girl's...Hög...högre...per-fekt. [in his own voice] I can't do this, Mr. Bergman...I...I...

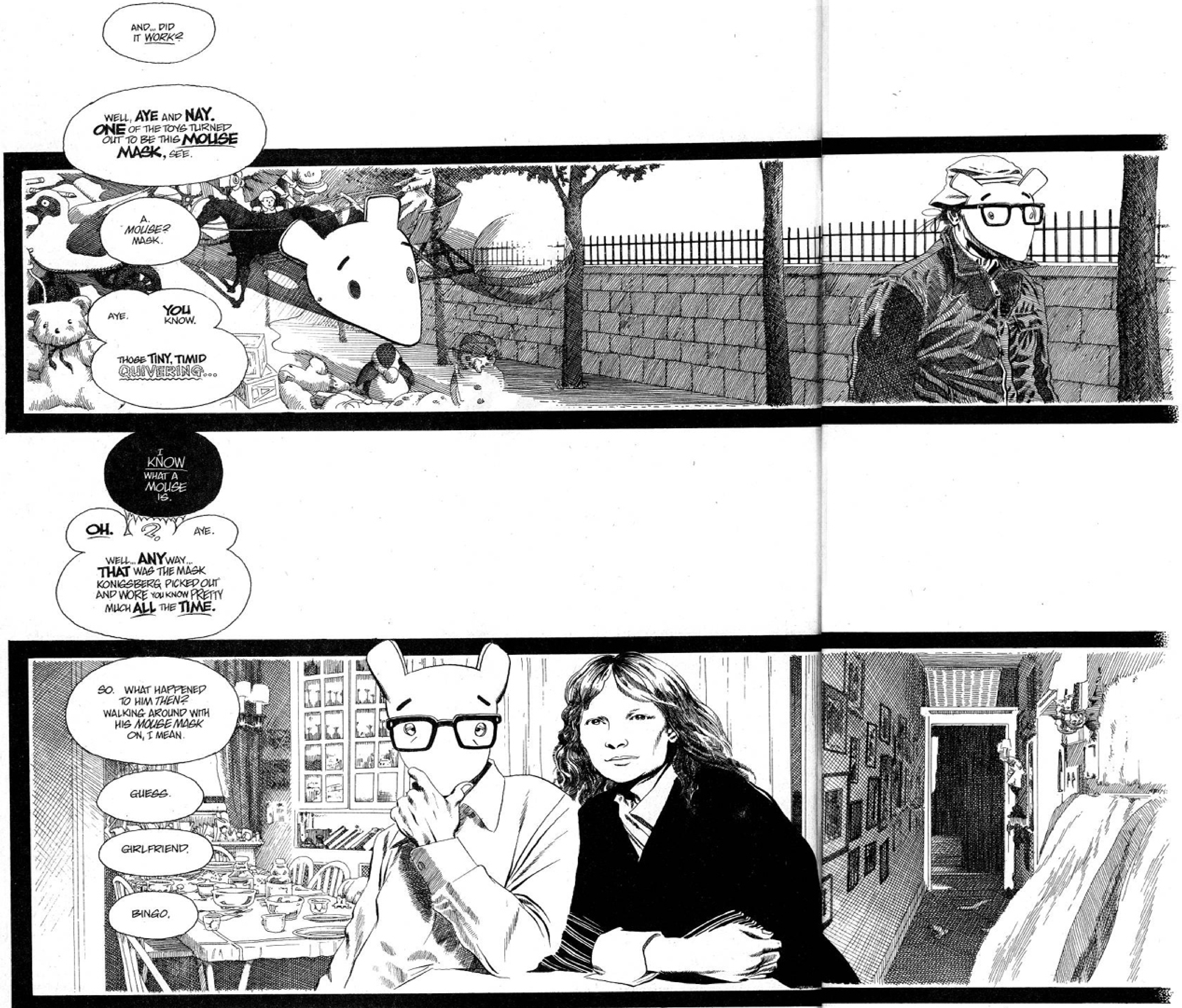
Cerebus:
[again waits a few seconds to make sure Konigsberg is all through] Unfortunately for Onan, it was a no-win situation. Yoohwhoo was just going to wipe out anyone who thought they were going to pass on the seed of God's representative without Yoohwhoo's participation. *"Then said Iudah to Tamar his daughter in law, Remaine a widow at thy fathers house, til Shelah my sonne be growen: (for he said, Lest peraduenture he die also, as his brethren)"* [laughs] Judah must've figured that Tamar was some strange, deadly force of nature at that point. There *was* a strange force of nature at work, all right, but it wasn't Tamar. *"... and Tamar went and dwelt in her fathers house. And the dayes were multiplied, the daughter of Shuah Iudah's wife died and Iudah was comforted,"* God isn't pulling any punches at this point. That was a big part of Isaac and Rebekah getting together, remember? Isaac was "comforted" after his mother's death by his marriage to Rebekah? [laughs] *Judah* is comforted after the death of his *wife* when he *"went vp vnto his sheepe-shearers to Timnath, he and his friend Hirah the Adullamite."* [laughs] Doesn't look as if he's exactly desperate to find himself a new yoohwhoo, does it? *"And it was told Tamar, saying, Behold, thy father in law goeth vp to Timnath to sheare his sheep. And shee put her widowes garments off from her.*





and couered her with a vaile and wrapped her self and sate in Enaijm..." Enaijm translates as "the door of eyes," which, you can well imagine Judah was being watched pretty closely at this point by just about every yoohwhoo under the sun since they all knew that he was God's representative in the story and his only chance to pass on his seed, at this point, is his youngest son—because his youngest son is the only one that Yoohwhoo hasn't killed... [laughs]...yet. The yoohwhoos know that God isn't likely to pass on the seed through Judah's *youngest* son, because that would switch the covenant from the elder to the younger being. So—what the yoohwhoo's, what *everyone*, wants to know at this point, is *what is Judah going to do*? Well, [laughs] as it turns out, it wasn't so much a question of what *Judah* was going to do. It was, "What is *Tamar* going to do?" Because Tamar—who, up to that point had been the odds-on favourite to pass on Judah's seed—can see that she's about to get dealt out of the game unless she does something, *quick*! *"...for shee sawe that Shelah was growen, and she was not giuen vnto him to wife. When Iudah saw her, he thought her to be an harlot: because she had couered her face. And hee turned vnto her by the way, and said, Goe to, I pray thee, let me come in vnto thee: (for he knew not that she his daughter in law)"* Needless to say, whatever Yoohwhoo might've had against Tamar up to this point, is completely forgotten and Yoohwhoo jumps straight into the story up to her eyeballs. The "hubba hubba" game has that kind of [laughs] strange effect on Yoohwhoo. "*...and she said, What wilt thou giue mee, that thou mayest come in vnto me? And hee said, I will send thee a kid of the goats:"* There's the other kid of the goats, by the way. The blood of the first one was used by the brothers to deceive *Jacob* that Joseph had died and now the *second* kid of the goats gets used by Yoohwhoo for a completely *different* kind of deception. "*... and shee saide, Wilt thou giue a pledge, till thou send it? And he said, What pledge shall I giue thee? And she said, Thy signet, and thy bracelets, and thy staffe, that is in thine hand:"* Oh, this is Yoohwhoo, all right. [laughs] The signet is a *man's* version of the "jewel for the forehead" that Rebekah got from Abraham's elder servant. The bracelets are a *man's* version of the bracelets that Rebekah got from Abraham's elder servant. And, on top of it, why not a *man's* staff? Which, of course, is made of wood, which comes from trees, which are "*he's*" [laughs again]. Oh, aye, this is Yoohwhoo, all right. With Yoohwhoo's help, Tamar is about to give Jacob a run for his money as far as usurpers go. "*...and he gaue it her, & came in vnto her, and she conceiued by him. And shee arose and went away, and laid by her vaile from her, and put on the garments of her widowhood. And Iudah sent the kidde by the hand of his friend the Adullamite, to receiue pledge from the womans hand:"* The same way that Abraham had sent his elder servant. "*...but he found her not. Then hee asked the men of that place, saying, Where is the harlot, that was openly by the way side? And they said, There was no harlot in this."* Yoohwhoo must've been turning cartwheels in the middle of the earth. The "door of eyes" wasn't just the yoohwhoos'. *Everyone* was watching—God, Yoohwhoo, God's Angels, Yoohwhoo's Angels and *everyone's* reaction was the same. "There was no harlot in this." *"And he returned to Judah, and said, I cannot finde her: and also the men of the place said, That there was no harlot in this. And Iudah said, Let her take it to her, lest we become a contempt: behold, I sent this kidde, and thou hast not found her. And it came to passe about three months after, that it was tolde Iudah, saying, Tamar thy daughter in law hath played the harlot, and also behold, she is with child by whoredom: and Iudah said, Bring her foorth, and let her be burnt. When she was brought forth, she sent to her father in law, saying, By the man whose these are, am I with child: and she saide, Discerne, I pray thee, whose are these, the signet, and bracelets, and staffe. And Iudah acknowledged, and said, She hath bin more righteous then I: because that I gaue her not to Shelah my sonne: and he knew her againe no more."* An absolutely HUGE win for Yoohwhoo. Especially the staff. Which she doesn't "cash in" on for a few hundred years. So, there was bound to be a lot of curiosity about the baby Tamar was going to bare to Judah. *"And it came to passe in the time of her trauaile, that beholde, twinnes were in her wombe."* Twins! This *is* significant! Twins! Like Jacob and Esau! An elder and a younger! *"And it came to passe when shee trauailed, that..."* Name missing [laughs]. No big surprise. "*...put out his hand, and the midwife tooke and bound vpon his hand a skarlet threed, saying this came out first. And it came to passe as he drewe backe his hand, that behold, his brother came out: and she said, How hast thou broken foorth? Breach vpon thee: Therefore his name was called Pharez"* That is, a breach. *"And afterward came out his brother that the skarlet threed vpon his hand, and his name was called Zarah."* Does a hand coming out, count as a birth? If so, then Zarah was the elder. Does the whole baby have to come out to count as a birth? If so, then Pharez was the elder. What if Cerebus was to suggest to you that the hand that came out represented the hand of God, in the same way as Benjamin was named "the son of the right hand"? The same way that, although Yoohwhoo is calling the shots, it is God's "hands" that are making all her crazy ideas real. And does it matter what the *midwife's* opinion was? [laughs] Nah.

flip



neither hearken vnto thy voice of the first signe, that they will beleeue the voice of the latter signe." See, Yoohwhoo's stacking the deck in her favour by making the serpent—the talking snake from the garden eastward of Eden—the first sign that Moshe is to show to Pharoah. Then the *second* sign is for Moshe to put his hand into his bosom and pull it out after it has turned *"leprous as snow"* [laughs]. This is probably Moshe's own description which is not going make Yoohwhoo very happy, since *this* sign is Yoohwhoo's interpretation of God's version of how everything came to be, that Yoohwhoo—the light—came out of God the same way that Hawwa came out of Adam's bosom, as one of Adam's ribs. Needless to say, [laughs] Yoohwhoo doesn't think of herself as being "leprous as snow". Cerebus pictures God saying, "No, write that down, Moshe. That's good. 'Leprous as snow.'" *"And it shall come to passe, if they will not beleeue also these two signes, neither hearken vnto thy voice, that thou shalt take of the water of the riuer, and powre it the drie land: and the water which thou takest out of the riuer, shalbe and shall be blood vpon the drie land."* Oho.

Yoohwhoo is definitely getting crafty in her old age. She knows that the whole point of the exercise is that Pharoah *isn't* going to "hearken unto" *any* of the signs since he represents Yoohwhoo in the story. So, what the heck? Why not get a nice "blood meal" out of it? In fact, when the time comes—in verse seventeen of chapter seven—Yoohwhoo decides to really "go for broke" and has God turn the *entire river to blood* [laughs]. Talk about a "Yoohwhoo dream come true." But, anyway, back at chapter four verse eleven, here's a real "three and one" Yoohwhoo-and-God combination: *"...who maketh the dumbe or deafe, or the*

flip

Moshe saide vnto the people, Feare ye not, stand still, and see the saluation of the Yoohwhoo which he will shew to you to day. For whereas you have seen the Egyptians today, ye shall see them againe no more for euer. The Yoohwhoo shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace." Fight for you? Yoohwhoo must've thought. Who said anything about *fighting*? [laughs] *"And the Yoohwhoo said vnto Moshe, Wherefore criest thou vnto me? Speake vnto the children of Israel, that they goe forward."* You know: C'mon Moshe, let's get out of here! *"But lift thou up thy rodde, and stretch out thine hand ouer the Sea, and diuide it: and the children of Israel shall goe on dry ground thorow the mids of the Sea."* [laughs] They *will?* Yoohwhoo must've thought. Remember, God *is* the rod, the staff that Tamar got from Judah back in Book One, Yoohwhoo's big win. *"And I, beholde, I will harden the hearts of the Egyptians, and they shall follow them: and*

flip

Well no big surprise, it turns out to be the *women.* Moshe's sister. *"Thy right hand, O Yoohwhoo, is become glorious in power, thy right hand, O Yoohwhoo, hath dashed in pieces the enemie. And in the greatnesse of thine excellencie thou has ouerthrowen them, that rose vp against thee: thou sentest forth thy wrath, consumed them as stubble. And with the blast of thy nostrils..."* And, uh so on. Mind you, they're *singing* all this. You wouldn't remember because we haven't had a war in so long, but this is what "camp followers" are like. Women and homosexuals. The Egyptians are just lucky they were *drowned* or all the women and homosexuals would've...well. It's like the difference between a dog and a cat. Men are dogs and war is a war. You have to kill guys, so you kill guys. That's, you know, what a war is. But women and homosexuals are like cats. You ever seen a cat get hold of a mouse when the cat *isn't* hungry? The way they'll break the mouse's leg or gnaw off one of the mouse's ears just to watch it suffer? "Camp followers". If a cat could sing it would

flip

Moshe let his father in law depart, and he went his way into his owne land." Okay, two major things happen in chapter eighteen which—for thousands of years—the Hebrew people will be paying for. First, Aaron gets a whiff *of* and a taste *for* sacrificial beef. Second, Moshe's father-in-law, who is an *Egyptian* and a *pagan*, talks Moshe into giving away his authority as God's Prophet to a bunch of other guys. How would *Moshe* know who were *"men of trueth, hating couetousnesse"* Moshe isn't *God*, Moshe is God's *Prophet*. You want to know where everything started to go wrong, switching from a Prophet to a bunch of Judges is a good place to

flip

Set bounds vpon the mount, and sanctifie it." [laughs] Yoohwhoo's so scared that God is coming that she forgets her *own instructions* that she gave to Moshe. "Let's get out of

flip

five commandments each. Yoohwhoo and God united. He-Yoohwhoo, She-Yoohwhoo, It-Yoohwhoo, Yoohwhoo and God. Five. You can tell which commandments are Yoohwhoo's because they're [laughs] wordy damn things. The first one is God's: *"Thou shalt haue no other Gods before me."* See? Very simple instruction. The next one is Yoohwhoo's: *"Thou shalt not make vnto thee any grauen Image, or any likenesse that is in heauen aboue, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water vnder the earth. Thou shalt not bow downe thyselfe to them, nor serue them: For I the Yoohwhoo thy God a iealous God, uisiting the iniquitie of the fathers vpon the children, vnto the thirde and fourth of them that hate me: And shewing mercy vnto thousands of them that loue mee, and keepe my Commandements."* See what Cerebus means? The next three are Yoohwhoo's as well. *"Thou shalt not take the Name of the Yoohwhoo thy God in vaine: for the Yoohwhoo will not holde him guiltlesse, that taketh his Name in vaine. Remember the Sabbath day, to keepe it holy."* Just like that? You would think it was one of God's, but Yoohwhoo just has to babble on, like any female. *"Sixe dayes shalt thou labour, and doe all thy worke: But the seuenth day the Sabbath of the Yoohwhoo thy God: thou shalt not doe any worke, thou, nor thy sonne, nor thy daughter, thy man seruant, nor thy mayd seruant, nor thy cattell, nor thy stranger that within thy gates: For in sixe dayes the Yoohwhoo made heauen and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seuenth day*



flip

And then chapter twenty-one. Chapter twenty-one shows you what happens when—instead of just letting God's Prophet run the show—you get a bunch of regular guys to be Judges. Look at this mess! This is why Cerebus got rid of the lawyers. *"He is his money"*? Cerebus isn't kidding. Look: there it is in verse twenty-one. What in the heck is that supposed to mean? *"He*

flip

Okay. chapter twenty-four. *Finally.* After all that Judges crap. Chapter twenty-four was confusing as heck, boy. Cerebus kept reading it trying to figure out *what* it was talking about. So, this is what Cerebus figures: Moshe took Yeshua up Mount Sinai with him. *Not* Aaron. *Why* not Aaron? Cerebus has *no* idea, but, evidently, Aaron took it really badly. Which is understandable. All along, it's been Moshe and Aaron, Moshe and Aaron, right? And suddenly it's Moshe and *Yeshua?* So, as Cerebus sees it, what happens is that Aaron decides to write his *own* chapter twenty-four where *he's* told to come up *with* Moshe *"vnto the Yoohwhoo and worship ye a farre off."* And *"Then went vp Moshe and Aaron, Nadab and Abihu, and seuenty of the Elders of Israel: And they saw the God of Israel: and there was vnder his feet, as it were a paued worke of a Saphire stone, and as it were the body of heauen in his clearenesse. And vpon the Nobles of the children of Israel he layd not his hand: also they saw God, and did eate and drinke."*

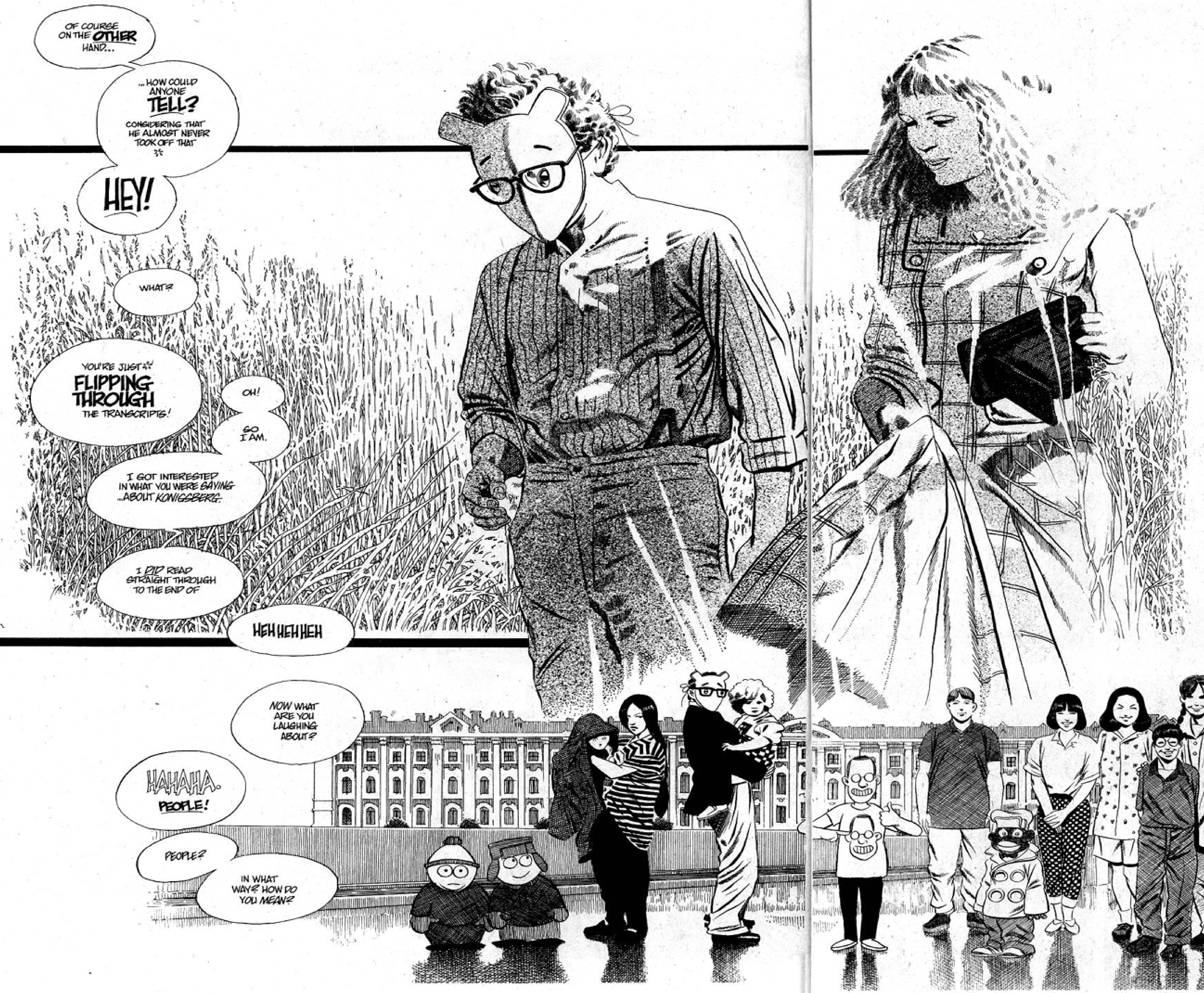


A picnic! With God! [laughs and laughs] That's *crazy*. God is an *invisible Spirit*. It's only when you read the *next* part—Moshe's chapter twenty-four—that you find out what *actually* happened. *"And Moshe rose vp, and his minister Yeshua: and Moshe went vp into the mount of God. And hee saide vnto the Elders, Tary ye here for vs, vntill we come againe vnto you: and behold, Aaron and Hur with you. If any man haue any matters to doe, let him come vnto them."* [laughs] Bad choice of words, Moshe. Look at this. Chapter twenty-five. Gold, silver, brass. Rams skins died red, badgers skins, Shittim wood, oil for the light, spices for anointing oil and sweet incense, onix stones. An Arke made from Shittim wood, overlaid in pure gold, inside *and* out, topped off with a crown of gold. Four rings of gold, staves of Shittim wood, *also* overlaid with gold. A Mercy seat of pure gold, two Cherubims of pure gold. A table of Shittim wood, *also* overlaid with gold and *also* topped off with a crown of gold. *Also* with four gold rings. *Also* with staves made of Shittim wood, *also* overlaid with gold. Dishes, spoons, covers, bowls, *all of pure gold*. Candlestick of pure gold with six branches, knobs and branches of pure gold. Seven lamps of pure gold, snuff dishes of pure gold. [laughs] *So*! *This* is what God told them to do on the picnic. Look at chapter twenty-six. Ten curtains of fine twined linen, blue and purple and scarlet. All of them coupled together with solid gold fastenings. *This* isn't a sanctuary. [laughs] *This* is either the world's gaudiest *whorehouse* or a saloon for [dangles his hand from his limp wrist]. Rams skins dyed red, badgers skins. Forty sockets of silver. *Silver*? Aaron must've decided to cut a few corners with the stuff you couldn't see. Oops, no. That can't be it: boards to hold up the curtains, *overlaid with gold*, bars to support the curtains *overlaid with gold*. A veil of blue and purple and scarlet [dangles his limp wrist, lisping] *"with Cherubims shall it be made."* Pillars of Shittim wood, overlaid with gold. *Hooks* of gold. Then? Chapter twenty-seven. The Altar. Eight feet long and four feet high. *Brass* this time but only because *gold* would melt, Cerebus is willing to bet. Brass *horns*, brass *pans*, brass *shovels*, brass *basins*, brass *fleshhooks*, brass *firepans*, brass *grate*, brass *rings*, brass *staves*. More fine, twined linen curtains [waving his limp wrists around in the air] *"A hundred cubits long!"* Twenty pillars, more hangings of blue and purple and scarlet of fine, twined linen [flipping his limp wrist] *"wrought with needle work"*. *"And thou shalt command the children of Israel, that they bring thee pure oyle Oliue beaten for the light, to cause the lampe to ascend vp alwayes." This, as well*, God evidently told them on the picnic. And then chapter twenty-eight. Turns out the *next* item on the agenda at "God's picnic" was "holy garments" for Aaron and Nadab and Abihu, Eleazar, and Ithamar, Aarons sons. [Cerebus starts mincing around the Sanctuary as he reads with his limp wrists flying. Lisping. I have trouble writing it all down, I'm laughing so hard] *"A breastplate, and an Ephod, and a robe, and a broidered coat, a Miter, and a girdle: and they shall make holy garments for Aaron thy brother, and his sonnes, that hee may minister vnto mee in the Priestes office. And they shall take gold and blew, and purple, and scarlet, and fine linen. And they shall make the Ephod of gold, of blew and of purple, of scarlet and fine twined linnen, with cunning worke."* [he finally cracks himself up and has to stop] It actually *says* that: *"Cunning worke"*. Can you believe it? Gold, and blue and purple and scarlet. Two onix stones with the names of the tribes engraved on them. In *gold settings*, of course. Goes without saying. Two *chains* of pure gold, of [dangles his limp wrist] "*wreathen work*". Breastplate of Judgment of gold and blue and purple and scarlet, fine twined linen. Four rows of stones [flapping his limp wrist up and down as he announces each one] A Sardius. A Topaz. A Carbuncle. An Emerald. A Sapphire. A Diamond. A Lygure. An Agate. An Amethyst. A Beryl. An Onix. A Jasper. All with gold fillings, of course. Two rings of gold on the breastplate. *More* wreathen work. Two rings of gold. *"And they shall bind the breastplate by the rings thereof, vnto the rings of the Ephod with a lace of blewe, that it may be aboue the curious girdle..."* Seriously. A "curious" girdle. *"...of the Ephod, and that the breastplate be not loosed from the Ephod."* Oooh. We wouldn't want *that* to happen. Oh and *this* part! *"And beneath vpon the hemme of it thou shalt make pomegranates of blew, and of purple, and of scarlet, round about the hemme thereof, and belles of gold betweene them round about. A golden bell and a pomegranate, a golden bell and a pomegranate, vpon the hemme of the robe round about. And it shall be vpon Aaron, to minister: and his sound shall be heard when he goeth in vnto the holy before the Yoohwhoo, and when he commeth out, that he die not."* [laughs] Except maybe of embarrassment. And then he gets *another* plate of pure gold on "*a blewe lace*" on the Miter. *"And it shall be vpon Aaron's forehead, that Aaron may beare the iniquitie of the holy things."* The *iniquity* of the holy things. [laughs] It's not as if Yoohwhoo wasn't *completely* up-front about what she was *doing*. And coats and hats and bells and whistles all of fine blue and purple and scarlet and fine twined linen. Okay. Then Chapter twenty-nine. The first of Yoohwhoo's many favourite mutilated cattle recipes which is the part *Aaron* was waiting for since—like everyone else—he was tired of eating the manna, the little light dried bread lumps that they were all living off of. By the way, you'll notice over the next few chapters that the Hebrew people who *aren't* Aaron and his sons start going a little nutty. Which, considering all *they* had to eat were these little bread/wafer lumps while over in the Sanctuary *Aaron and his sons* were filling the camp with the smell of barbecued prime rib and tenderloin [laughs], well, the only *real* surprise is that everyone didn't go *crazier* than they *did*. Let's see, what other goodies did Aaron get at his "picnic with God"? Oh right, everyone has to pay half a shekel, each, as a "ransom for his soule" to Aaron and his sons. Oh, and then, of course, Aaron and his sons [dangles his limp wrist] want the Sanctuary to *smell good*. Five hundred shekels worth of pure myrrh, sweet cinnamon [flopping his limp wrist] *"halfe so much,"* two hundred and fifty shekels worth of sweet calamus, five hundred shekels worth of Cassia. [laughs] They must've been glad that *someone* remembered to bring a pen and paper to God's picnic. So! They mix all this perfume gunk together with a quart of olive oil and use it to anoint the Tabernacle, the Arke, the table, all the junk *on* the table, Aaron, his sons. But [stamps his foot petulantly], *no one else* gets any. *Just* Aaron and his sons. And then *another* perfume, this time Stacte, Onicha, Galbanum, with pure frankincense. This one belongs to dear Yoohwhoo, *only*. Anybody else tries making some—even just to *smell* it—and they get kicked out, *permanently*. You've never been married either, have you?

Me:

Me? Yeah, I have. I was married for almost five years. Happiest two years of my life. Nyuck nyuck nyuck.

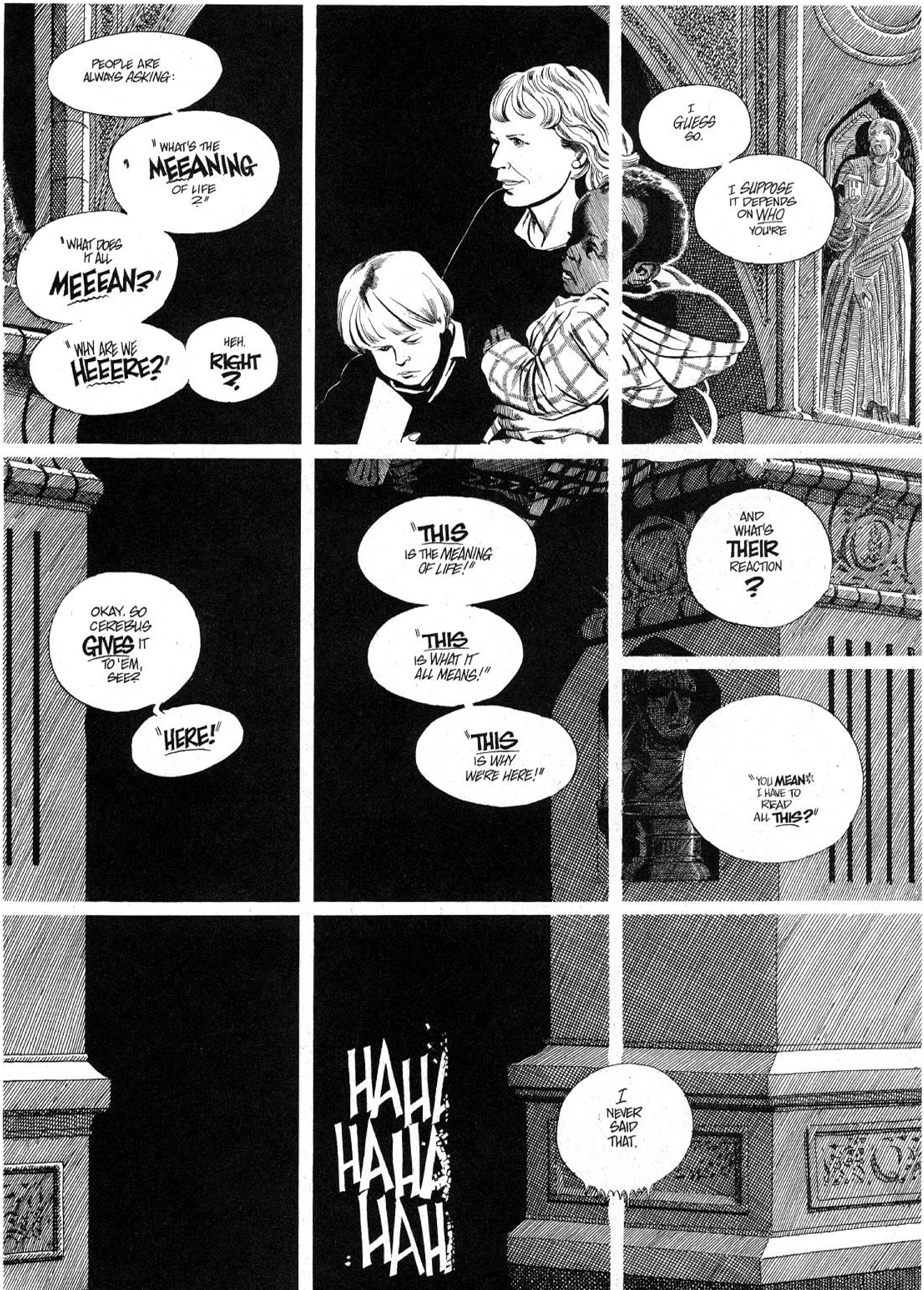


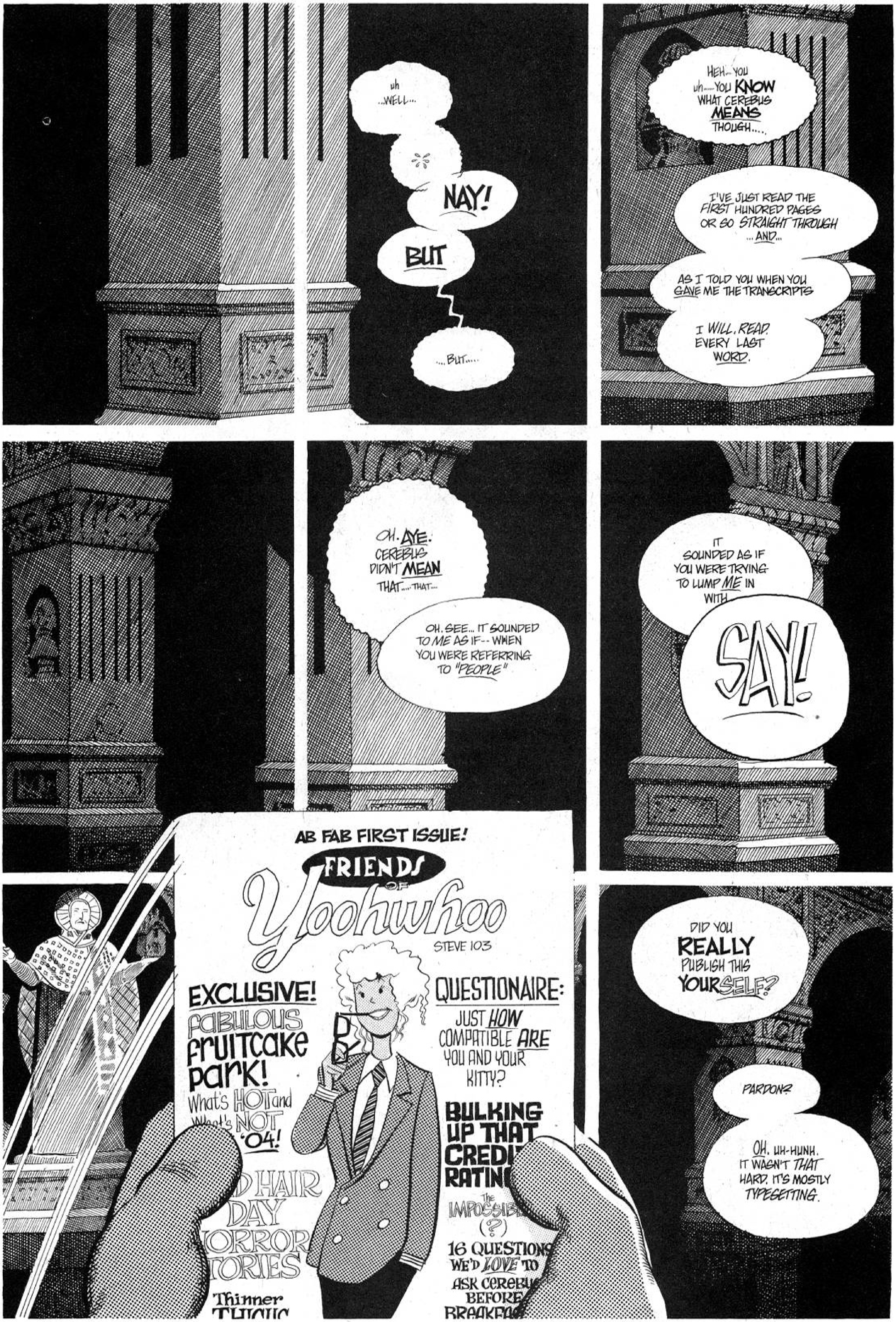


Cerebus:
Nyuck nyuck nyuck. So you know about women and "their" perfume.

Me:
Oh, yeah.

Cerebus:
Okay. So that brings us to the end of Aaron's shopping…[thinks]…pillage. And then in chapter thirty-one, we find out *what the heck has been going on* in the last *six* chapters. *"And the Yoohwhoo spake vnto Moshe, saying, See I haue called by name, Bezaleel, the sonne of Vri, the sonne of Hur, of the tribe of Iudah"* Aha! *There's* the little limp-wristed answer. *There's* the little flit who was so [dangles his limp wrist] *handy* with a needle and thread and did such "cunning work" in gold and silver and blue and purple and scarlet. Surprise, surprise. He turns out to the be the *great grandson* of Hur, the guy *Moshe* left behind with Aaron to "mind the store," saying *"if any man haue any matters to doe, let him come vnto them."* Of course Moshe didn't mean, "If anybody has any good ideas about how to…'re-do'…the Tabernacle and Aaron and his sons in "Whorehouse Egyptian Modern" and wants to open a "Levites-only" Barbecue, by all means, consider the *people's* loot to be *your* loot. Knock yourselves out." And, of course, Moshe said "any *man,*" so, obviously Bezaleel was, judging by appearances, getting by on a technicality. But, obviously, none of that was a problem for Great Grandpapa Hur or Aaron. Far from it. And, according to verse six, there was even a "co-flit", Aholiab, the sonne of Ahisamach, of the tribe of Dan. There is no question that these two were going to be the envy of lavender-scented interior decorators for generations to come.


PEOPLE ARE ALWAYS ASKING:
"WHAT'S THE MEEANING OF LIFE ?"
"WHAT DOES IT ALL MEEEAN?"
"WHY ARE WE HEEEERE?"
HEH. RIGHT ?
I GUESS SO.
I SUPPOSE IT DEPENDS ON WHO YOU'RE
OKAY. SO CEREBUS GIVES IT TO 'EM, SEE?
"HERE!"
"THIS IS THE MEANING OF LIFE!"
"THIS IS WHAT IT ALL MEANS!"
"THIS IS WHY WE'RE HERE!"
AND WHAT'S THEIR REACTION ?
"YOU MEAN I HAVE TO READ ALL THIS?"
HAH HAHA HAH
I NEVER SAID THAT.



uh ...WELL...
NAY!
BUT
...BUT...
HEH... YOU uh..... YOU KNOW WHAT CEREBUS MEANS THOUGH.....
I'VE JUST READ THE FIRST HUNDRED PAGES OR SO STRAIGHT THROUGH ...AND...
AS I TOLD YOU WHEN YOU GAVE ME THE TRANSCRIPTS
I WILL. READ. EVERY LAST WORD.
OH. AYE. CEREBUS DIDN'T MEAN THAT..... THAT...
OH. SEE... IT SOUNDED TO ME AS IF-- WHEN YOU WERE REFERRING TO "PEOPLE"
IT SOUNDED AS IF YOU WERE TRYING TO LUMP ME IN WITH
SAY!
AB FAB FIRST ISSUE!
FRIENDS OF Yoohwhoo
STEVE 103
EXCLUSIVE! FABULOUS FRUITCAKE PARK!
What's HOT and What's NOT '04!
QUESTIONAIRE: JUST HOW COMPATIBLE ARE YOU AND YOUR KITTY?
BULKING UP THAT
16 QUESTIONS WE'D LOVE TO ASK CEREBUS BEFORE
Thinner
DID YOU REALLY PUBLISH THIS YOURSELF?
PARDON?
OH. UH-HUNH. IT WASN'T THAT HARD. IT'S MOSTLY TYPESETTING.



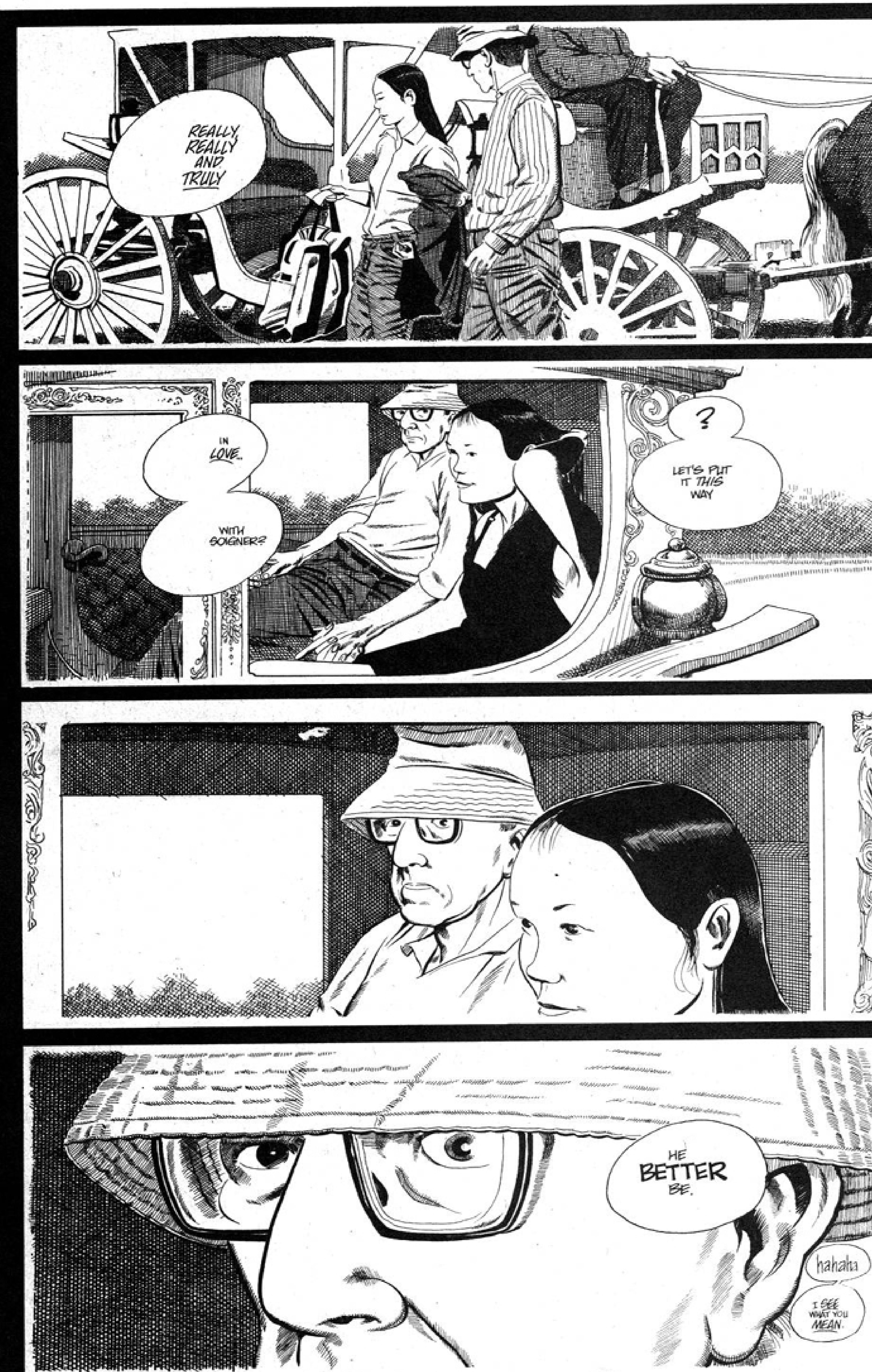
TYPESETTING!
The BUYER'S GUIDE TO
HEY! CEREBUS DID SOME OF THAT ON THE BUYER'S GUIDE TO RABBI!
haha ha ha
REALLY?
OH, AYE!
YOU KNOW WHAT CEREBUS USED TO JUST HATE ABOUT TYPE-SETTING?
giggle LET ME GUESS
ummmmm
GETTING THE "n"S AND THE "u"S IN UPSIDE DOWN?
CEREBUS HATED THAT!
"RABBI'S SNPER STREUGTH"
HA HA ha HA ha HA ha-ha-ha HA ha HA ha HA
I KNOW I KNOW SIX TIMES IN THE ARTICLE
I'VE GOT YOU AS "CEREBNS"
"CEREBNS"!
HAHA ha ha HA ha HA ha HAHAHAH ha ha ha ha ?
YOU...?
YOU... COUNTED THEM?
UH-HUNH.
SIX TIMES WRONG AND SEVENTY-THREE
TIMES
RIGHT.
I


I HATE
MAKING



MISTAKES
OH.
OH, AYE
CEREBUS DOES
TOO. .
SO
THEN WHAT HAPPENS?
PARDON?
I MEAN
"THEN WHAT HAPPENED TO ... TO... uh..."
KONIGSBERG?
YES!...TO KONIGSBERG.
KONIGSBERG TOOK OFF HIS MOUSE MASK
DID HE.
OH, AYE. SEE - - IT TURNED OUT THAT KONIGSBERG HAD FALLEN IN LOVE WITH ONE OF HIS GIRLFRIEND'S STEP-DAUGHTERS.
OH!


OH.
WHICH ONE?
"SWAN..."
...SOMETHING OR OTHER.
"SOIGN"?
"SOIGNER?
THAT COULD BE IT.
"SWAN."
"YAY."
AND...
...AND HE'S REALLY

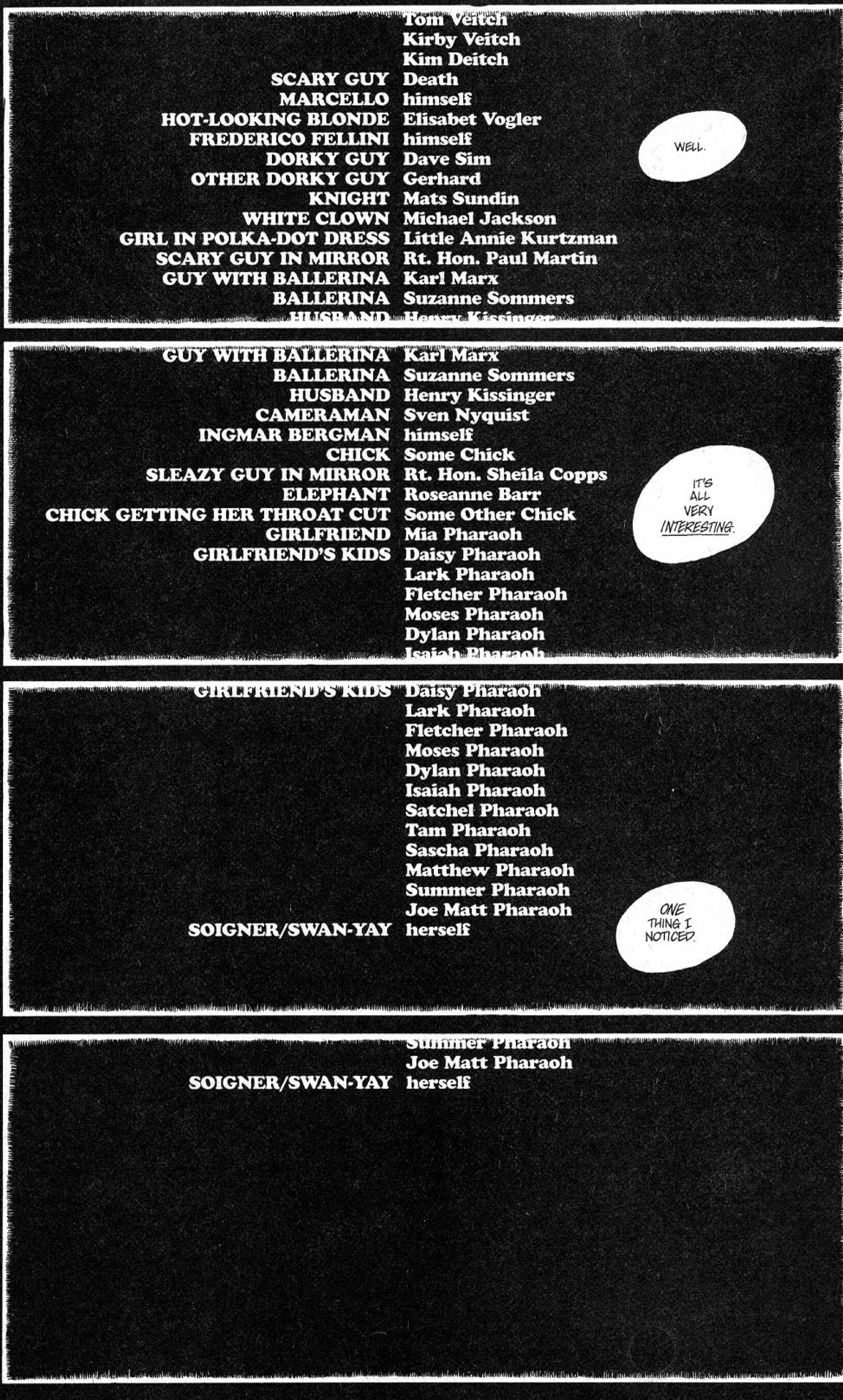

REALLY, REALLY AND TRULY
IN LOVE...
WITH SOIGNER?
?
LET'S PUT IT THIS WAY
HE BETTER BE.
hahaha
I SEE WHAT YOU MEAN.

Cast
(in order of appearance)

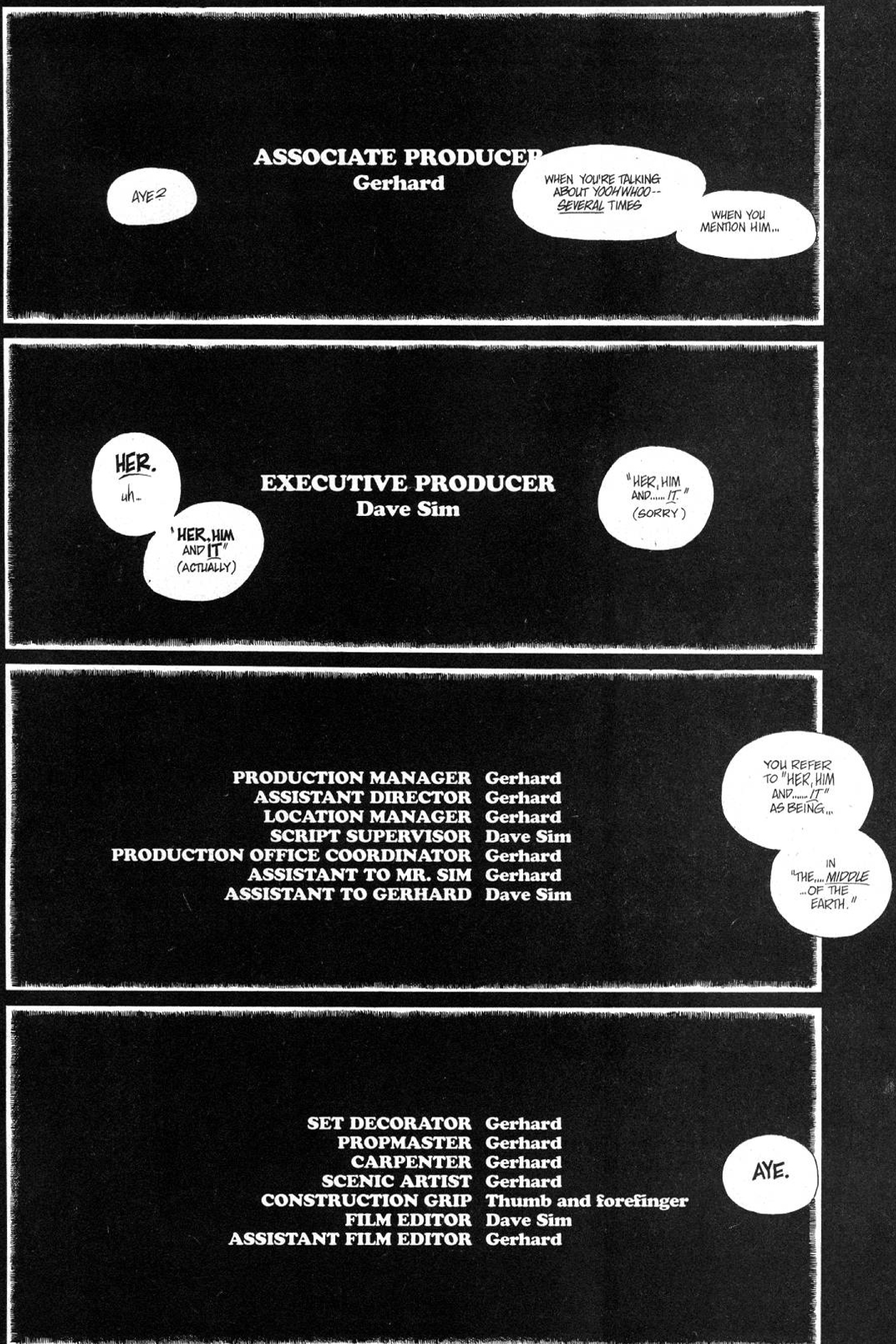
KONIGSBERG himself
CEREBUS himself

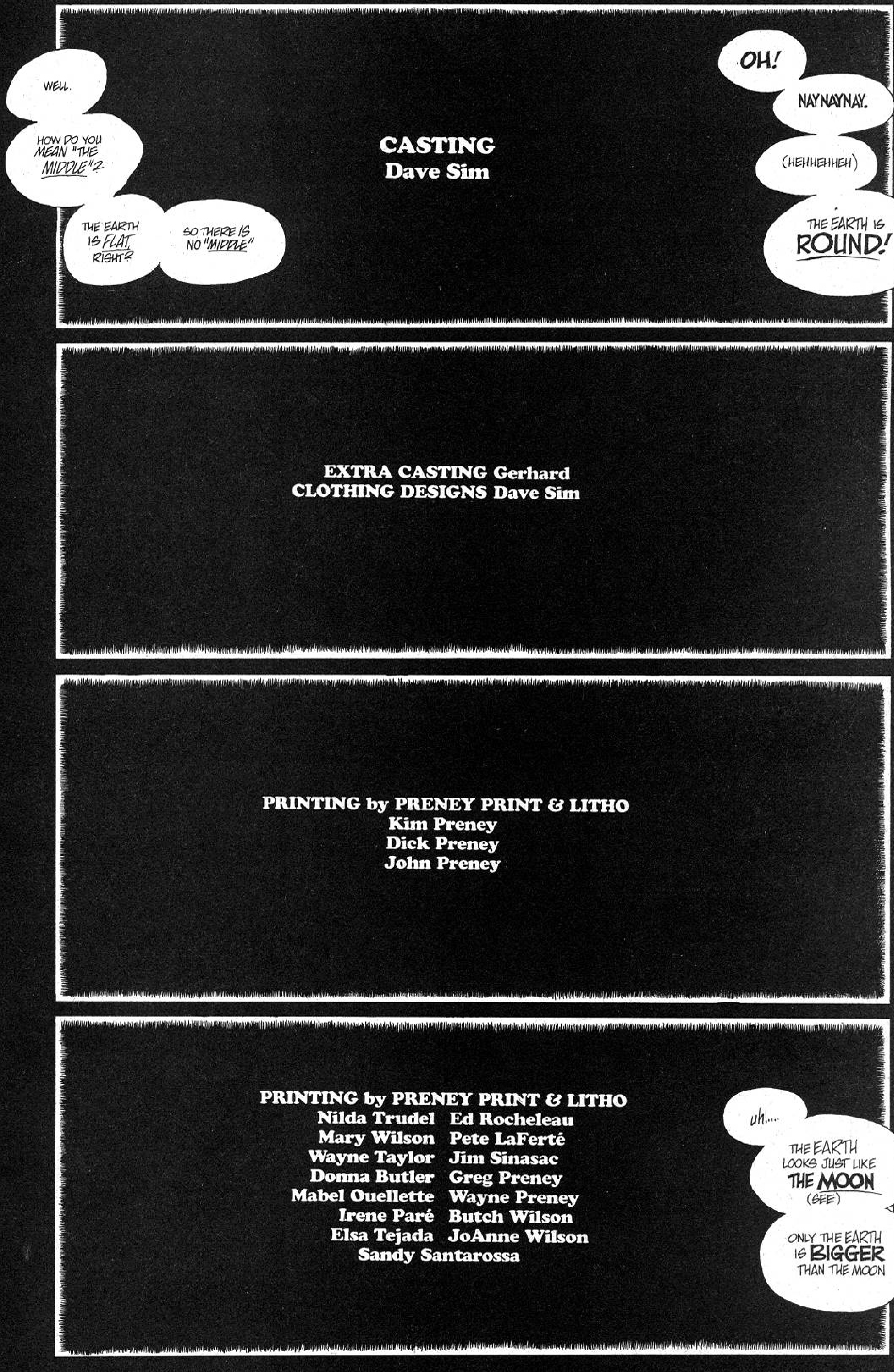
KONIGSBERG himself
CEREBUS himself
ME myself
GOD Himself
GUY with razor strop Rocky Balboa
OTHER GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's agent
DIFFERENT GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's dentist
GUY NEXT TO HIM with razor strop Konigsberg's Dad
GUY BEHIND HIM with razor strop Konigsberg's butcher
GUY BEHIND THAT GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's cousin
TINY GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's tailor
EVEN TINIER GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's bookie
YOOHWHOO himself/herself/itself

GUY BEHIND HIM with razor strop Konigsberg's butcher
GUY BEHIND THAT GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's cousin
TINY GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's tailor
EVEN TINIER GUY with razor strop Konigsberg's bookie
YOOHWHOO himself/herself/itself
LOUIS LASSO LOUIS-LASSO Mary Hartman
ANNIE HALL Diane Hall
JOHN FITZGERALD BEATTY Mr. Annette Benning
GIRLS OF FRUITCAKE PARK 16 Top Fashion Models
MR. SYNOD Mr. Snoid™
HARPIE Aline Laundry™
VILLAGE BOYS Rick Veitch
Tom Veitch
Kirby Veitch
Kim Deitch
SCARY GUY Death

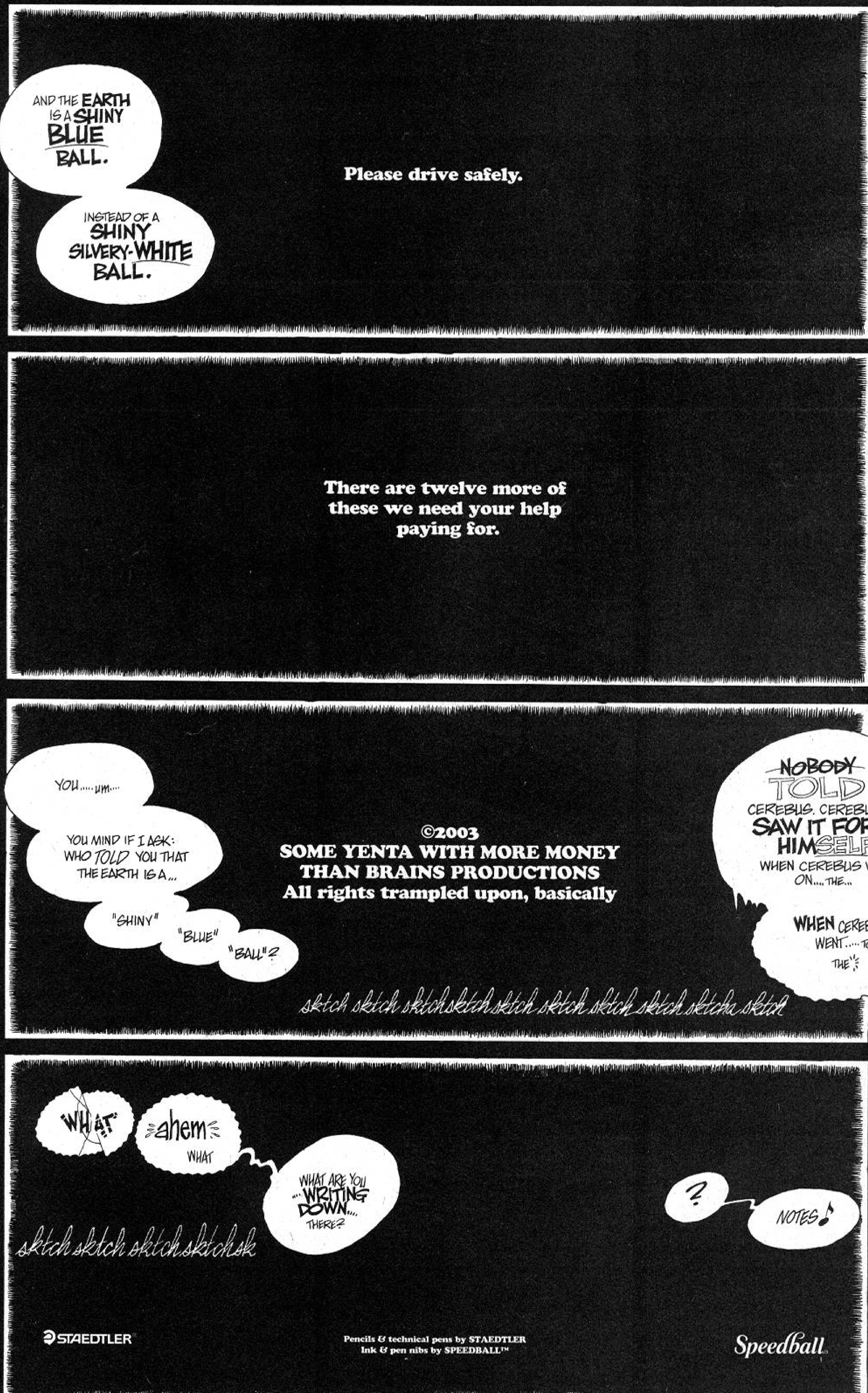


Tom Veitch
Kirby Veitch
Kim Deitch
SCARY GUY Death
MARCELLO himself
HOT-LOOKING BLONDE Elisabet Vogler
FREDERICO FELLINI himself
DORKY GUY Dave Sim
OTHER DORKY GUY Gerhard
KNIGHT Mats Sundin
WHITE CLOWN Michael Jackson
GIRL IN POLKA-DOT DRESS Little Annie Kurtzman
SCARY GUY IN MIRROR Rt. Hon. Paul Martin
GUY WITH BALLERINA Karl Marx
BALLERINA Suzanne Sommers
WELL.
GUY WITH BALLERINA Karl Marx
BALLERINA Suzanne Sommers
HUSBAND Henry Kissinger
CAMERAMAN Sven Nyquist
INGMAR BERGMAN himself
CHICK Some Chick
SLEAZY GUY IN MIRROR Rt. Hon. Sheila Copps
ELEPHANT Roseanne Barr
CHICK GETTING HER THROAT CUT Some Other Chick
GIRLFRIEND Mia Pharaoh
GIRLFRIEND'S KIDS Daisy Pharaoh
Lark Pharaoh
Fletcher Pharaoh
Moses Pharaoh
Dylan Pharaoh
IT'S ALL VERY INTERESTING.
GIRLFRIEND'S KIDS Daisy Pharaoh
Lark Pharaoh
Fletcher Pharaoh
Moses Pharaoh
Dylan Pharaoh
Isaiah Pharaoh
Satchel Pharaoh
Tam Pharaoh
Sascha Pharaoh
Matthew Pharaoh
Summer Pharaoh
Joe Matt Pharaoh
SOIGNER/SWAN-YAY herself
ONE THING I NOTICED.
Summer Pharaoh
Joe Matt Pharaoh
SOIGNER/SWAN-YAY herself


ASSOCIATE PRODUCER
Gerhard
AYE?
WHEN YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT YOOHWHOO-- SEVERAL TIMES
WHEN YOU MENTION HIM...
HER. uh..
"HER, HIM AND IT" (ACTUALLY)
EXECUTIVE PRODUCER
Dave Sim
"HER, HIM AND...... IT." (SORRY)
PRODUCTION MANAGER Gerhard
ASSISTANT DIRECTOR Gerhard
LOCATION MANAGER Gerhard
SCRIPT SUPERVISOR Dave Sim
PRODUCTION OFFICE COORDINATOR Gerhard
ASSISTANT TO MR. SIM Gerhard
ASSISTANT TO GERHARD Dave Sim
YOU REFER TO "HER, HIM AND...... IT" AS BEING...
IN "THE.... MIDDLE ...OF THE EARTH."
SET DECORATOR Gerhard
PROPMASTER Gerhard
CARPENTER Gerhard
SCENIC ARTIST Gerhard
CONSTRUCTION GRIP Thumb and forefinger
FILM EDITOR Dave Sim
ASSISTANT FILM EDITOR Gerhard
AYE.



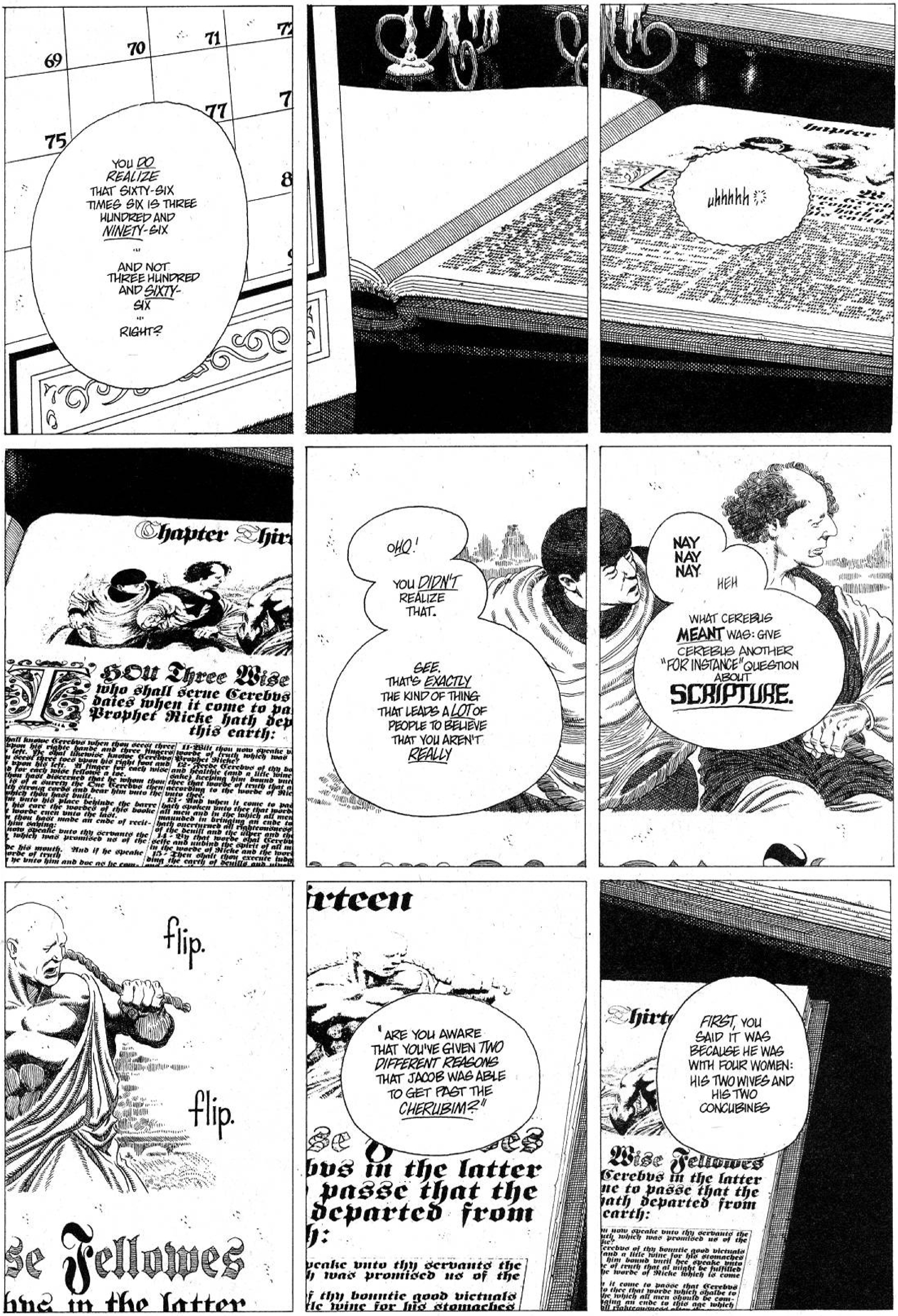
WELL.
HOW DO YOU MEAN "THE MIDDLE"?
THE EARTH IS FLAT, RIGHT?
SO THERE IS NO "MIDDLE"
CASTING
Dave Sim
OH!
NAYNAYNAY.
(HEHHEHHEH)
THE EARTH IS ROUND!
EXTRA CASTING Gerhard
CLOTHING DESIGNS Dave Sim
PRINTING by PRENEY PRINT & LITHO
Kim Preney
Dick Preney
John Preney
PRINTING by PRENEY PRINT & LITHO
Nilda Trudel Ed Rocheleau
Mary Wilson Pete LaFerté
Wayne Taylor Jim Sinasac
Donna Butler Greg Preney
Mabel Ouellette Wayne Preney
Irene Paré Butch Wilson
Elsa Tejada JoAnne Wilson
Sandy Santarossa
uh.....
THE EARTH LOOKS JUST LIKE THE MOON (SEE)
ONLY THE EARTH IS BIGGER THAN THE MOON


AND THE EARTH IS A SHINY BLUE BALL.
INSTEAD OF A SHINY SILVERY-WHITE BALL.
Please drive safely.
There are twelve more of these we need your help paying for.
YOU..... UM.....
YOU MIND IF I ASK: WHO TOLD YOU THAT THE EARTH IS A...
"SHINY"
"BLUE"
"BALL"?
©2003
SOME YENTA WITH MORE MONEY THAN BRAINS PRODUCTIONS
All rights trampled upon, basically
NOBODY TOLD CEREBUS. CEREBUS SAW IT FOR HIMSELF WHEN CEREBUS WAS ON.... THE...
WHEN CEREBUS WENT..... TO.... THE
sktch sktch sktchsktchsktch sktch sktch sktch sktcha sktch
WHAT
ahem
WHAT
WHAT ARE YOU ...WRITING DOWN.... THERE?
sktchsktch sktchsktchsk
?
NOTES
STAEDTLER
Pencils & technical pens by STAEDTLER
Ink & pen nibs by SPEEDBALL™
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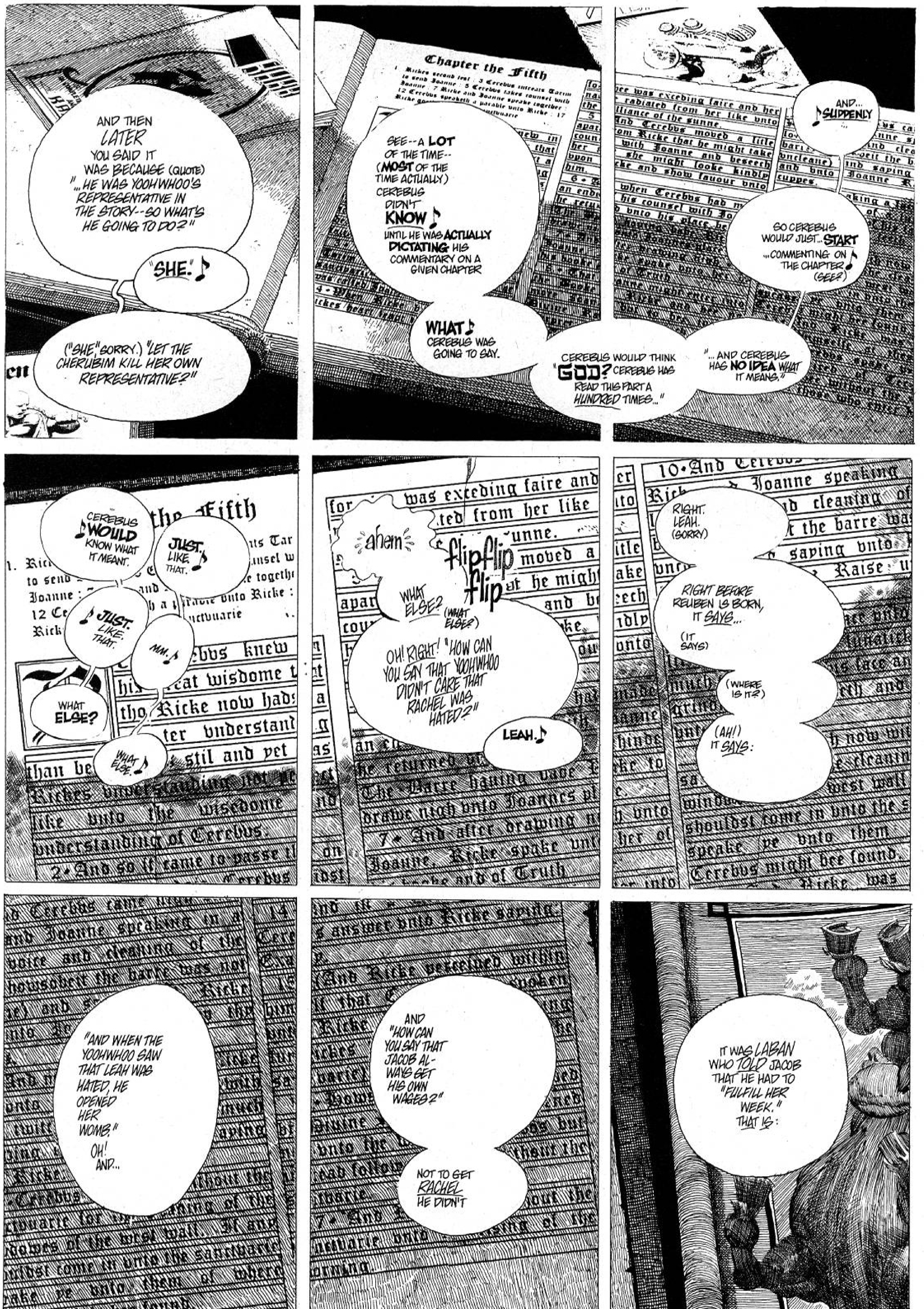

NOTES!?
WHAT KIND OF NOTES?
YOU DON'T NEED TO TAKE NOTES
IT'S ALL IN THE TRANSCRIPTS
MM.
MORE QUESTIONS (MOSTLY)
TAP TAP TAP
QUESTIONS! AGAIN WITH THE QUESTIONS?!? QUESTIONS
AHEM
QUESTIONS ABOUT WHAT?♪
GIVE CEREBUS A "FOR INSTANCE"♪
"A"
"FOR INSTANCE"?
O. KAY.
flip
flip
"FOR INSTANCE:"
"HOW CAN YOU FOOL YOURSELF INTO BELIEVING THAT YOU'RE THE ONE TRUE CEREBUS WHEN YOU HAD TO GUESS WHAT THE 'WORD OF TRUTH' WAS...?"
OH!
HEHHEHHEH
THAT!
THAT WAS JUST
ONE OF THOSE
YOU KNOW GOD MOVES IN



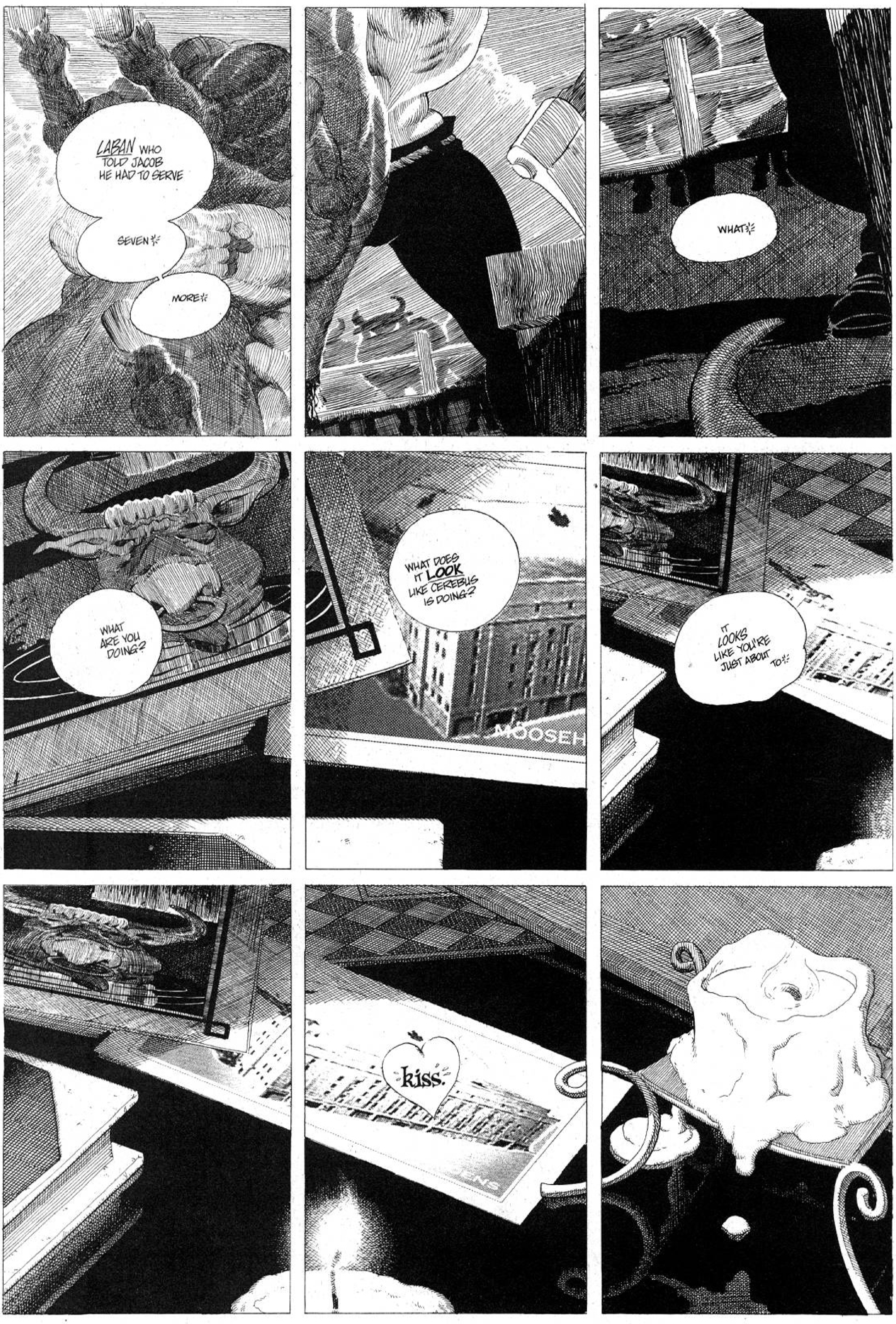
"...MYSTERIOUS WAYS." SO I'VE HEARD. BUT COME
ON.
"HERRING"?
"SPECKLED HERRING"?
SKETCHY BOOKIE
"SWORD FISH"?
"SHOE LACES"?
"KUM"
"QUAT"?
HAPPY BOYTHDAY BIG "C" Jerome and DE-VOYN RAINYMINTS
MORPHEUS Nº 60 A Game of Fame Again?
OH! WELL. ......uhhh......
MORPHEUS Nº 60 A Game of Me
MORPHEUS Nº 60 A Game of Fame Again?
GIVE CEREBUS A DIFFERENT "FOR INSTANCE"
A DIFFERENT "FOR INSTANCE"?
O. KAY.
flip.
FOR INSTANCE: THE 6/66 CALENDAR
THE CALENDAR?
BANKEE DEE
TWENTY CROWNS · CROWNIE TWENTEE
STEVE YEAR ONE
THREESDAY FOURSDAY
WHAT ABOUT THE CALENDAR?

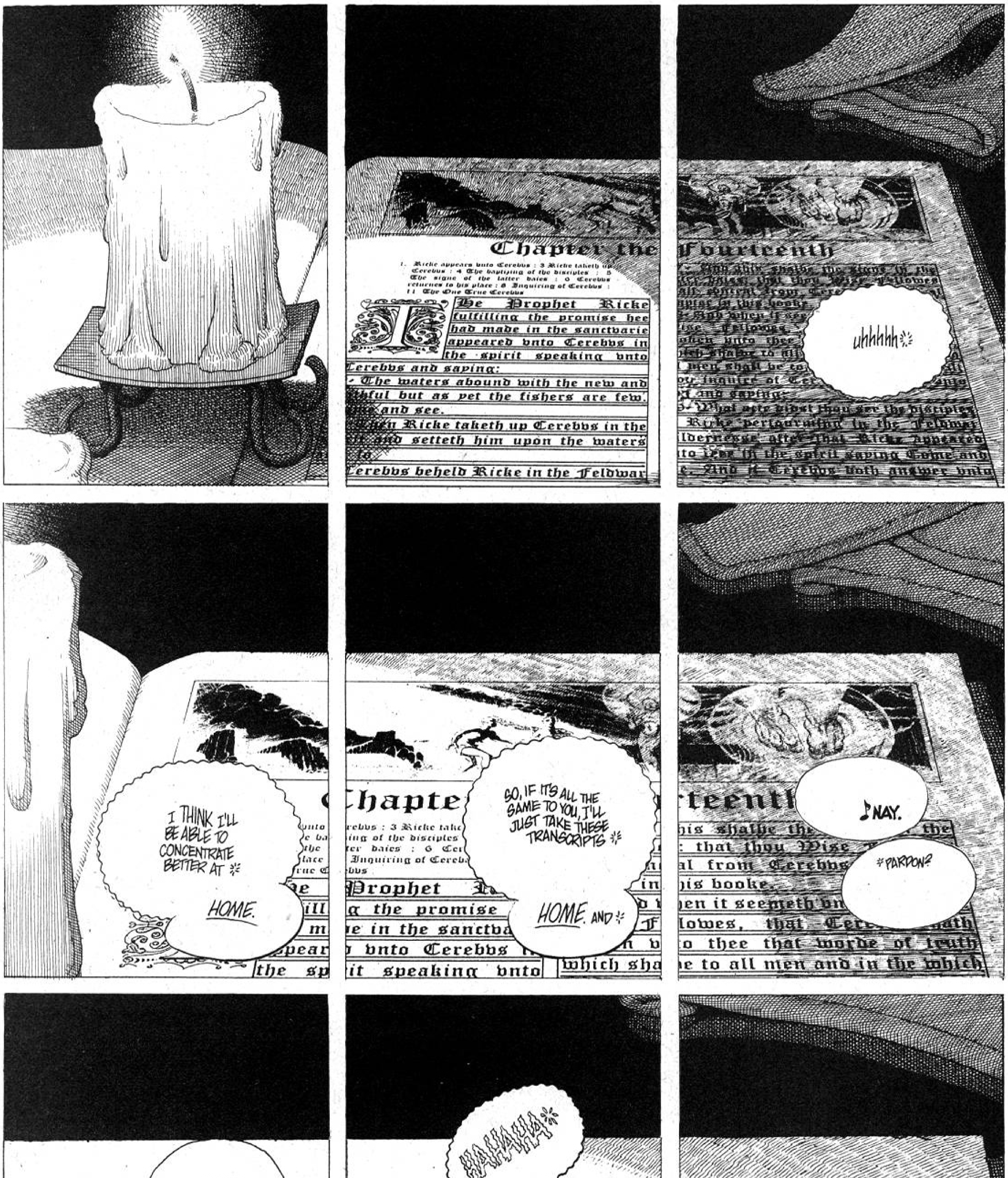


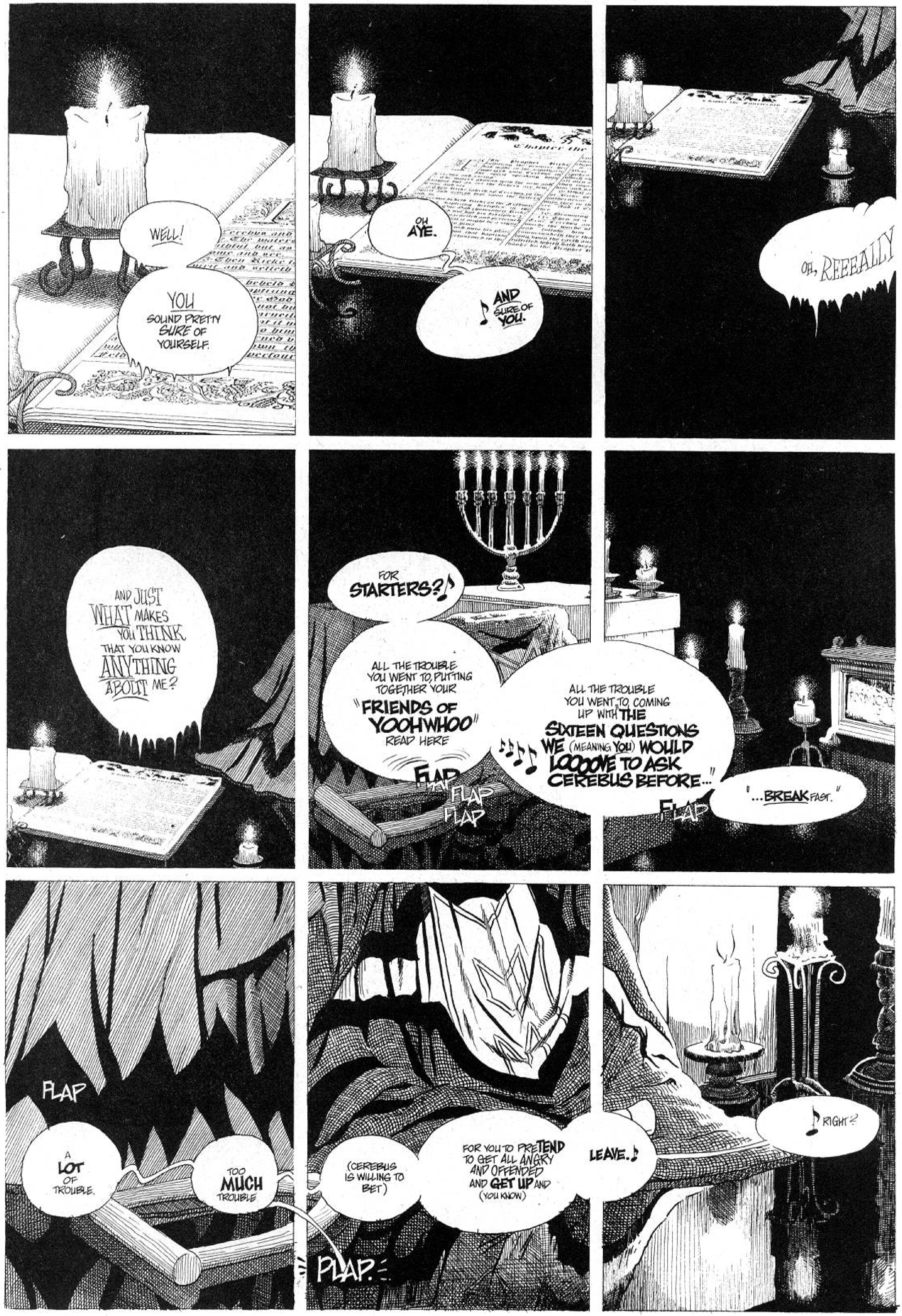
YOU DO REALIZE THAT SIXTY-SIX TIMES SIX IS THREE HUNDRED AND NINETY-SIX ... AND NOT THREE HUNDRED AND SIXTY-SIX ... RIGHT?
uhhhhh
OHO! YOU DIDN'T REALIZE THAT.
SEE. THAT'S EXACTLY THE KIND OF THING THAT LEADS A LOT OF PEOPLE TO BELIEVE THAT YOU AREN'T REALLY
NAY NAY NAY
HEH
WHAT CEREBUS MEANT WAS: GIVE CEREBUS ANOTHER "FOR INSTANCE" QUESTION ABOUT SCRIPTURE.
flip.
flip.
"ARE YOU AWARE THAT YOU'VE GIVEN TWO DIFFERENT REASONS THAT JACOB WAS ABLE TO GET PAST THE CHERUBIM?"
FIRST, YOU SAID IT WAS BECAUSE HE WAS WITH FOUR WOMEN: HIS TWO WIVES AND HIS TWO CONCUBINES

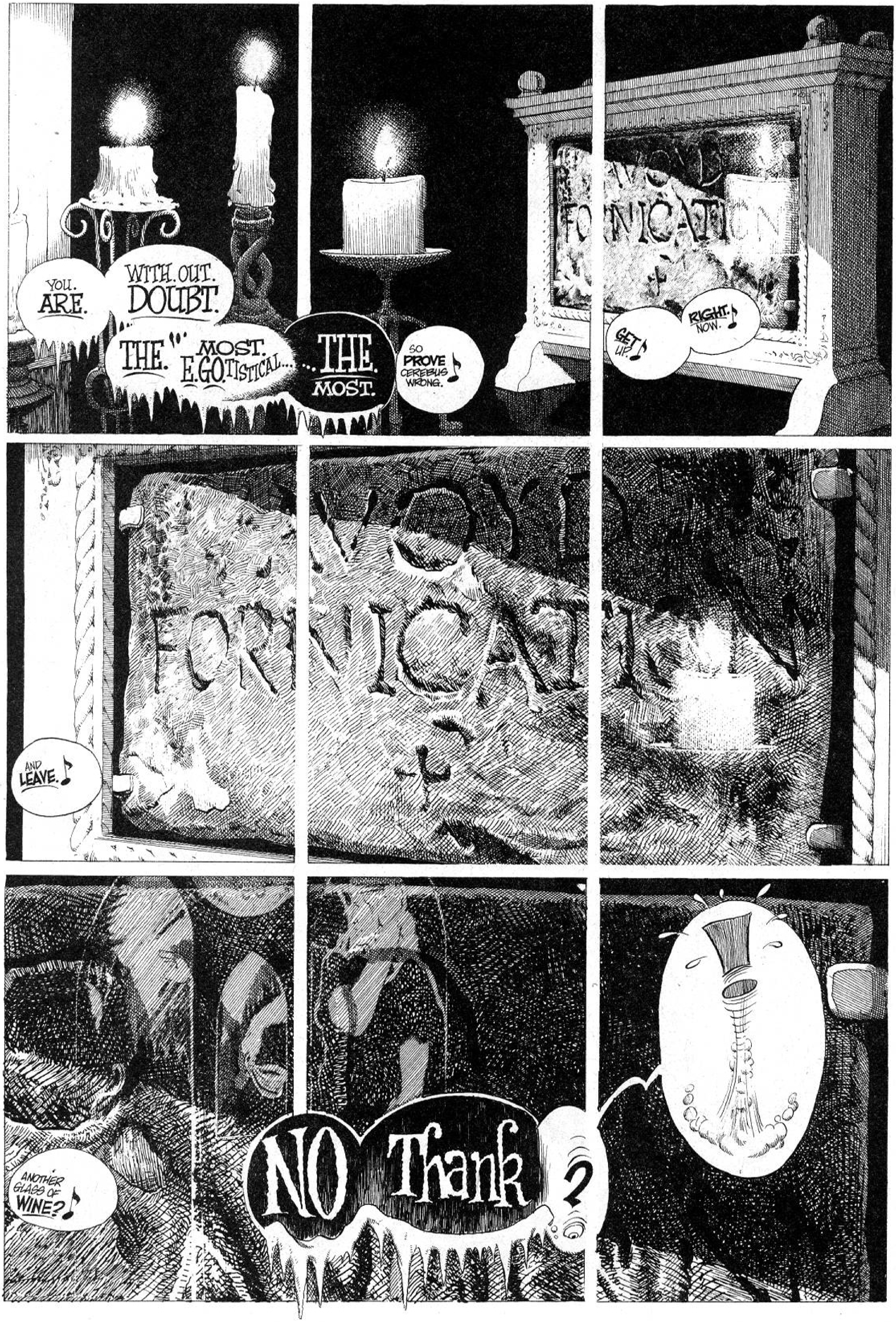


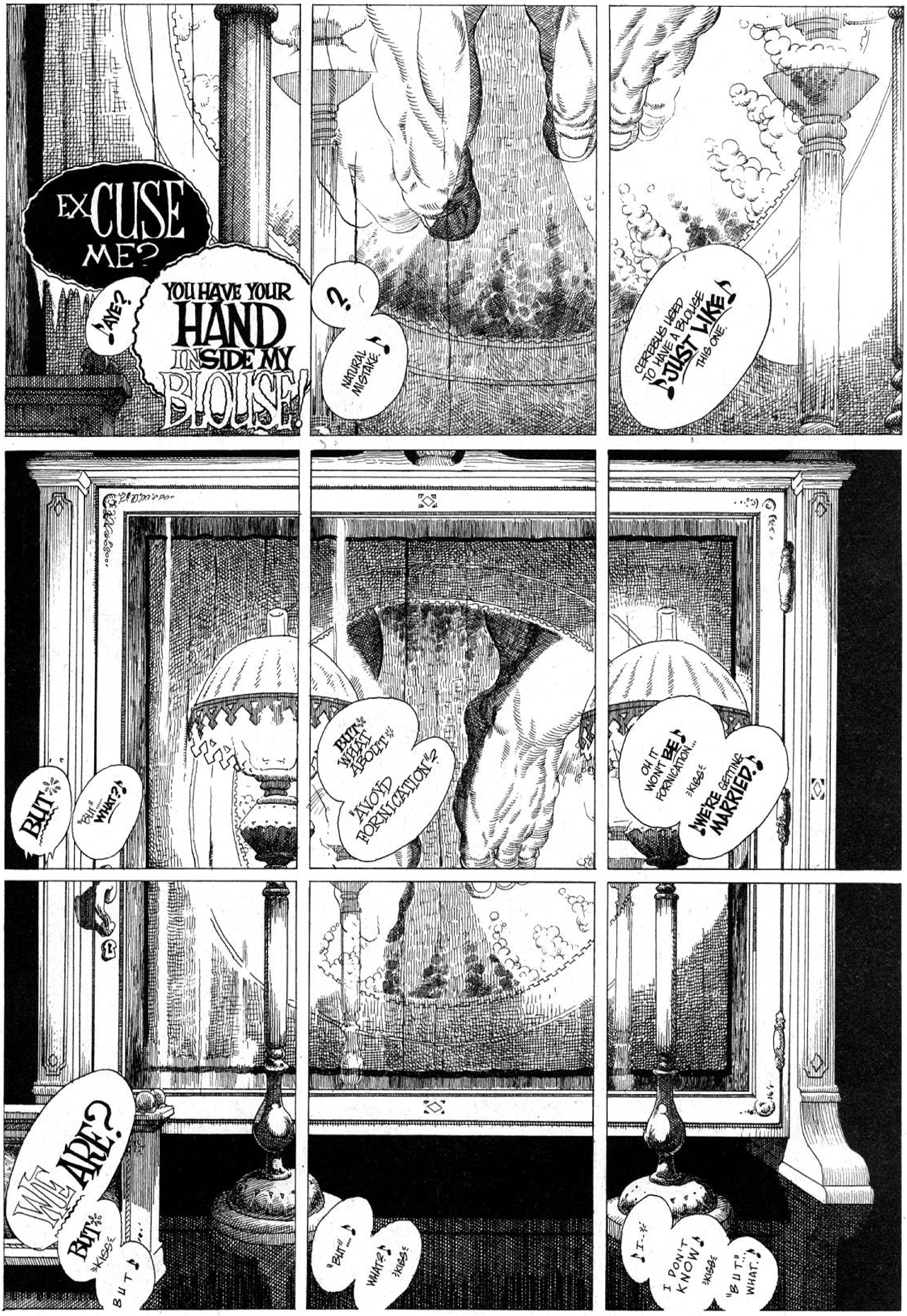
AND THEN LATER YOU SAID IT WAS BECAUSE (QUOTE) "...HE WAS YOOHWHOO'S REPRESENTATIVE IN THE STORY--SO WHAT'S HE GOING TO DO?"
"SHE."♪
("SHE" SORRY.) "LET THE CHERUBIM KILL HER OWN REPRESENTATIVE?"
Chapter the Fifth
SEE--A LOT OF THE TIME--(MOST OF THE TIME ACTUALLY) CEREBUS DIDN'T KNOW♪ UNTIL HE WAS ACTUALLY DICTATING HIS COMMENTARY ON A GIVEN CHAPTER
WHAT♪ CEREBUS WAS GOING TO SAY.
AND... ♪SUDDENLY...
SO CEREBUS WOULD JUST...START ...COMMENTING ON♪ THE CHAPTER♪ (SEE?)
CEREBUS WOULD THINK "GOD? CEREBUS HAS READ THIS PART A HUNDRED TIMES..."
"...AND CEREBUS HAS NO IDEA WHAT IT MEANS."
CEREBUS ♪WOULD KNOW WHAT IT MEANT.
JUST. LIKE. THAT.♪
♪JUST. LIKE. THAT.
MM.♪
WHAT ELSE?
WHAT ELSE.♪
ahem
flipflip flip
WHAT ELSE? (WHAT ELSE?)
OH! RIGHT! "HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT YOOHWHOO DIDN'T CARE THAT RACHEL WAS HATED?"
LEAH.♪
RIGHT. LEAH. (SORRY)
RIGHT BEFORE REUBEN IS BORN, IT SAYS...
(IT SAYS)
(WHERE IS IT?)
(AH!) IT SAYS:
"AND WHEN THE YOOHWHOO SAW THAT LEAH WAS HATED, HE OPENED HER WOMB."
OH! AND...
AND "HOW CAN YOU SAY THAT JACOB ALWAYS GET HIS OWN WAGES?"
NOT TO GET RACHEL HE DIDN'T
IT WAS LABAN WHO TOLD JACOB THAT HE HAD TO "FULFILL HER WEEK." THAT IS:


LABAN WHO TOLD JACOB HE HAD TO SERVE
SEVEN…
MORE…
WHAT…
WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
WHAT DOES IT LOOK LIKE CEREBUS IS DOING?
MOOSEH
IT LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE JUST ABOUT TO…
kiss.

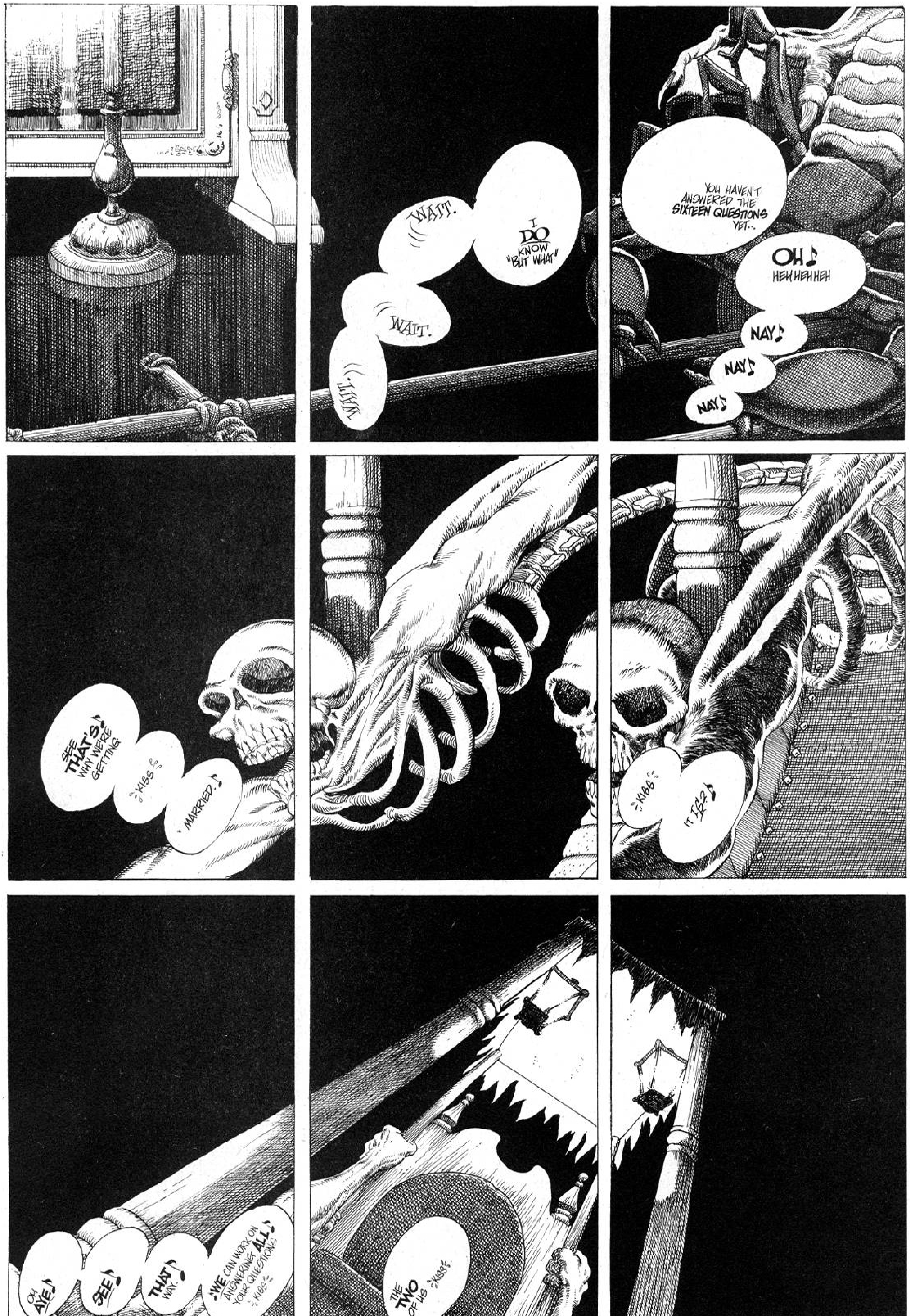

Chapter the Fourteenth
uhhhhh
I THINK I'LL BE ABLE TO CONCENTRATE BETTER AT
HOME.
SO, IF IT'S ALL THE SAME TO YOU, I'LL JUST TAKE THESE TRANSCRIPTS
HOME. AND
♪NAY.
PARDON?
♪NAY. YOU'RE GOING TO STAY ♪HERE.
♪WITH CEREBUS.
AND READ THEM.
HAHAHA
OH, I AM?
AM I?
?
♪AYE.


WELL!
YOU SOUND PRETTY SURE OF YOURSELF.
OH AYE.
AND SURE OF YOU.
OH, REEEALLY
AND JUST WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT YOU KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT ME?
FOR STARTERS?
ALL THE TROUBLE YOU WENT TO, PUTTING TOGETHER YOUR "FRIENDS OF YOOHWHOO" READ HERE
FLAP FLAP FLAP FLAP
ALL THE TROUBLE YOU WENT TO, COMING UP WITH THE SIXTEEN QUESTIONS WE (MEANING YOU) WOULD LOOOOVE TO ASK CEREBUS BEFORE..."
FLAP
"...BREAKFAST."
FLAP
A LOT OF TROUBLE.
TOO MUCH TROUBLE
(CEREBUS IS WILLING TO BET)
FOR YOU TO PRETEND TO GET ALL ANGRY AND OFFENDED AND GET UP AND (YOU KNOW)
LEAVE.
FLAP.
RIGHT?

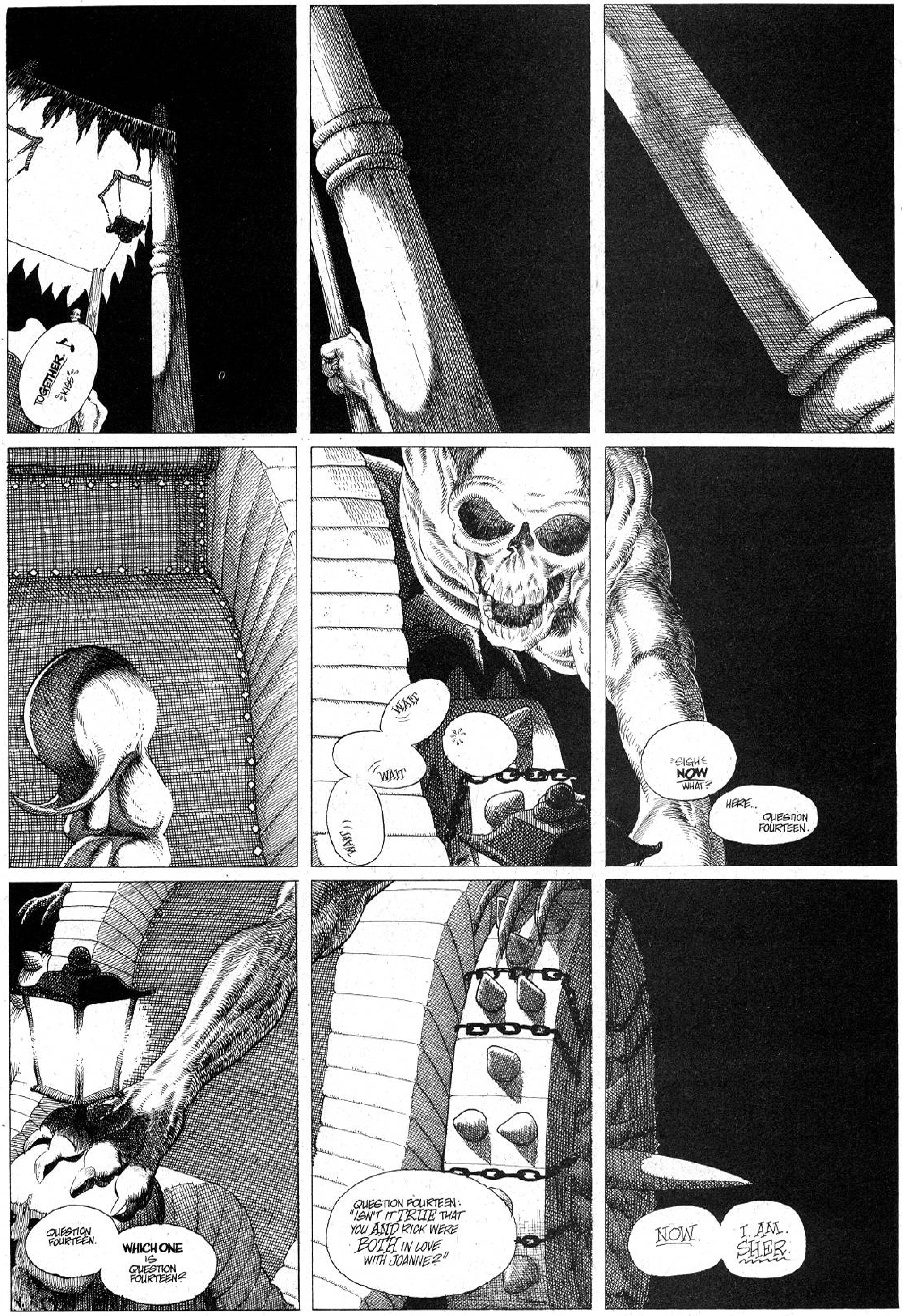

YOU. ARE.
WITH. OUT. DOUBT.
THE. "MOST. E.GO.TISTICAL...
...THE. MOST.
SO PROVE CEREBUS WRONG.
GET UP.
RIGHT. NOW.
FORNICATION
AND LEAVE.
ANOTHER GLASS OF WINE?
NO Thank
?

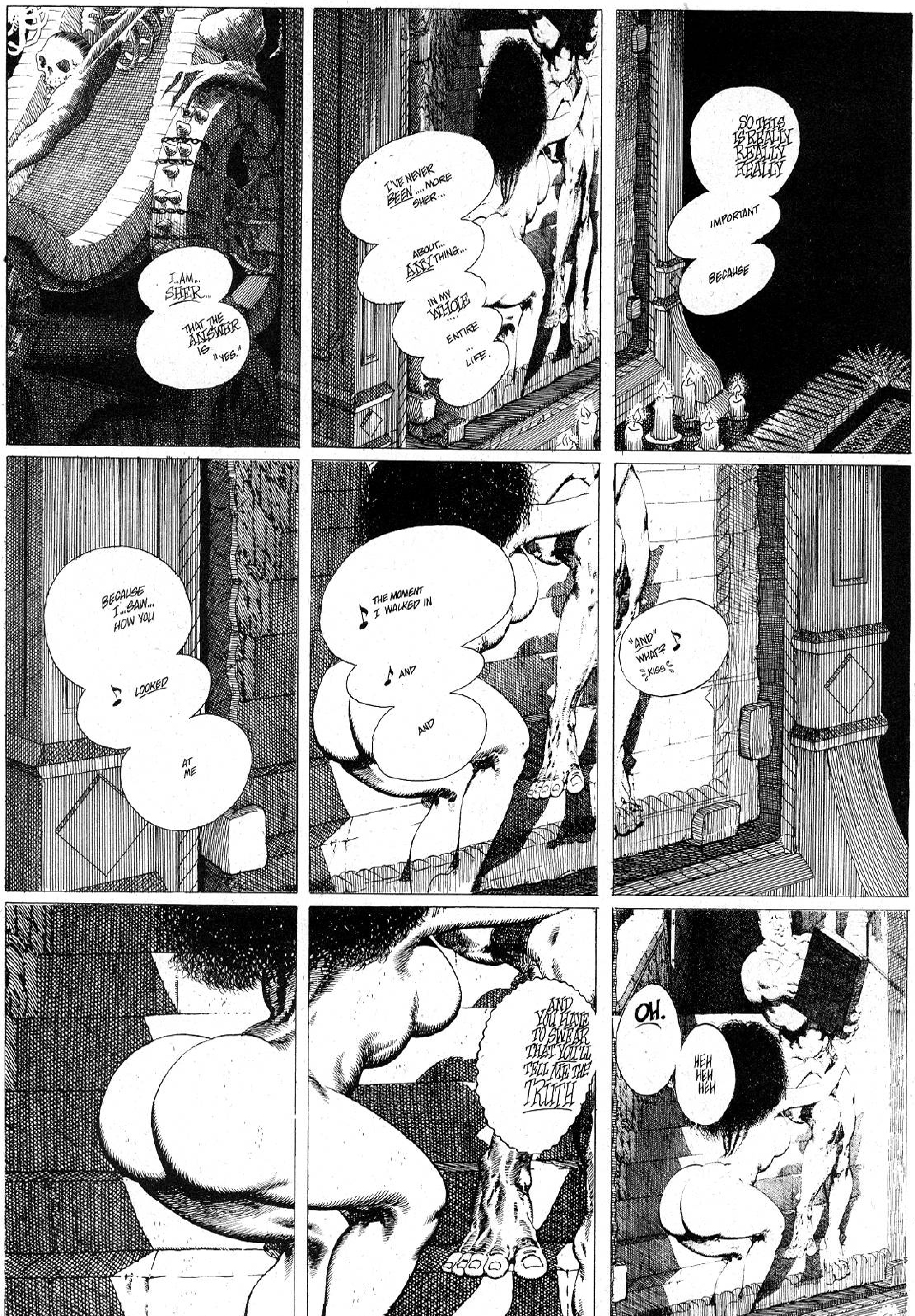


EXCUSE ME?
AYE?
YOU HAVE YOUR HAND INSIDE MY BLOUSE!
?
NATURAL MISTAKE.
CEREBUS USED TO HAVE A BLOUSE JUST LIKE THIS ONE.
BUT
"BUT" ...WHAT?
BUT... WHAT ABOUT... "AVOID FORNICATION"?
OH IT WON'T BE FORNICATION... KISS... WE'RE GETTING MARRIED.
WE ARE?
BUT... KISS
BUT...
"BUT"... WHAT? KISS
I... I DON'T KNOW KISS
"BUT..." WHAT...



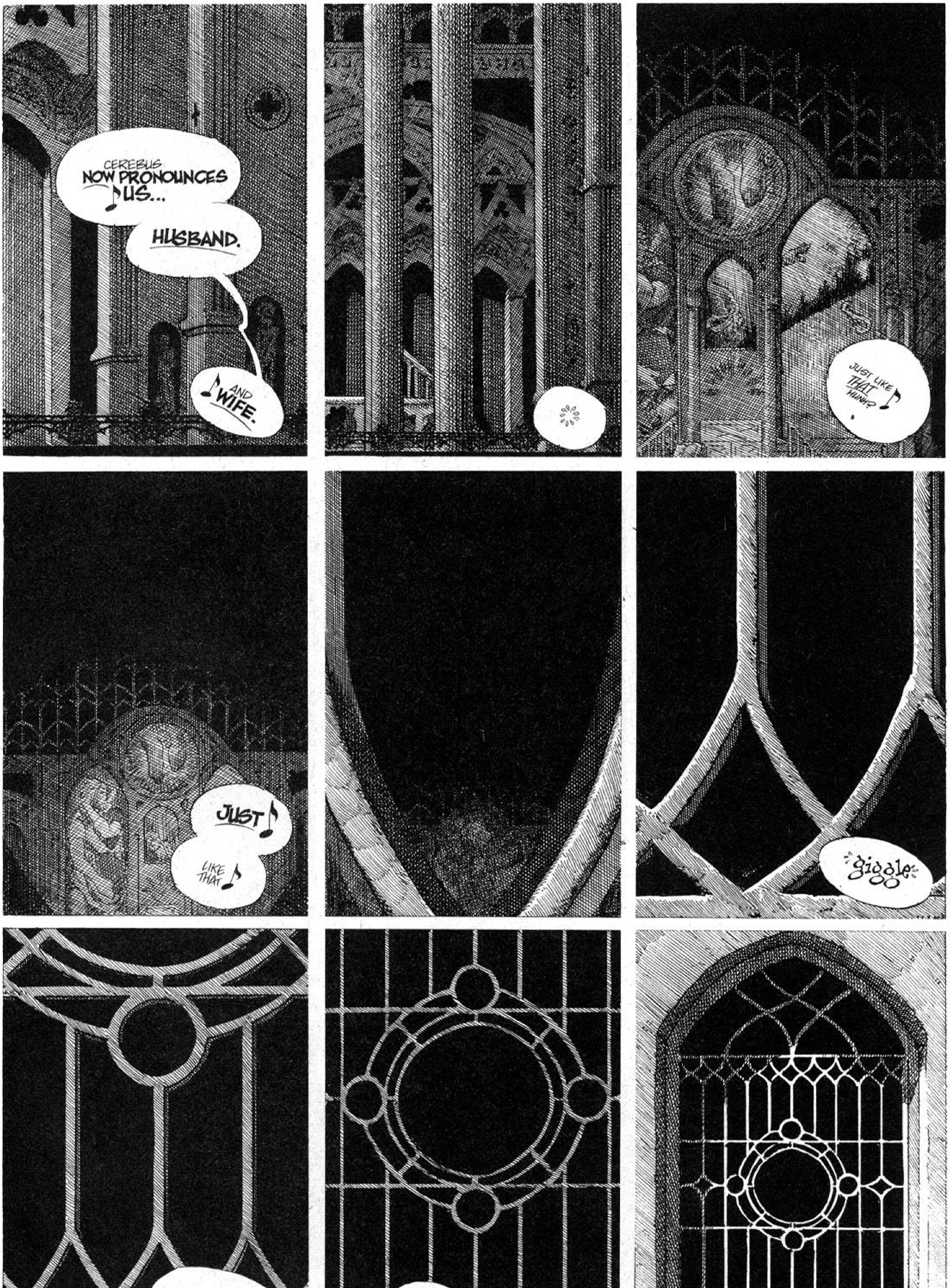
WAIT.
WAIT.
WAIT.
I DO KNOW "BUT WHAT"
YOU HAVEN'T ANSWERED THE SIXTEEN QUESTIONS YET...
OH♪ HEH HEH HEH
NAY♪
NAY♪
NAY♪
SEE THAT'S♪ WHY WE'RE GETTING
KISS
MARRIED.♪
KISS
IT IS?♪
OH AYE♪
SEE♪
THAT♪ WAY.
WE CAN WORK ON ANSWERING ALL♪ YOUR QUESTIONS
KISS
THE TWO OF US
KISS


TOGETHER. ♪
KISS
WAIT
WAIT
WAIT
SIGH NOW WHAT?
HERE... QUESTION FOURTEEN.
QUESTION FOURTEEN.
WHICH ONE IS QUESTION FOURTEEN?
QUESTION FOURTEEN: "ISN'T IT TRUE THAT YOU AND RICK WERE BOTH IN LOVE WITH JOANNE?"
NOW.
I. AM. SHER.

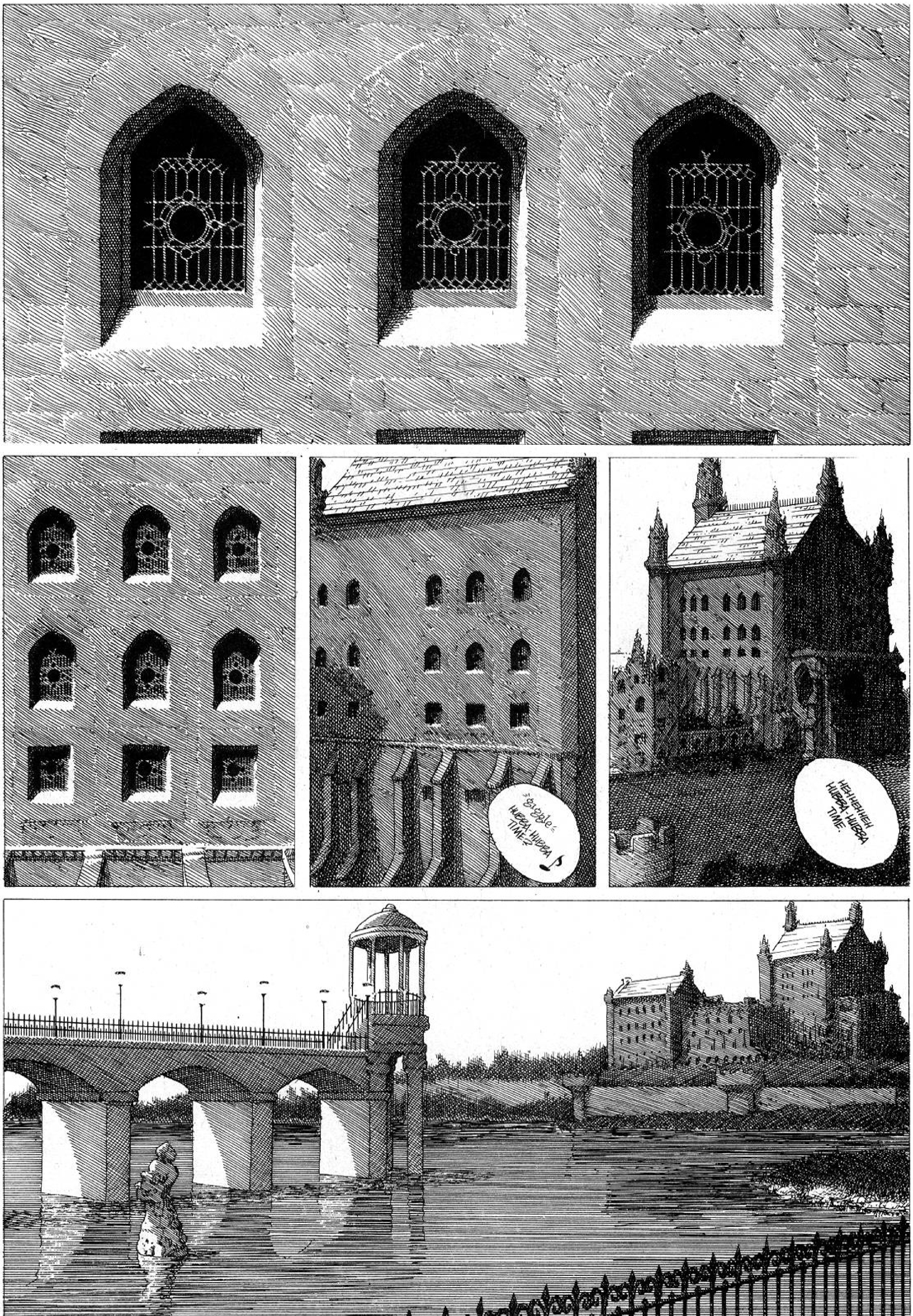

I AM... SHER...
THAT THE ANSWER IS "YES."
I'VE NEVER BEEN.... MORE SHER...
ABOUT... ANYTHING...
IN MY WHOLE .... ENTIRE ... LIFE.
SO THIS IS REALLY REALLY REALLY
IMPORTANT
BECAUSE
BECAUSE I...SAW... HOW YOU
LOOKED
AT ME
THE MOMENT I WALKED IN
AND
AND
"AND" WHAT?
KISS
AND YOU HAVE TO SWEAR THAT YOU'LL TELL ME THE TRUTH
OH.
HEH HEH HEH


CEREBUS SWEARS♪
CEREBUS WILL ALWAYS♪ TELL YOU THE TRUTH
ABOUT EVERYTHING♪
NOW.♪ KISS
♪ WHAT IS IT YOU WANT TO KNOW?
RABBI
SWEAR TO ME THAT I DON'T REMIND YOU OF JOANNE.
♪HUNH?
SWEAR!
AB FAB FIRST
EXCLUSIVE!
FABULOUS FRUITCAKE PARK!
What's HOT and What's NOT in '04!
BAD HAIR DAY HORROR STORIES
Thinner THIGHS for a LOVELIER YOU
HEH HEH HEH
♪CEREBUS KISS
♪SWEARS TO YOU
IN THE NAME OF ALMIGHTY GOD KISS
♪THAT YOU DON'T
♪REMIND CEREBUS KISS
♪OF JOANNE


ONE♪
TEENSY♪
WEENSY♪
BIT.♪
AND JUST TO MAKE EVERYTHING ....(YOU KNOW).... OFFICIAL
YEEES?♪



CEREBUS NOW PRONOUNCES US...
HUSBAND.
AND WIFE.
JUST LIKE THAT HUNH?
JUST
LIKE THAT
giggle
AND MAY I NOW KISS THE MINISTER?
YOU.
MOST.
CERTAINLY MMMMMMMMMMMMMMMMM


"giggle"
HUBBA-HUBBA TIME?
HEH HEH HEH
HUBBA-HUBBA TIME.